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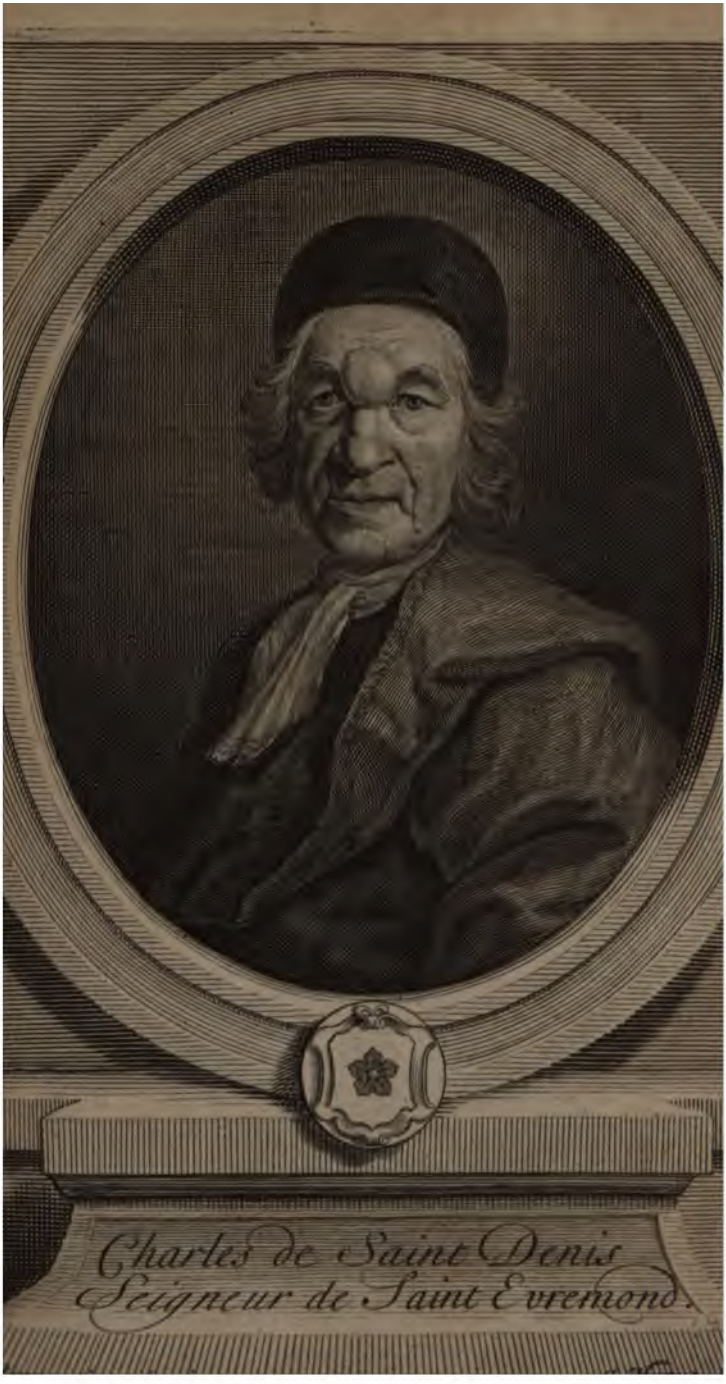
Charles de Saint Denis
Seigneur de Saint Evremond.

THE WORKS OF MONSIEUR *DE ST. EVREMOND,*

Made *English* from the *French* Original.

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Miſcellaneous Works

Of MONSIEUR De

St. *EVREMOND.*

VOL. II.

A LETTER

To Count d'OLONNE.

AS ſoon as I heard of your Diſgrace, * I did my ſelf the Honour to write to you, to aſſure you how much I was concern'd at it: and the Buſineſs of this Letter is to let you know, That we ought at leaſt to avoid that troubleſome Companion, *Melancholy*, at a time when it is not in your Power to reliſh Joy.

* *Count* d'Olonne, *Mr.* de Véneuil, *the* Abbé d'Effiat, *and two or three others, having talk'd pretty freely of the King, were baniſh'd the Court in* 1674. *Count* d'Olonne *was firſt confin'd in the City of* Orleans; *but he had, afterwards, leave to retire to his Seat of Montmirel, near* Villers-Cottets.

If there be any polite Gentlemen where you are, their Converſation may make ſome amends for that which you have loſt. But if you find none there, Books and good Cheer may help to ſupply that Defect, and afford you no ordinary Conſolation.

I talk to you like a Maſter, who is able to give Leſſons; not that I preſume upon the Superiority of Underſtanding: but I fancy I have ſome Right to aſſume an Authority over Perſons that are Novices in Diſgrace, by the long Experience I have had of Misfortunes, and unlucky Accidents.

Amongſt the Books you are to chuſe for your Entertainment in the Country, apply your ſelf principally to thoſe that ſtrike in with your Humour, rather than thoſe that pretend to fortifie your Mind by Arguments and Reaſonings. The latter engage and combat the Evil, which is always done at the Expence of the Perſon, in whom this Conflict happens; the firſt make it to be forgotten, and it is no hard matter to make Joy ſucceed to obliterated Grief.

Syſtems of Morality are only proper to form methodically a good Conſcience; and I have ſeen ſeveral grave and compoſed Men come out of its School, whoſe awkward Prudence made 'em Ridiculous.

Men of true Humour and good Breeding need none of theſe Lectures; for as they know what's good purely by the exactneſs of their Taſte, ſo they are diſpoſed to it by their own motion. Not but that there are certain Occaſions, where its Aſſiſtance is not to be rejected; but where we want its Aid, we ſhall be glad to have none of theſe Occaſions.

If you were reduc'd to the Neceſſity of having your Veins open'd, and Bleeding to Death, I would

would allow you to read *Seneca*, and to admire him: Tho' I would rather chuſe the Indifference of *Petronius*, than an affected Stoical Gravity, which is not attain'd without great Difficulty.

If you were of a Humour to devote your ſelf for your Country, I would adviſe you to read nothing but the Lives of theſe Old *Romans*, who courted a Glorious Death for the good of their Nation: But conſidering your preſent Circumſtance, I think you lie under an Obligation to live for your ſelf, and to ſpend the Remainder of your Life as agreeably as you can. Now this being your Caſe, leave off all Study of Wiſdom, which will neither contribute to the leſſening of your Troubles, nor to the regaining of your Pleaſures. You may ſeek for Conſtancy in *Seneca*, but will find nothing in him but Severity. *Plutarch* will be leſs troubleſome; however, he will make you Grave and Serious, rather than Sedate. *Montaigne* will bring you acquainted with Humane Nature better than any other; but then 'tis Humane Nature with all its Weakneſſes: A Knowledge uſeful indeed, in Proſperity to teach Moderation; but ſad and afflicting in Adverſe Fortune.

Let not the Unhappy therefore, learn from Books to be diſturb'd at our Miſeries, but to Laugh at our Follies: For which Reaſon you will prefer the reading of *Lucian*, *Petronius*, and *Don Quixot*, before that of *Seneca*, *Plutarch*, and *Montaigne*. I recommend to you *Don Quixot* above all; let your Affliction be what it will, the Delicacy of his Ridicule will inſenſibly make you reliſh Mirth.

You'll tell me, perhaps, that I was not ſo gay a Humour in my own Misfortunes, as I appear to be in yours; and that it is ill Breeding in a Man to beſtow all his Concern upon his own Miſfor-

tunes, and be indifferent to, nay, and even merry with the Calamities of his Friends. I ſhould agree with you in that, if I behaved my ſelf ſo: But I can honeſtly affirm to you, that I am little leſs concerned at your Exile than your ſelf; and the little Mirth which I adviſe you to, is in order to have a ſhare of it my ſelf, when I ſhall find you capable of receiving it.

As for what relates to my own Misfortunes, if I have formerly appear'd to you more afflicted under them, than I ſeem to be at preſent, it is not becauſe I was ſo indeed. I was of Opinion that Diſgraces exacted from us, the *Decorum* of a Melancholy Air; and that this apparent Mortification was a Reſpect due to the Will of our Superiours, who ſeldom bethink themſelves of Puniſhing us, without a Deſign to afflict us. But then you are to know, that under a ſad Out-ſide and mortified Countenance, I gave my ſelf all the Satisfaction I could find in my ſelf; and all the Pleaſure I could take in the Converſation of my Friends.

After having found the Vanity of that grave Temper we learn from Morality, I ſhould grow ridiculous my ſelf, if I continued ſo ſerious a Diſcourſe; which makes me proceed to give you ſome Advice that ſhall be leſs troubleſome, than Inſtructions.

Adapt, as much as poſſibly you can, your Palate and Appetite to your Health; 'Tis a great Secret to be able to reconcile the Agreeable and Neceſſary in Two Things, which have been almoſt always oppoſite. Yet after all, to arrive at this great Myſtery, we want nothing but Sobriety and Niceneſs; and what ought not a Man to do, that he may learn to chuſe thoſe delicious Diſhes at his Meals, which will keep both his *Mind* and Body in a good Diſpoſition all the remainder

mainder of the Day? A Man may be ſober without being Nice, but he can never be Nice without being Sober. Happy is the Perſon that enjoys both theſe Qualities together! For thus his Pleaſure is even inſeparable from his Diet.

Spare no coſt to get *Champagne* Wines, tho' you were 200 Leagues from *Paris*. Thoſe of *Burgundy* have loſt all their Credit with the Men of good Taſte, and ſcarce do they preſerve a ſmall Remainder of their old Reputation with the Citizens. There is no Province that affords excellent Wines for all Seaſons, but *Champagne*. It furniſhes us with the *Vin d' Ay*; *d' Avenet*, and *D' Auvilé* till the Spring; *Teſſy*, *Sillery*, and *Verſenat*, for the reſt of the Year.

If you ask me which of all theſe Wines I prefer, without being ſway'd by the Faſhion of *Taſtes*, which falſe Pretenders to Delicacy have introduc'd: I will tell you that the *Vin d' Ay* is the moſt Natural of all Wines, the moſt wholſome, the moſt free from all ſmell of the Soil, and of the moſt exquiſie Agreeableneſs, in regard of its Peach-Taſte which is peculiar to it, and is in Opinion, the chief of all Taſts and Flavours.

Leo X. *Charles* V. *Frances* I. and *Henry* VIII. had each of them their Houſes in or near *Ay*, in order to the more curious getting their Quantities of Wines. Amongſt the greateſt Affairs of the World, in which thoſe Princes were more or leſs concern'd, it was not the leaſt of their Cares to have the *Vin d' Ay* in their Cellars.

Be not too deſirous of Rarities, but be nice in your Choice of what may be had with convenience. A good wholſome, natural Soop, which is neither too weak nor too ſtrong, is to be preferred for common Diet before all others, as well for the Exactneſs of its Taſte, as for the Advantage of its Uſe.

Tender juicy Mutton, good Sucking Veal, White and Curious Barn-door Fowls, well fed, but not cramm'd; Fat Quail taken in the Country; Pheaſant, Partridge, and Rabbet, all which have an agreeable natural Savour in their Taſte, are the true Meats which may help to furniſh your Table all the Seaſons of the Year. The Wood-Hen is particularly to be eſteem'd for Excellency, but is not to be ſought after where you or I are, by reaſon of its great Rarity.

If an indiſpenſible Neceſſity obliges you to dine with ſome of your Neighbours, whom either their Money or their Dexterity hath excuſed from ſerving in the *Rear-Ban*, commend the Hare, the Stag, the Roe-Buck, the Wild-Boar, but eat none of them: Let even Ducks, and Teal have your good Word too. Of all Brown Meats the Snipe alone is to be commended, in Favour of its Taſte, tho' it is ſomewhat prejudicial to Health.

Look upon all Mixtures, and Kitchin Compoſitions, call'd *Ragous*, or Kick-ſhaws, to be little better than Poiſon, If you eat but little of them, they will do you but little Hurt; if you eat a great deal, it's impoſſible but their Pepper, Vinegar, and Onions muſt ruin your Taſte at laſt, and ſoon cauſe an Alteration in your Health.

Sauces, if you make them your ſelf as ſimple and plain as is poſſible, can do no harm at all. Salt and Orange are the moſt general, and moſt natural Seaſoning. Fine Herbs are wholſomer, and have ſomething in them more exquiſite than Spices; but they are not equally proper for every thing. One muſt uſe them with Judgment in Meats where they are moſt agreeable; and diſtribute them with ſo much Diſcretion, that they may

may improve the proper Taſte of the Meat, without making their own diſcern'd.

Having thus diſcourſed to you of the Quality of Wines, and the Properties of Meats, 'tis neceſſary to come to the moſt proper Counſel for the adapting of the Palate to the Body.

Let Nature incite you to eat and drink by a ſecret Diſpoſition, which is lightly perceiv'd, and doth not preſs you to it through Neceſſity. Without Appetite, the moſt wholſome Food is capable of Hurting, and the moſt agreeable of Diſguſting us. With Hunger, the neceſſity of Eating is a ſort of Evil which cauſes another after the Meal is over, by making us eat more than we ſhould. The Appetite (vulgarly call'd a *good Stomach*) prepares, if I may ſo ſpeak, an Exerciſe for our Heat in the Digeſtion: Whereas Greedineſs prepares Labour and Pain for it. The way to keep us always in a good Temper, is to ſuffer neither too much Emptineſs, nor too much Repletion; that ſo Nature may never be tempted to fill it ſelf greedily with what it wants, nor impatient to diſcharge its Load.

This is all that my Experience has been able to furniſh me with, in relaltion to Reading and good Cheer; before I conclude, I will add a word or two concerning Love.

If you have a Miſtreſs at *Paris*, forget her as ſoon as ever you can; for ſhe will not fail to change, and it is good to be beforehand with the Unfaithful. A Perſon amiable at Court aims at being Belov'd there, and where ſhe is Loved, ſhe Loves at laſt. The Ladies that preſerve a Paſſion for abſent Perſons, raiſe but little in thoſe that ſee them; and the Continuation of their Love to the Abſent, is leſs an Honour to their Conſtancy, than a Scandal to their Beauty. Thus, Sir, whether your Miſtreſs Loves another, or whether

ſhe Loves you ſtill, good Senſe ought to make you leave, her either as Deceitful or as Contemned. Nevertheleſs, in caſe you foreſee an end of your Diſgrace, you ought not to put an end to your Love; a ſhort Abſence excites Paſſions, whereas a long one extinguiſhes them.

What way ſoever your Mind turns, give not a new weight to it by too much Seriouſneſs. Diſgrace is but too heavy of it ſelf. Practice in your Exile, what *Petronius* did at his Death. *Amove res ſerias, quibus gravitas, & conſtantiæ gloria peti ſolet. Tibi ut illi, Levia Carmina, & faciles verſus.*

There are ſome, whoſe Misfortunes have render'd them Devout by a certain Compaſſion, a ſecret Pity, which a Man is apt to entertain for himſelf, proper enough to diſpoſe Men to a more Religious Life. My Diſgraces never gave me this ſort of Compaſſion. Nor has Nature made me ſenſible enough of my own Misfortunes. The Loſs of my Friends might be able to excite in me thoſe tender Sorrows, and nice Afflictions, out of which Devotion is form'd, in Proceſs of Time.

I would not adviſe any one to reſiſt that Devotion, which ſprings from Compaſſion, nor that which gives us an Aſſurance. The one agreeably affects the Soul; the other ſettles the Mind in a ſweet Repoſe; but all Men, and particularly the Unfortunate, ought to defend themſelves with Care from a Superſtitious Devotion, which would mix its black melancholy Vapours with thoſe of Diſgrace.

A PRO-

A PROBLEM

In Imitation of the *SPANIARDS*;

TO

Madam *de QUEROUALLE*, (ſince Dutcheſs of *Portſmouth.*)

I Know not which of the two is more injurious to the Happineſs of the Fair-Sex; *Either to abandon themſelves wholly to their Inclinations, or ſtrictly to follow the Dictates of Virtue; and whether the Indulging their Paſſions be attended with more Misfortunes, then they are depriv'd of Pleaſures, by the Conſtraint they lay on themſelves.* I have met with Amorous Ladies Lamenting themſelves for the Contempt they were fallen into: I have ſeen *Prudes* groaning under the Severities of Virtue; and who endeavour'd by Sighs to eaſe their ſwelling Heart of the ſecret Torment they endur'd, by not daring to indulge their Paſſion: In ſhort, as I have ſeen the one regret the *Reputation* they had loſt, ſo have I ſeen others wiſh for the Pleaſures they durſt not enjoy. Happy is the Woman, who knows how to behave herſelf diſcreetly, without curbing her Inclinations! For as it is a Diſgrace for one of her Sex to abandon herſelf to Love, without any Regard to her Fame; 'tis on the other ſide, a great Mortification to paſs her Life without an Amour.

To avoid this laſt Misfortune, you will do well to follow an Advice, which I deſign to give you without any By-End. Do not too ſeverely reject Temptations, which in this Country offer themſelves

themſelves with more Modeſty, than is required, even in a Virgin to hearken to them. You may, perhaps, be ſo vain, as to be pleas'd with no one but your ſelf: But you'll be ſoon tired with being pleas'd and lov'd by no Body elſe; and whatever Complacency Self-love may afford, you will ſtand in need of another's Love, for your real Satisfaction and Entertainment. Yield therefore to the Sweets of Temptations, inſtead of Conſulting your Pride. The latter would ſoon perſwade you to return to *France*, and *France*, as 'tis the Fate of many others, would throw you into a Nunnery: But tho' your own free choice ſhould lead you to that Melancholy Place of Retirement, you ought, however, to have made your ſelf Worthy of entering it before hand. What Figure will you make there, if you want the Character of a Penitent? True Repentance conſiſts in Affliction and Mortification on the Remembrance of one's Faults: But what can a harmleſs innocent Maiden repent of? You will appear ridiculous to the other Nuns, who have juſt reaſon to repent, for Repenting only out of meer Grimace.

Another Inconveniency which you will not fail to meet with, is that inſtead of carrying to the Convent a Diſguſt for Love, the very Convent will ſuggeſt to you the Thoughts of it. That Holy Place turns Love into Devotion, when one has had no Experience of this Paſſion. In ſuch a Caſe all the Fervency of your Zeal being converted into Love, you will in vain ſigh for its Pleaſures; and in the difficulty of enjoying them, you will, for your own Torment, perpetually repreſent to your ſelf, how eaſie it was for you to come at them in the World. Thus you will either be conſumed with Regrets, or devour'd by Wiſhes, according as your Mind turns either to the

the Remembrance of what you might have done, or to the Thought of what you can do no more.

But what you'll find moſt ſtrange in a Nunnery is, that your Reaſon will contribute as much as your Paſſion, to make you Unhappy. The more Knowledge you have, the more you will ſuffer by the Imbecillity and *Ignorance* of an old Abbeſs; and the Light of your Underſtanding will only ſerve to excite Murmurings in your Heart. Under a Mortify'd Countenance you will harbour Rebellious Thoughts; and obeying Orders which you cannot either ſincerely ſubmit to, or openly oppoſe; you will linger out uncomfortable Days in Repining at your Condition, with the Outward Grimace of a Sham-Penitent. A Melancholy Life this, Dear Siſter, to be oblig'd, for Cuſtom-ſake, to mourn for a Sin one has not committed, at the very Time one begins to have a Deſire to commit it!

This is the miſerable Condition of harmleſs Virgins, who carry their Innocence to a Nunnery! They are unhappy in it, for not having laid a good Foundation for their Repentance: A Foundation ſo neceſſary to Religious Houſes, that out of meer Pity we ſhall be oblig'd to ſend you to *Epſom*, *Tunbridge*, or the *Bath*, that you may, if poſſible, have ſome ſmall Occaſion for Repentance.

Whether, as I wiſh, you remain in the World, or as I fear, you retreat out of it, it is your Intereſt to adjuſt and agree Two Things, that ſeem incompatible, but are not ſo, I mean LOVE and DISCRETION. You may, perhaps, have been told, That 'tis better not to Love at all, than to Love with ſuch a Conſtraint; But the Rule of this Diſcretion has nothing auſtere in it, ſince it only requires the loving but one Perſon, at one Time.

Time. That Lady who loves many, abandon Herself: And of this kind of Good, as of all o thers, the use is commendable, and the Profus on dishonourable.

Of Ancient and Modern

TRAGEDY

THERE never were so many Rules to wri a good *Tragedy* by; and yet so few goo ones are now made, that the Players are oblig to revive and act all the old ones. I remembe that the *Abbé d' Aubignac* wrote one according t the Laws he had imperiously * prescrib'd for th Stage. This Piece had no Success: Notwith standing which he boasted in all Companies, tha he was the only *French* Writer that had exactly follow'd the Precepts of *ARISTOTLE:* Where upon the Prince of *Condé* said Wittily, *I am oblig' to Mr.* d' Aubignac *for having so exactly follow'd* A ristotle's *Rules; but I will never forgive the Rules o* Aristotle, *for having put Mr.* d' Aubignac *upon Wri ting so bad a Tragedy.*

It must be acknowledg'd that *Aristotle's* ART of POETRY is an excellent Piece of Work But however there's nothing so perfect in it, as t be the standing Rule of all Nations, and all Age *Descartes* and *Gassendi* have found out Truths, tha were unknown to *Aristotle. Corneille* has discover' Beauties for the Stage, of which *Aristotle* was ig norant

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* Francis Ho
tise about the P

norant: And as our Philoſophers have obſerv'd *Errors* in his PHYSICKS, our Poets have ſpy'd out *Faults* in his POETICKS, at leaſt with reſpect to Us; conſidering what great Change all Things have undergone ſince his Time. The Gods and Goddeſſes amongſt the Ancients, brought about every thing that was Great and Extraordinary upon the Theatre, either by their Hatred, or their Friendſhip; by their Revenge, or by their Protection; and among ſo many Supernatural things, nothing appear'd Fabulous to the People, who believ'd there paſs'd a familiar Correſpondence between Gods and Men. Their Gods, generally ſpeaking, acted by Human Paſſions: Their Men undertook nothing without the Counſel of their Gods; and executed nothing without their Aſſiſtance. Thus in this mixture of the Divinity and Humanity, there was nothing which was not Credible.

But all this Profuſion of Miracles is downright Romance to us, at this time of day. The Gods are Wanting to Us, and We are Wanting to the Gods; and if, in Imitation of the Ancients, an Author wou'd introduce his Angels and Saints upon our Stage, the Bigots and Puritans would be offended at it, and look on him as a prophane Perſon; and the Libertines wou'd certainly think him weak. Our Preachers wou'd by no means ſuffer a Confuſion of the Pulpit and Theatre; or that the People ſhould go and learn thoſe Matters from the Mouth of Comedians, with themſelves deliver in their Churches, with ſuch Authority to the whole People.

this, it wou'd give too great an
Libertines, who might ridicule
very things which they re-
h a ſeeming Submiſſion;
either

either out of Reſpect to the Place where they are deliver'd, or to the Character of the Perſon that utters them.

But let us put the Caſe, that our Doctors ſhould freely leave all Holy Matters to the Liberty of the Stage: Let us likewiſe take it for granted that Men of the leaſt Devotion wou'd hear them with as great an Inclination to be edified, as Perſons of the profoundeſt Reſignation; yet certain it is, that the ſoundeſt Doctrines, the moſt Chriſtian Actions, and the moſt Uſeful Truths wou'd produce a kind of Tragedy that would pleaſe us the leaſt of any thing in the World.

The Spirit of our Religion is directly oppoſed to that of Tragedy. The Humility and Patience of our Saints carry too direct an oppoſition to thoſe Heroical Virtues, that are ſo neceſſary for the Theatre. What Zeal, what Force is that which Heaven does not beſtow upon *Nearque* and † *Polieuctes*? And what is there wanting on the part of theſe new Chriſtians, to anſwer to the end of theſe happy Gifts? The Paſſion and Charms of a young lovely Bride, make no the leaſt impreſſion upon the Mind of *Polieuctes*. Politick Conſiderations of *Felix*, as they affect us, ſo they make a leſs Impreſſion. Inſenſible both of Prayers and Menaces, *Polieuct* has a greater Deſire to die for God, than others have to Live for themſelves. Nevertheleſs the very Subject, which wou'd make one of the beſt Sermons in the World, wou'd have made a wretched Tragedy, if the Converſation of *Pauline* and *Severus*, height'ned with other Ornaments, and other Paſſions, had not pre-

† *See* Corneille's *POLYEUCTES*.

that Reputation to the Author, which the Chriſtian Virtues of our Martyrs had made him loſe.

The Theatre loſes all its Agreeableneſs when it pretends to repreſent Sacred Things; and Sacred Things loſe a great deal of the Religious Opinion that is due to them, by being repreſented upon the Theatre.

To ſay the Truth, the Hiſtories of the Old Teſtament are infinitely better ſuited to our Stage. *Moſes*, *Sampſon*, and *Joſhuah*, wou'd meet with much better Succeſs, that *Polieuctes* and *Nearchus*: For the Wonders they wou'd work there, wou'd be a fitter Subject for the Theatre. But I am apt to believe, that the Prieſts wou'd not fail to exclaim againſt the Profanation of theſe Sacred Hiſtories; with which they fill their ordinary Converſations, their Books, and their Sermons; and to ſpeak ſoberly upon the Point, the miraculous Paſſage through the Red Sea; the Sun ſtopt in his Career by the Prayer of *Joſhuah*; and whole Armies defeated by *Sampſon* with the Jawbone of an Aſs; All theſe Miracles, I ſay, wou'd not be credited in a Play, becauſe we believe them in the Bible; but we ſhould be rather apt to queſtion them in the Bible, becauſe we ſhould believe nothing of them in a Play.

If what I have deliver'd is founded on good and ſolid Reaſons, we ought to content our ſelves with Things purely natural, but, at the ſame time, ſuch as are extraordinary; and in our Heroes to chuſe the Principal Actions which we may believe poſſible as humane; and which may cauſe Admiration in us, as being rare and of an elevated Character. In a word, we ſhould have nothing but what is Great, yet ſtill let be it Human. In the Human, we muſt carefully avoid Mediocrity; and Fable, in that which is Great.

I am by no means willing to compare the *PHARSALIA* to the *ÆNEIS*; I know the juſt Difference of their Value; but as for what purely regards Elevation, *Pompey*, *Cæſar*, *Cato*, *Curio*, and *Labienus*, have done more for *Lucan*, than *Jupiter*, *Mercury*, *Juno*, *Venus*, and all the Train of the other Gods and Goddeſſes, have done for *Virgil*.

The Ideas which *Lucan* gives us of theſe great Men, are truly greater, and affect us more ſenſibly than thoſe which *Virgil* gives us of his Deities. The latter has cloathed his Gods with Human Infirmities, to adapt them to the Capacity of Men: The other, has raiſed his Heroes ſo, as to bring them into Competition with the Gods themſelves:

Victrix cauſa Diis placuit, ſed victa Catoni.

In *Virgil*, the Gods are not ſo valuable as the Heroes: In *Lucan*, the Heroes equal the Gods.

To give you my Opinion freely, I believe that the Tragedy of the Ancients might have ſuffer'd a happy Loſs in the Baniſhment of their Gods, their Oracles, and Soothſayers.

For it proceeded from theſe Gods, theſe Oracles, and theſe Diviners, that the Stage was ſway'd by a Spirit of Superſtition and Terror, capable of infecting Mankind with a Thouſand Errors, and over-whelming them with more numerous Miſchiefs. And if we conſider the uſual Impreſſions, which Tragedy made at *Athens* in the Minds of the Spectators, we may ſafely affirm, that *Pluto* was more in the right, who prohibited the Uſe of them, than *Ariſtotle* who recommended them: For as their Tragedies wholly conſiſted in exceſſive Motions of Fear and Pity, was not this the direct Way to make the Theatre a School of Terror and Compaſſion, where

where People only learnt to be affrighted at all Dangers, and to abandon themſelves to Deſpair upon every Misfortune.

It will be a hard Matter to perſuade me, that a Soul accuſtomed to be terrified for what regards another, has ſtrength enough to ſupport the Misfortunes that concern it ſelf. This perhaps was the Reaſon, why the *Athenians* became ſo ſuſceptible of the Impreſſions of Fear; and that this Spirit of Terror, which the Theatre inſpired into them with ſo much Art, became at laſt but too natural to their Armies.

At *Sparta* and *Rome*, where only Examples of Valour and Conſtancy were publickly ſhewn, the People were no leſs Brave and Reſolute in Battel, than they were Unſhaken and Conſtant in the Calamities of the Republick. Ever ſince this Art of Fearing and Lamenting was ſet up at *Athens*; all thoſe diſorderly Paſſions, which they had as it were imbibed at their Publick Repreſentations, got footing in their Camps, and attended them in their Wars.

Thus a Spirit of Superſtition occaſion'd the Defeat of their Armies; as a Spirit of Lamentation made them ſit down contented, with bewailing their great Misfortunes, when they ought to have found out proper Remedies for them. For how was it poſſible for them not to learn Deſpair in this pitiful School of Commiſeration? The Perſons they uſually repreſented upon it, were Examples of the greateſt Miſery, and Subjects but of ordinary Virtues.

So great was their Deſire to lament, that they repreſented fewer Virtues than Misfortunes; leſt a Soul rais'd to the Admiration of Heroes, ſhould be leſs inclin'd to pity the Diſtreſſed: And in order to imprint theſe Sentiments of Affliction the deeper in their Spectators, they had always up-

on their Theatre a *Chorus* of *Virgins*, or of
Men, who furniſh'd them, upon every Even
either with their Terrors, or their Tears.

Ariſtotle was ſenſible enough what Prejud
this might do the *Athenians*; but he thought
ſufficiently prevented it by eſtabliſhing a cert
Purgation, which no one hitherto has underſtoo
and which in my Opinion, he himſelf ne
fully comprehended. For, can any thing be
ridiculous as to Form a Science, which will
fallibly diſcompoſe our Minds, only to ſet up
nother, which does not certainly pretend to c
us? Or to raiſe a Perturbation in our Souls for
other end, than to endeavour afterwards to ca
it, by obliging it to reflect upon the deject
Condition it has been in?

Among a Thouſand Perſons that are preſ
at the Theatre, perhaps there may be Six Phi
ſophers that are capable of recovering their f
mer Tranquility, by the Aſſiſtance of theſe p
dent and uſeful Meditations: But the Multitu
will ſcarce make any ſuch judicious Reflectio
and we may be almoſt aſſured, that what we
conſtantly repreſented on the Theatre, will
fail, at long run, to produce in us a Habit of th
unhappy Motions.

Our Theatrical Repreſentations are not ſubj
to the ſame Inconveniencies, as thoſe of
Ancients were; ſince our Fear never goes ſo
as to raiſe this Superſtitious Terror, which p
duc'd ſuch ill Effects upon Valour. Our Fe
generally ſpeaking, is nothing elſe but an agr
able Uneaſineſs, which conſiſts in the Suſpenſ
of our Minds; 'tis a dear Concern, which
Soul has for thoſe Subjects that draw its Affecti
to them.

We may almoſt ſay the ſame of Pity, as
uſed on our Stage. We diveſt it of all its We
ne

neſs; and leave it all that we call Charitable and Human. I love to ſee the Misfortune of ſome great unhappy Perſon lamented; I am content, with all my heart, that he ſhould attract our Compaſſion, nay, ſometimes command our Tears: But then I would have theſe tender and generous Tears paid to his Misfortunes and Virtues together; and that this Melancholy Sentiment of Pity be accompanied with vigorous Admiration, which ſhall ſtir up our in Souls a ſort of an amorous Deſire to imitate him.

We were oblig'd to mingle ſomewhat of Love in the New Tragedy, the better to remove thoſe black Ideas which the ancient Tragedy cauſed in us by Superſtition and Terror. And in truth, there is no Paſſion that more excites us to every Thing that is Noble and Generous, than a *virtuous Love*. A Man who may cowardly ſuffer himſelf to be inſulted by a contemptible Enemy, will, yet, defend what he loves, tho' to the apparent Hazard of his Life, againſt the Attacks of the moſt Valiant. The weakeſt and moſt fearful Creatures: thoſe Creatures that are naturally inclin'd to fear and to run away, will fiercely encounter what they dread moſt, to preſerve the Object of their Love. Love has a certain Heat which ſupplies the Defect of Courage in thoſe that want it moſt! But to confeſs the Truth, our Authors have made as ill an Uſe of this Noble Paſſion, as the Ancients did of their Fear and Pity: For if we except Eight or Ten Plays where its Impulſes have been managed to great Advantage; we have no Tragedies in which both Lovers and Love are not equally injur'd.

We have an affected Tenderneſs where we ought to place the Nobleſt Sentiments. We beſtow a Softneſs on what ought to be moſt moving; and ſometimes when we mean plainly to

expreſs the Graces of Nature, we fall into a vicious and mean Simplicity.

We imagine we make Kings and Emperors perfect Lovers, but in truth we make ridiculous Princes of them; and by the Complaints and Sighs which we beſtow upon them, where they ought neither to Complain nor Sigh, we repreſent them weak, both as Lovers, and as Princes.

Our great Heroes upon the Theatre, generally make Love like Shepherds; and thus the Innocence of a ſort of Rural Paſſion, ſupplies with them the Place of Glory and Valour.

If an Actreſs has the Art to weep and bemoan her ſelf after a moving lively Manner, we give her our Tears, at certain Places which demand Gravity; and becauſe ſhe pleaſes beſt, when ſhe ſeems to be affected, ſhe ſhall put on Grief all along, indifferently.

Sometimes we muſt have a plain, unartificial, ſometimes a tender, and ſometimes a melancholy whining Love, without regarding where that Simplicity, Tenderneſs, or Grief is requiſite: And the Reaſon of it is plain; for as we muſt needs have Love every where, we look for Diverſity in the Manners, and ſeldom or never place it in the Paſſions.

I am in good hopes we ſhall one day find out the true Uſe of this Paſſion, which is now become too common: That which ought to ſweeten cruel or calamitous Accidents; that which ought to affect our very Souls, to animate our Courage, and raiſe our Spirits, will not certainly be always made the Subject of a little affected Tenderneſs, or of a weak Simplicity. When ever this happens, we need not envy the Ancients; and without paying too great a Reſpect

reſpect to Antiquity, or being too much prejudiced againſt the preſent Age, we ſhall not ſet up the Tragedies of *Sophocles* and *Euripides*, as the only Models for the Dramatick Compoſitions of our times.

However, I don't ſay, that theſe Tragedies wanted any thing that was neceſſary to recommend them to the Palace of the *Athenians*: But ſhould a Man tranſlate even the *OEDIPUS*, the beſt Performance of all Antiquity, into *French*, with the ſame Spirit and Force as we ſee it in the Original, I dare be bold to affirm, that nothing in the World would appear to us more Cruel, more Oppoſite to the true Sentiments which Mankind ought to have.

Our Age has, at leaſt, this Advantage over theirs, that we are allow'd the Liberty to hate Vice, and love Virtue. As the Gods occaſion'd the greateſt Crimes on the Theatre of the Ancients, theſe Crimes captivated the reſpect of the Spectators; and the People durſt not find fault with thoſe Things which were really abominable. When they ſaw *Agamemnon* ſacrifice his own Daughter, and a Daughter too that was ſo tenderly belov'd by him, to appeaſe the Indignation of the Gods, they only conſider'd this barbarous Sacrifice as a Pious Obedience, and the higheſt Proof of a Religious Submiſſion.

Now in that Superſtitious Age, if a Man ſtill preſerv'd the common Sentiments of Humanity, he could not avoid murmuring at the Cruelty of the Gods, he muſt needs be Cruel and Barbarous to his own Fellow-Creatures; he muſt, like *Agamemnon*, offer the greateſt Violence both to Nature, and to his own Affection.

Tantum Relligio potuit ſuadere malorum, ſays *Lucretius*, upon the account of this barbarous Sacrifice.

Now-a-days we ſee Men repreſented upon t
Theatre without the Interpoſition of the God
and this Conduct is infinitely more uſeful bo
to the Publick, and to private Perſons: For i
our Tragedies we neither introduce any Villa
who is not deteſted, nor any Heroe, who do
not cauſe himſelf to be admir'd. With us fe
Crimes eſcape unpuniſhed, and few Virtues g
off unrewarded. In ſhort, by the good Exan
ples we publickly repreſent on the Theatre, b
the agreeable Sentiments of Love and Admirat
on, that are diſcreetly interwoven with a rectif
ed Fear and Pity, we are in a Capacity of a
riving to that Perfection which *Horace* deſires:

Omne tulit punctum, qui miſcuit utile dulci.

Which can never be effected, by the Rules
the Ancient Tragedy.

I ſhall conclude with a New and darin
Thought of my own, and that is this; We ough
in Tragedy, before all Things whatever, to loo
after a Greatneſs of Soul well expreſs'd, whic
excites in us a tender Admiration. By this fo
of Admiration our Minds are ſenſibly raviſhed
our Courages elevated; and our Souls deepl
affected.

O N

ON THE CHARACTERS OF TRAGEDIES.

I Formerly deſign'd to write a *Tragedy*; but what I found the hardeſt matter of all, was, to defend my ſelf from a ſecret Suggeſtion of Self-love, which will not eaſily ſuffer a Man to lay aſide his own Temper, to take up that of another. I remember that I drew my own Character, without ever deſigning it; and that the Heroe dwindled inſenſibly into the little Merit of St. *Evremond*; whereas St. *Evremond*, ought to have raiſed himſelf to the great Vertues of his Heroe. It fell out with my Paſſions as it did with my Character; for I expreſs'd my own Motions, while I endeavour'd to expreſs his. If I was amorouſly inclin'd, I turn'd every thing upon Love; if I found my ſelf inclined to Pity, I was not wanting to provide Misfortunes for it; In ſhort, I made the Actor ſpeak whatever I found within my own Breaſt at home, and, in ſhort, repreſented my ſelf under the Name of another. Let us not quarrel with the Heroes of our *Tragedies*, for being too liberal of their Tears, which they ſhould only ſhed upon proper Occaſions; they are the Poet's own Tears, whoſe natural Temper being too Compaſſionate, he is not able to reſiſt their Tenderneſs, which he has formed within himſelf. If he cou'd content himſelf only with entring into the Sentiments of his Heroes,

we might expect that his Soul which he only lends to Grief for a few Moments, might observe some Moderation: But when Authors take it to themselves, they express in reality, what they ought only to represent as probable. 'Tis a great Secret to know how to express our selves justly in what relates to the Thoughts, but infinitely more in what concerns the Passions: For it is more difficult for the Soul to disengage it self from Passions; than for the Mind to divert its Thoughts. The Passions, 'tis true, ought to be lively, but never strain'd; for if it were left to the Spectators to chuse one of two Extreams, they would much sooner pitch on the Defect than the Excess. He that does not carry on the Passions far enough, does not content his Audience, and merits no applause; but he that pushes them on too far, wounds the Imagination, and must expect to be exploded for his Pains. The former gives us the Pleasure to supply his Defects by our own Invention; the latter gives us the Trouble to retrench his Superfluities, which is always painful and tiresome. When the Heart, for Instance, finds it self touch'd so much as it ought to be, it endeavours to comfort it self; and as of our own Natures we return from our Passions to our Judgment, we judge not very favourably of Tenderness and Tears. Those of the most unfortunate ought to be managed with great Discretion; for the tenderest Spectator soon dries up his: *Cito* * *arescit lacryma in alienâ miseriâ.* In

* Nihil est tam miserabile, quàm ex beato miser. Et hoc totum quidem moveat, si bona ex fortuna quis cadat; & à quorum Caritate divellatur; quæ amittat, aut amiserit; in quibus Malis sit, futurúsve sit exprimatur breviter. CITO ENIM ARESCIT LACRYMA, PRÆSERTIM IN ALIENIS MALIS. *Cicer.* Part. Orat. Sect. 17.

n truth, if we ſee a Perſon too long afflict-
pon the Theatre, we either laugh at his
akneſs; or the long pitying of a tedious Tor-
nt, which renders the Misfortunes of an-
our own, offends Nature, which ought only
e touch'd. Every time that I go to hear our
ſt moving Tragedies, the Tears of the Actors
w forth mine with a ſecret Pleaſure, which I
in being mov'd: But if the Affliction conti-
s, I am uneaſy, and impatiently expect ſome
n of the Scene to deliver me from theſe Me-
choly Impreſſions. I have frequently ſeen it
pen in thoſe long Diſcourſes of Tenderneſs,
t towards the end, the Author gives us another
a, than that of a Lover whom he deſigns to
reſent. This Lover ſometimes commences a
loſopher, and reaſons gravely in his Paſſion;
by way of Lecture explains to us, after what
nner it is form'd. Sometimes the Spectator,
o at firſt ſuffer'd his Imagination to range with
Perſon repreſented, comes home to himſelf,
finds that 'tis not the Hero, but the Poet
t ſpeaks, who in doleful Strain of Elegy,
d needs have us weep at ſome feign'd Mis-
tune.

An Author miſtakes, when he thinks to get my
od Opinion at this Rate: He provokes my
ghter, when he pretends to poſſeſs me with
y. But what is more ridiculous, even than
, is to hear a Man declaim eloquently on his
fortunes. He that takes a great deal of Pains
deſcribing them, ſaves me the Trouble of con-
ing with him; 'tis Nature that ſuffers, and
ſhe that ought to complain: She ſometimes
es to ſpeak her private Thoughts, in order to
n Relief by it; but not to expatiate eloquent-
to ſhew her fine Parts.

Neither

Neither have I any mighty Opinion of the Violence of that Passion, which is ingenious to express it self with great Pomp and Magnificence. The Soul, when it is sensibly touch'd, does not afford the Mind an Opportunity to think intensely; much less to ramble and divert it self in the Variety of its Conceptions. 'Tis upon this account that I can hardly bear with *Ovid*'s luxuriant Fancy. He is witty in his Grief, and gives himself a world of Trouble to shew his Wit, when we expect nothing but natural Thoughts from him. *Virgil* deservedly makes a just Impression upon us, in which we find nothing either languishing or strain'd. As he leaves us nothing more to desire in him; so on the other hand he has nothing that offends us; and for this Reason, our Souls behold with Pleasure, that amiable Proportion that shines in all the parts of his Work.

For my part, I am astonished, that in our Age, when all Dramatick Pieces turn upon Love, we should be grosly ignorant of its Nature and Motions; although Love acts differently according to the Diversity of Temper, yet we may reduce all the Effects of so general a Passion, to Three principal Heads, which are, to *Love*, to *Burn*, and to *Languish*.

To *Love*, simply consider'd, is the first Condition of our Soul, when she moves by the Impression of some agreeable Object, whereupon is form'd a secret Complacency in the Person that loves; and this Complacency becomes at last, a Devoting one's self to the Person that is loved. To *Burn*, is a violent Condition, subject to Inquietudes, to Pains, to Torments, sometimes to Troubles, to Transports, to Despair; in a word, to every thing that agitates us, and disturbs our Repose. To *Languish* is the finest Movement of

Love

Love; 'tis the delicate Effect of a pure Flame, which gently conſumes us; 'tis a dear and tender Malady, which makes us hate all Thoughts of a Cure. We entertain it ſecretly in the bottom of our Hearts, and if it comes to diſcover it ſelf, our Eyes, our Silence, a Sigh that eſcapes us, a Tear that drops in ſpite of us, expreſs it infinitely better, than all the Eloquence of the moſt elaborate Diſcourſe. As for thoſe long Converſations of Tenderneſs, thoſe Sighs we hear inceſſantly, and thoſe Tears that are ſhed every Moment, they may be aſcrib'd to ſome other Cauſe; For, in my Opinion, they are not ſo much the Effects of Love, as the Folly of the Lover. I have a greater Reſpect for that Paſſion than to load it with any Scandal which does not belong to it. A few Tears are ſufficient for a Lover to expreſs his Love by; when they are immoderate or unſeaſonable, they rather ſhew his Infirmity than his Paſſion. I dare venture to ſay, that a Lady who might have ſome Compaſſion for her Lover, when ſhe ſees him diſcreetly and reſpectfully expelling the Inquietudes ſhe gives him, would laugh at him for a Chicken-hearted Milk-ſop, if he whin'd and ſobb'd eternally before her.

I have obſerved, that † *Cervantes* always eſteems in his Cavaliers, a probable Merit, but he never fails to laſh, in good earneſt, their fabulous Combats, and their ridiculous Penances. Upon this laſt Conſideration, he prefers *Don GALAOR*, to the honeſt *AMADIS DE GAULE*, * *Porque tenia may*

† Michael Cervantes, *Author of* Don Quixot.

* *For he was a Man that would diſpenſe with any thing, neither was he ſo finical, nor ſuch a whining Lover, as his Brother.*

he is become a weak, effeminate, lazy, whinin
Wretch. Of a Man who had in no respect bee
wanting, either to his Interest, or to his Party
we find him wanting to himself, and utterly un
done by himself.

Horace, whom I mention'd a little above, ha
laid down the Character of Old Age, which h
advises us carefully to observe. If we have a
Old Man to represent, he would have us drav
him heaping up Riches, yet denying himself th
use of them, cold, timorous, peevish, melan
choly, dissatisfied with the present times, and
zealous Admirer of what he saw when he was
young Fellow †. However, if we are to intro
duce an Old Man who is passionately in Love
we must not give him either Coldness or Fear, o
Laziness, or Melancholy: We must make hin
Liberal instead of Covetous, and Complaisan
instead of Morose or Surly: He must find faul
with all the Beauties he has seen, and only ad
mire that which enslaves him at present; he mu
do every thing for his Mistress, and govern him
self by no other Will but hers, as thinking to ob
tain by his Submission, whatever he loses by th
Disadvantage of his Age:

He thinks the low Submission by him shown,
Will for his Age and Impotence atone. Corn. Soph

Such an one was in effect, and as such, has beer
painte

† Multa senem circumveniunt incommoda; vel quod
Quærit, & inventis miser abstinet, ac, timet uti;
Vel quod res omnes timidè gelidèque ministrat,
Dilator, spe longus, iners, avidusque futuri,
Difficilis, querulus, laudator temporis acti
Se puero, Castigator Censorque Minorum.
HORAT. De Art. Poet.

painted by *Corneille*, the old and unfortunate *Syphax*. Before he was charm'd by *Sophonisba*, he held the Balance between the *Carthaginians* and the *Romans*: No ſooner did he become a Lover in his old Days, but he loſt his Dominions, and himſelf together, for reſigning himſelf to a Woman's Will.

When I uſe the Word Paſſion, 'tis Love I mean: For all the other Paſſions ſerve to form the Character, inſtead of deſtroying it. To be naturally Gay, Melancholy, Cholerick and Fearful, is to have Humours, Qualities and Affections that compoſe a Character: To be very much in Love, is to take up a Paſſion which not only deſtroys the Qualities of a Character, but likewiſe commands the Motions of other Qualities. 'Tis certain, that they who truly Love, are never hurried to any other Paſſions, but according as they humour and ſtrike in with their Love. If they have any Indignation againſt a Lover, Love both provokes and pacifies them; they intend Hatred, and can't ceaſe Loving. Love excuſes Ingratitude, and juſtifies Infidelity; the very Torments of a true Paſſion are Pleaſures; We feel the Pains of it only when it is paſt, juſt as after the *Deliriums* of a Fever we feel the Pain occaſion'd by it.

In Loving well, we are never miſerable, but we think our ſelves to be ſo, when we ceaſe to Love.

A Beauteous She, with all her Pow'r,
Can't make us wretched for an Hour.
Tho' we muſt never hope for the Poſſeſſing,
Her Charms are Favours, and her Sight's a Bleſſing.

TO

TO AN

AUTHOR

WHO

Ask'd my Opinion of a Pla
where the Heroine do
nothing but Lament he
ſelf.

THE Princeſs you make the Heroine your Play, would have pleas'd me w enough, had you managed her Tears with m Frugality: But you make her ſhed them prodigally, that when the Audience come themſelves, this Profuſion of Tears, cannot l make the Perſon whom you repreſent, leſs af cting; and thoſe that behold the Repreſentatio leſs ſenſible. *Corneille* has had the Misfortune, diſguſt the generality of his Spectators in his l ter Days; becauſe he muſt needs diſcover th which is moſt hidden in our Hearts; that whi is moſt exquiſite in the Paſſions; and moſt de cate in the Thoughts. After he had, as it we worn out the ordinary Paſſions with which are agitated, he was in hopes of Gaining a ne Reputation, if he touch'd our moſt conceal'd Te derneſſes, our niceſt Jealouſies, and our moſt cret Griefs: But this ſtudied Penetration, bei too delicate for great Aſſemblies, ſo precious a painful a Diſcovery has made him loſe ſome ſteem in the World, whereas it ought to have p cured him new Applauſe.

'Tis certain, that no Man underſtood Nature better than *Corneille*; but he has deſcribed it differently, according to the different Periods of his Life. When he was young, he contented himſelf with deſcribing its Motions; when he was Old, he was for diſcovering its moſt ſecret Springs. Formerly, he aſcrib'd every thing to the Sentiment; at preſent, Penetration does every thing with him; Now, he opens the Heart, and its moſt conceal'd Receſſes; whereas he formerly repreſented it with all its Anxieties and Agitations. Other Authors have ſucceeded better in complying with the preſent Humour of the Age, which loves nothing but Grief and Tenderneſs upon the Theatre: But I am afraid your Tragedy will contribute to rectify the depraved Palate of the Town, and that the Audience will naufeate the inſupportable Exceſs of a Paſſion, which has the good Fortune at preſent to pleaſe.

I own that nothing is ſo moving, as the lively Repreſentation of a Beautiful Perſon in Diſtreſs; 'Tis a new ſort of a Charm, that unites every thing that is tender within us, by Impreſſions of Love and Pity mingled together; but if the fair Lady continues to bewail her Misfortunes too long, that which at firſt affected us, makes us ſad; and as we are ſoon weary of comforting one that takes a Pleaſure in whining and complaining, we leave her as a troubleſom Creature, in the Hands of old Women and Relations, who know how to manage one in this ſad Condition, by the receiv'd Rules of Condoling.

A Writer, who throughly underſtands the Paſſions, will never exhauſt his Stock of Grief, becauſe this Profuſion muſt naturally create an Inſolence in the Spectators, which will infallibly end in a general Diſlike. The firſt Tears are

natural to the Paſſion which we expreſs have their Source in the Heart, and Grief from an Afflicted to a Tender Heart latter are purely owing to the Poet's Wi has produced them, and therefore Nature v own them. Affliction ought to have ſom that is moving, and the end of Affliction thing that is animated, in order to make Impreſſion upon us. 'Tis likewiſe requiſ it terminate by good Fortune, which finiſh fortunes by Joy, or by a great Virtue, draws our Admiration. Sometimes it Death, and from thence ariſes in our Commiſeration, proper and natural to Tr But this never ought to be after long Lam ons, which gives us more Diſguſt for the neſs of the Perſon repreſented, than Com for his Misfortunes.

I cannot endure to ſee a dying Perſo the Stage, who is more lamented by him th than by the Spectators that ſee him die. great Griefs, attended with few Complai deep Concern: I love a Deſpair which d waſte it ſelf in Words, but where Natu vercome, and ſinks under the Violence Paſſion. Long tedious Diſcourſes rathe our Deſire of Life, than our Reſolution t To ſpeak much upon theſe Occaſions, is guiſh in Deſpair, and to loſe all the Merit Grief: *O Silvia, tu ſe' Morta, O Sylvia, thou ar* and to ſwoon away like * *Aminta*; *I don' Madam, but I* † *die*; and to expire like *Eur*

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* *AMINTA of* Taſſo. Act. III. Sc. II.

† *SURENA, one of* Corneille's *Tragedies*. Act.

Our Misfortunes are certainly alleviated by Tears and Lamenting: And the greateſt Pain in the World, when it begins to abate, increaſes our Deſires of living, in proportion as it leſſens. It falls out with our Reaſoning, as it does with our Tears; If we reaſon never ſo little in our Afflictions, Reaſon will rather adviſe us to bear them, than to die. Let us comfort Perſons whom we behold lamenting and grieving ſo exceſſively on the Theatre. Let us beſtow more Calamities than Tears and long Diſcourſes, on thoſe who we deſign ſhould die there.

A

DISCOURSE

UPON THE

French Hiſtorians.

IT muſt be acknowledg'd, that the greateſt part of our HISTORIANS, are Men of an indifferent Merit; and were it not for the natural Deſire of knowing what has happen'd in one's own Country, I can't imagine how any Perſon, that has been converſant in ancient Hiſtory, could ever bear the Tediouſneſs of ours. 'Tis certainly very ſurpriſing, that in a Monarchy where there have been ſo many memorable Wars, and ſo many ſignal Revolutions; that amongſt a People that want neither Courage to perform Things, nor the Vanity to talk of them, there ſhould not riſe up one Hiſtorian, that anſwers either the Dignity of the Subject, or our own Inclination.

I was formerly of Opinion, that we ought to charge this Defect on our Language; but when I afterwards conſider'd, that the Beauty of the *French*, in our Tranſlations, almoſt equal'd that of the *Greek* and *Latin*, in the Originals, I cou'd not help thinking with my ſelf, that the Meanneſs of our Genius falls vaſtly ſhort of the Majeſty of Hiſtory. Beſides, altho' we had among us ſome Perſons of an elevated Mind and great Abilities, yet there are too many things neceſſary to the Compoſition of a juſt Hiſtory to

met with in one and the ſame Perſon. We might find perhaps a Stile pure and elevated enough in ſome of our Authors, who by reaſon of their living at a diſtance from the Court and Buſineſs, would run into general Maxims, and common Places, which reliſh more of the Politicks of Antiquity, than our own. On the other hand, Our Men of Buſineſs and Experience, are well acquainted, 'tis true, with our Intereſts; but they lie under the Diſadvantage of being uſed to an Epiſtolary Stile, which as it is proper for Negotiations, ſo it does not come up to the Dignity of Hiſtory. 'Tis likewiſe a uſual thing with them, to ſpeak improperly of War; unleſs their Fortune led them formerly to a Camp, or they lived in the Confidence and Familiarity of Great Men, who had the Management of Military Affairs. This is a conſiderable Defect in *Grotius*, who after he has penetrated into the moſt ſecret Cauſes of the War, the Nature of the Government of the *Spaniards*, and the Diſpoſition of the People of *Flanders*; who, after he has entred into the true Genius of Nations; form'd a juſt Character of Societies, and principal Perſons; has ſo well explain'd the different Schemes of the Chriſtian Religion; and trac'd up Things to Originals, unknown to Cardinal *Bentivoglio*, and *Strada*, cannot maintain the Admiration which he cauſed in us, ſo ſoon as he begins to open the Scene of War; ſpeaks of the Motions of Armies, deſcribes Sieges, and relates Battles.

We have among us Perſons of Quality of an extraordinary Merit, who having paſs'd through great Employments, by the help of good Natural Parts, and ſome acquir'd Knowledge, are eaſily capable of acting, and ſpeaking well; but, they either want a Genius, or have not Learning; Beſides that, being wholly

taken up with the Court, and the Function their Offices, they don't endeavour to inſt themſelves in the Forms of the Government, Order of the Kingdom. They would be ap imagine, that they debaſed themſelves, and t the Buſineſs of the Gentlemen of the Long R upon them, againſt the Dignity of their Pro on, if they ſhould apply themſelves to the Kn ledge of our Principal Laws. Tho' with theſe Lights, I am aſſur'd, it is in a manner poſſible, to make a good Hiſtory, filled a ought to be, with ſound and judicious Inſtru ons.

Bacon often complains, that Hiſtorians Pleaſure in enlarging on Foreign Affairs, ſeem purpoſely to avoid thoſe Statutes which the publick Tranquillity is owing, a this would make the Narration languiſh: And indulging themſelves with Pleaſure in the re of thoſe Calamities, which War occaſions, don't, without a ſenſible Diſtaſte, treat of good Laws, which eſtabliſh the Happineſs of vil Society. His Complaints appear to me better grounded, becauſe there is not one Hi amongſt the *Romans*, where we cannot diſc the Inſide of the Republick, by its Laws, as as the Outſide by its Conqueſts. You fin *Livy*, ſometimes the Repealing of old Laws, ſometimes the Sanction of new ones; in him ſee every thing that depends on Religion, relates to Ceremonies. The Conſpiracy of *line* in *Saluſt*, is all along fill'd with Matters ting to the Conſtitution of the Republick; that ingenious and artful Speech of *Cæſar*, it not wholly run upon the *Portian* Law; the juſt Conſiderations their Anceſtors ha lay aſide the ancient Rigour in

Citizens; and upon the dangerous Conſequen-
that would follow, if ſo wiſe an Ordinance
uld be violated?
The ſame *Cæſar*, in his Commentaries, never
s any occaſion, to ſpeak of the Manners,
toms, and Religion of the *Gauls*. *Tacitus*
erhaps, even to a Fault, full of Accuſations,
ences, Laws, and Judgments. *Quintus Cur-*
, in a Hiſtory made rather to pleaſe,
to inſtruct, puts the Laws of the *Mace-*
ans into *Alexander*'s Mouth, to anſwer the
roaches of *Hermolaus*, who had conſpired a-
inſt his Life. *This Alexander*, that ſeems to have
wn no other Law than his own Will, while
was Conquering the World; This very Alex-
r, doth not diſdain to ſupport himſelf [illegible]e
hority of the Laws, for having [illegible]
ng Boy to be whipt, even when he was [illegible]
of the Univerſe.
s there is no Nation but what deſires [illegible]
lf from Foreign Violences, when it is [illegible]
o render its Condition more glorious by
ſts, when it is powerful: As there [illegible]
ought to ſecure its Repoſe by the Co[illegible]
of a good Government, and the Tran[illegible]
f Conſcience by the Impreſſions of Re[illegible]
ſo there is no Hiſtorian but ought to be [illegible]
ſed in all theſe different Concerns, when he
ertakes to write Hiſtory; but ought to ſhew,
t it is that renders Men unhappy, to the end
ay be avoided; or what makes their Happi-
, that it may be purſued. Thus 'tis impoſſi-
for a Man to write a good Hiſtory of *France*,
tever Wars he is to deſcribe, without knowing
Conſtitution of the Kingdom, the Difference
Religion, and the Immunities of the *Gallicans*

with Confidence or Fear. But beſides this, there accrued another Advantage to the Republick; which was, that by this means the Magiſtrates made themſelves perfectly known: For it was impoſſible [illegible] different Functions, the [illegible] Man, tho' it lay never [illegible] conceal it ſelf through- [illegible] or ill Qualities ſhould not, [illegible]n'd. In Men of a narrow [illegible], whom nature has reſtrained to a certain [illegible], they diſcover'd, that a ſoft and peaceable Temper, which is fit enough for Religious Services, had not ſometimes Conſtancy enough to maintain the Law with Vigour.

Sometimes it was obſerv'd, That a Senator was Proof againſt Bribery in Law-Trials, who had neither the Activity nor Vigilance of a good Commander. Such a Man was a great Warriour, as *Marius*, who had no Capacity for what related to Religion and Buſineſs. To ſpeak the Truth, we ſometimes meet with an univerſal Capacity, and a conſummate Virtue amongſt them, which rendred ſome Men uſeful to the Publick, upon all Occaſions whatever: But then there were alſo amongſt them Men of leſs extenſive Parts who were only employ'd in thoſe Affairs for which they were fit.

This was viſibly ſeen in the Conſulſhip of *Cicero*, and *Antonius*, wherein the firſt was order'd to watch for the Safety of the Republick, which was his proper Talent; while the other was ſent to aſſemble Troops, in conjunction with *Petreius*, to fight *Catiline*.

If we reflect upon what I have ſaid, we ſhall not be ſurpris'd to find excellent Hiſtorians amongſt a People, where thoſe that writ Hiſtory were moſt frequently very conſiderable Perſons, whe

who wanted neither Genius, nor the Art of writing well; and who poſſeſs'd, in an equal meaſure, a profound Knowledge of the Affairs of Religion, War, and Men. 'Tis certain, the Ancients had a great Advantage over us, in knowing the Genius of Men by the different Trye's, through which they were obliged to paſs, before they came to the Adminiſtration of the Common-Wealth; Neither were they wanting to paint and deſcribe them to the Life; for whoever will examine their Characters, with a little Curioſity and Skill, will diſcover a particular Study in all this, and an Art deeply laid.

In effect, you will find that they put together, as it were, oppoſite Qualities, which a Man would never imagine, at firſt ſight, to find in one and the ſame Perſon, as, *Animus audax, ſubdolus.* You ſee them make a Difference in certain Qualities, which appear to be abſolutely the ſame, and which one cannot diſcover without a great Nicety of Diſcernment: *Subdolus; varius; cujuſlibet rei ſimulator, ac diſſimulator.*

There is another Diverſity in the Characters of the Ancients, more curious, and yet is leſs known to us, *viz.* a certain Difference, wherewith each Vice, or Virtue is mark'd, by the particular Impreſſion it makes in Minds where it is: For Example, the Courage of *Alcibiades* hath ſomething ſingular in it, to diſtinguiſh it from that of *Epaminondas*, altho' both of them deſpiſ'd Death alike. The Integrity of *Cato*, is different from that of *Catulus*; the Daringneſs of *Catiline*, is not the ſame with that of *Anthony*; the Ambition of *Sylla*, and that of *Ceſar*, have not a perfect Reſemblance: For which reaſon, when the Ancients paint the Characters of their Great Men, they paint at the ſame time the Character of the Qualities they aſſign to them; that they may appear

not

not only Ambitious and Daring; or Moderate and Prudent; but that we may know more particularly, what sort of Ambition and Courage, or Moderation and Prudence they had.

Sallust describes *Catiline* as a Person of a wicked Disposition; and the Wickedness of his Temper is immediately expressed: *Sed ingenio malo, pravoque.* The particular kind of his Ambition is distinguish'd by the Irregularity of his Morals; and that Irregularity is shewn by the Character of his Mind, whose Imaginations were too vast, and too high: *Vastus animus immoderata, incredibilia, nimis alta semper cupiebat.* He had a Temper wicked enough to undertake any thing against the Laws, and too vast a Soul to fix himself to Designs proportion'd to the Means, by which they use to succeed.

The bold Spirit of a voluptuous and lewd Woman, such as *Sempronia* was, might [illegible] one believe, that her Boldness [illegible] any thing, to carry on [illegible] sort of Daringness [illegible] gers, to which [illegible] *Sallust* presents [illegible] doing: by [illegible]

Quæ multa [illegible]

Here is [illegible]

He [illegible]

shion [illegible]

in [illegible]

ſteddy Gravity of *Thraſeas*, who read a Lecture to the Meſſenger, that brought to him the Death-Warrant: It is not the forc'd Conſtancy of *Seneca*, who is oblig'd to encourage himſelf, by the Remembrance of his own Precepts and Diſcourſes; It is not that affected Bravery, upon which *Helvidius* valued himſelf: In ſhort, it is not a Reſolution grounded upon the Opinions of Philoſophers; 'tis a ſoft and careleſs Indifference, which left in his Soul no room for the diſmal Thoughts of Death; it is a continuation of the ordinary Courſe of his Life to the laſt Moment.

But if the Ancients ſhew'd ſo great a Niceneſs in marking theſe *Encomiums*, they diſcover no leſs Art in the Stile of their *Characters*, to oblige us to take the more Notice of them. In their Narrations they engage us to follow them by the inſenſible Charms of an agreeable and natural Tale. They hurry us along in their Orations, by the Vehemence of their Diſcourſe, leſt if we continued calm and unmoved, it might make us diſcover what a Want of good Sence there is amidſt all this Pomp of Eloquence; and afford us Leiſure ſecretly to reſolve not to be perſuaded by it. Sometimes, at a Conſultation, they bring Reaſons upon Reaſons, to determine the Unreſolved to that Party they would have them embrace. But in Characters where we ſhould diſcern Vices and Virtues; where we ſhould ſort the Differences which meet in one and the ſame Man; where we ſhould not only diſtinguiſh the different Qualities, but the Differences likewiſe by which each Quality is characteriz'd: We ought not to uſe a warm declamatory Stile, nor urge Arguments one upon the neck of another, either to hurry away, or captivate the Underſtanding. On the contrary, we ought to ſtand upon our Guard,

ırd, and ſecure our ſelves from whatever ap-
rs to have a Deſign upon our Reaſon: Which
muſt preſerve free and unbyaſs'd. We ought
wiſe diligently to ſcan every Word in an ab-
: Stile, when the Words will admit of a va-
s Conſtruction, leſt we ſhould loſe our ſelves
oo general Conſiderations. In order to that,
Reader is oblig'd to beſtow his utmoſt Atten-
ı on the different Singularities, and to exa-
e ſeparately each Feature in the Picture.
Tis thus the Ancients form'd their Characters.
for us, if we were to deſcribe a Temper like
: of *Catiline*, we ſhould be at a loſs to con-
'e in one and the ſame Perſon, Qualities
ch appear to be oppoſite. So much Boldneſs,
ı ſo great Artifice; ſo much Pride, and ſo
:h Policy; ſo much Fire and Impetuoſity in
Deſires, joyn'd to ſo much Fraud and Diſſi-
ation.
There is a nice Difference between Qualities,
: ſeem to be the ſame, which 'tis difficult to
over. There is ſometimes a Mixture of Vice
Virtue in one ſingle Quality, which we ne-
uuly ſeparate. It is eaſie for us, indeed, to
w Virtues, when they are pure and entire;
ſo, for the moſt part, we allow Prudence in
nſels; Quickneſs in Execution; and Valour
Battels. And as for Morals, we confine them
Piety towards God; Integrity with Men, and
elity to our Friends, or to our Superiours.
: make the ſame uſe both of Defects and
es; And ſo we talk of Incapacity in Af-
s; of Baſeneſs towards Enemies; of Infi-
ity to Friends; of Idleneſs, Avarice, and
ratitude: But where Nature hath not left
at purity in Virtues, where ſhe has left ſome
ture of Virtue amongſt Vices, we want ſome-
times

times Penetration to diſcover what lies conce
ſometimes a nice Diſcernment to diſenta
what is confus'd.

Thoſe particular Diſtinctions, which vario
denote the Qualities, according to the Men
poſſeſs them, are yet more remote from
Knowledge. The Diverſity of Valour is unkn
to us; we have but one Courage for all the
liant; one Ambition for all the Ambitious;
Honeſty for all Good-Men; and, to ſpeak Tr
the Character of a Perſon of great Deſert, a
generally draw it, may as well fit all the Me
Merit now living.

If we were to ſpeak of thoſe Dukes of G
whoſe Fame will be Immortal, we ſhould
them, Valiant, Generous, Liberal, Ambitic
Zealous for the Catholick Religion, and profe
Enemies of the Proteſtants; but at this w
not ſufficiently diſtinguiſh the Qualities of
from the other, their Characters, conſequ
ly, would not be ſo diſtinguiſh'd as they o
to be.

Thoſe Virtues, which Morality and gen
Diſcourſes repreſent to us as the ſame, aſſ
a different Air, by the difference of the
mour and Genius of the Perſons that po
them.

We judge right enough, that the * *Conſta*
and the † *Admiral*, were capable of ſuſtain
the moſt important Affairs; but the Differe
of their Capacity is not ſufficiently mark'd
our Authors.

They acquaint us that *Andelot*, *Buſſi*, and *Gi*

W

* Anne *Conſtable of* Montmorenci.

† Gaſpard de Coligni, *Admiral of* France.

were the ſtouteſt Men in the World; but they do not tell us that there was a Factious Obſtinacy in *Andelot*'s Daringneſs; That there appear'd ſomething Vain and Audacious in *Buſſi*'s Bravery; and that *Givri*'s Valour had ever the Air of Knight-Errantry.

There is ſomething peculiar in Men's Courages that diſtinguiſhes them, as well as ſome Singularity in their Minds, that makes a Difference between them. The Courage of the Mareſchal *de Chatillon* was a ſlow and lazy Intrepidity. That of the Mareſchal *de la Meilleraye* was attended with a Heat very proper to preſs a Siege, and a Paſſion which diſorder'd him in a Pitch'd Battel. The Valour of the Mareſchal *de Ranzau*, was admirable for great Actions; it could ſave a Province; it could preſerve an Army; But one would have thought, that it eſteemed common Dangers below it ſelf, to have beheld it ſo remiſs in little and frequent Occaſions, where common Service was perform'd. That of the Mareſchal *de Gaſſion*, more lively and active, might have been uſeful at all Moments: There was not a Day, wherein it gave not to our Troops ſome Advantage over the Enemy. 'Tis true, it was not ſo well compoſed, when any thing of great Importance lay at ſtake. This Mareſchal, who had ſo often ventur'd himſelf in falling upon Parties; who was ſo brisk in charging the Rear of an Army, fear'd an entire Engagement, being wholly taken up with the Thoughts of Events, when it was more neceſſary to act, than to think.

Sometimes we aſcribe every Thing to Qualities, without conſidering what Humour mixes with them. Sometimes we allow too much to Humour, and don't ſufficiently examine the Depth of Qualities. The thoughtful meditating Tem-

per of Monſieur *de Turenne*, who was ſtill form and weighing Deſigns in his Head, made paſs for timorous, irreſolute, and uncertain, tho' he gave Battel with as much Alacrity Monſieur *de Coſſian* went to a Skirmiſh. And Natural Heat of the Prince of *Condé* made be thought impetuous in Battels; tho' He Maſter of himſelf more than any Perſon w ever, in the Heat of Action; and had more ſence of Mind at *Lens*, *Friburgh*, *Norlingen*, *Senef*, than he would, perhaps, have had in Cloſet.

After ſo long a Diſcourſe upon the Knowl of Men, I will affirm, that our Hiſtorians not ſufficiently ſhewn their Talent that for want of Application and Judgment to k Men aright. They imagined, that a fai Narration of Events was ſufficient to inſtruc without conſidering that Affairs are done by who are oftener tranſported by Paſſion, than ducted by Policy. Prudence governs the W but there are but a few of that ſort, and the Wiſe are not ſo at all times: whereas Paſſion verns almoſt all the World, and at moſt T In Common-Wealths, where the Maxims of Intereſt ought to be better purſued, we ſee Things carried on by a Spirit of Faction, an Factions are paſſionate. Paſſion is found e where, and the Zeal of the beſt Perſons i free from it. The Animoſity of *Cato* and C and the Fury of *Cicero* againſt *Anthony*, n contributed to the Ruin of Liberty, than the bition of thoſe that ſet up Tyranny.

The Oppoſition of two Great Men, equ but differently Zealous for the Good of *Ho* had like to have deſtroy'd it, when it had thing to fear from the *Spaniards*. Prince *M* would have it powerful Abroad; *Barnevelt* w

have it free at Home. The firſt put it into a Condition to cope with a King of *Spain*; The ſecond endeavour'd to ſecure it againſt a Prince of *Orange*. It coſt *Barnevelt* his Life; and what frequently enough happens, the Sticklers for Liberty were deſtroy'd even by the People.

I paſs from Obſervations upon HISTORY, to Reflections upon POLITICKS: Perhaps I may be pardoned for ſo doing; but let their Reception be what it will, I ſhall ſatisfie my ſelf.

In the firſt Eſtabliſhment of a Republick, the Love of Liberty is the chief Virtue of the Citizens, and the Jealouſie which it inſpires, makes up the principal Policy of the State. As Men grow weary of the Troubles, Perplexities, and Dangers, which they muſt undergo to live always independent, they follow any Ambitious Man that pleaſes them, and fall eaſily from a troubleſom Liberty, to an agreeable Subjection. I remember what I have often ſaid in *Holland*, and even to the Penſioner * himſelf, that Men were miſtaken as to the Temper of the *Hollanders*. The World believes, that the *Hollanders* Love Liberty; whereas they only hate Oppreſſion. There are amongſt them a few proud haughty Spirits, and 'tis Pride and Haughtineſs that makes the true Republican. The People there would be apprehenſive either of a covetous Prince, who ſhould be able to take away their Eſtates; or of a violent Prince, who ſhould offer Outrages to them: But the Name or Title of Prince, is what they ſub-

* *Monſieur* de Wit.

mit to with Pleaſure. If they love the Republick, 'tis for the Benefit of their Trade, more than for any Satisfaction they find in being free. The Magiſtrates love to be Independent, to govern thoſe that depend on them: As for the People, they would more eaſily acknowledge the Authority of the Prince, than that of the Magiſtrates. 'Tis true, that when a Prince of *Orange* had a Deſign to ſurprize *Amſterdam*, all declared for the Burgomaſters; but that was rather out of a Hatred of Violence, than Love of Liberty. When another oppoſed a Peace †, after a long expenſive War, a Peace was made in ſpite of him: But it was done through a Sence of the preſent Miſery; and the Reſpect they had naturally for him, was only ſuſpended, not deſtroy'd. When theſe extraordinary Strokes were over, they returned to the Prince of *Orange*. The Republicans have the Diſſatisfaction to ſee the People take up their firſt Affections, and they apprehend a Monarchical Government, without daring to appear jealous of Liberty.

When the Prince of *Orange* had neither Poſt, nor Office, in the Government, when he had nothing but his own Name to ſupport him, the *Penſioner*, and Monſieur *de Noortwick* were the only Perſons, that durſt boldly pronounce the Word REPUBLICK at the *Hague*. The Family of *Orange* had other Enemies enough; but theſe Enemies always ſpoke of the States in general Expreſſions, which did not explain the Conſtitution of Government.

Holland, ſays *Grotius*, is a Republick made by Chance, which is kept up by their Fear of the *Spaniards*:

Spaniards: Reſpublica caſu facta, quam metus Hiſpanorum continet. The Apprehenſions which *France* now gives them, produces the ſame Effect; and the Neceſſity of a good Intelligence unites the *Prince* to the *States*, and the *States* to the *Prince*. But to judge of Things by themſelves, the *Hollanders* are neither Free, nor Slaves. Their Government is made up of ſeveral Pieces, very ſlightly tack'd together; where the Power of the Prince, and the Liberty of the People, have equal need of Artificial Props to ſupport themſelves.

Let us now come to what concerns COURTS, and reflect upon the Effects that Paſſions occaſion there.

In what Court have not the Women had an Intereſt, and in what Intrigues are they not concern'd? Did not the Princeſs of *Eboly* manage all under *Philip* the Second, as prudent and politick as he was? Did not the Ladies take off *Henry the Great*, (or the IVth of *France*) from a War happily begun; and did they not engage him in one both uncertain and dangerous, juſt before he was kill'd? A Pique between Cardinal *Richelieu*, and the Duke of *Buckingham* about the Superſcription of a Letter, arm'd *England* againſt *France*. Madame de *Chevreuſe* has play'd a Hundred Engines, both at Home and Abroad. And did not the Counteſs of *Carliſle*, from the inmoſt Receſſes of *White-Hall*, animate all the Factions of *Weſtminſter*? 'Tis a Conſolation for us to find, that thoſe who have a Right to govern us, carry the ſame Infirmities about them as we do; and 'tis a great Delight to thoſe that are diſtinguiſh'd by to be made for Pleaſure as well as We.

REFLECTIONS

UPON THE

French Tranſlators.

THE Performances of our Tranſlators are generally eſteem'd by all the World: Not that our *Ablancourt*, is to be commended for being critically faithful to his Original; but we muſt admire the agreeable Force of his Expreſſion, in which we find nothing harſh or obſcure. You cannot ſay there is one ſingle Word wanting in him, for the Clearneſs of the Sence. And on the other hand, nothing is ſuperfluous in him; nothing that is diſguſtful, nothing that can be par'd off without maiming him. Every Word is, as it were, meaſured, to make the Period exact, and yet the Stile does not appear leſs natural for it; tho' a Sylable more or leſs, would ruin that Harmony, I know not how to deſcribe, which is as agreeable to the Ear, as that of Verſe. But, in my Opinion, he is oblig'd for theſe Advantages, to the Phraſe of the Ancients, which rules his own; for ſo ſoon as he returns from their Genius to his own, as in his Prefaces and Letters, he loſes the beſt Part of all theſe Beauties: And he who is an admirable Author, whilſt he is animated by the Spirit of the *Greeks* and *Latins*, becomes but an indifferent Writer, when he is only ſupported by himſelf. The ſame happens to the greateſt part of our Tranſlators, who,

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in my Opinion, ſeem ſufficiently convinc'd of their own Sterility, by making Tranſlation their Buſineſs: For certainly, a Man that places his Merit, in communicating the Thoughts of others, is not very confident of being capable to recommend himſelf by his own: However, the Publick is infinitely obliged to him for the Pains he takes, to bring us the Wealth of Foreign Countries, when our own won't ſuffice. I am not of the Humour of a certain Perſon of Quality of my Acquaintance, who is a declared Enemy to all Tranſlations. He is a Learned and Ingenious *Spaniard* * who cannot endure that what he has learn'd among the Ancients, at ſo great an Expence of Time and Labour, ſhould be proſtituted to the Lazineſs of every common Reader.

As for me, beſides that I improve in a thouſand places, by the laborious Enquiries of Tranſlators, I ſhould be glad to ſee the Knowledge of Antiquity become more general; and am well pleas'd to find thoſe Authors admir'd by thoſe very Perſons, who would have call'd us *Pedants*, if we had mention'd them in Company, when they did not underſtand them. I therefore joyn my Acknowledgment to that of the Publick; but do not part with my Eſteem; and can be very liberal of my Praiſes for the Tranſlation, when I ſhall be very ſparing of them for the Genius of the Tranſlator. I can ſet a high Value on the Verſions of *Ablancourt*, *Vaugelas*, *Du Ryer*, and many others, without having any great Eſteem for their Wit, if they have not diſcover'd it by ſomething of their own compoſing.

* Don Antonio de Cordoua, *Favourite* of Don Juan, *and Lieutenant General of the* Spaniſh *Horſe in* Flanders.

We have the Verſions of two *Latin* Poems in *French* Verſe, which deſerve to be as much conſider'd for their Beauty, as for the Difficulty of the Attempt. That of *Brebeuf* has been generally eſteem'd; and I am neither ſo ſplenetick, nor ſo ſevere, as to oppoſe the Reputation it has got in the World. I will obſerve, nevertheleſs, that he hath carried the Heat of *Lucan* in our Language, further than it goes in his own; and that by attempting to equal the Fire of his Poem, he has, if I may be allow'd the Expreſſion, fir'd himſelf, much more. This is what happens to *Brebeuf* very frequently, but he flags ſometimes; and when *Lucan* happily hits on the true Beauty of a Thought, the Tranſlator falls much below him; as if he had a mind to appear eaſie and natural, when he might be allow'd to exert all his Force. You may obſerve a hundred times the truth of my firſt Obſervation, and the ſecond will not appear leſs juſt to you in ſome Places; for Example, when *Brebeuf* is to render, *Victrix cauſa Diis placuit, ſed victa Catoni*, He ſays no more, than, *The Gods ſerve* Cæſar, Cato *follows* Pompey: Which mean Expreſſion does not anſwer the Nobleneſs of the *Latin*; beſides, that it maims the Sence of the Author. For *Lucan*, who had his Imagination full of the Virtue of *Cato*, intended to raiſe him above the Gods, as to the Merit of the Cauſe, which occaſion'd the Oppoſition; and *Brebeuf* turns a Noble Image of *Cato* raiſed above the Gods, into that of *Cato* ſubjected to *Pompey*.

As for *Segrais*, he comes infinitely ſhort of *Virgil*, which he frankly acknowledges himſelf; And indeed it would be next to a Miracle, to be able to make a Tranſlation equal to ſo excellent an Original. Beſides, one of the greateſt Advantages of that Poet, conſiſts in the Beauty of the

Expreſſion, which ſure it muſt be impoſſible equal in our Language, ſince it could never done in his own. *Segrais* ought to contens ſelf with having found out the Genius of *Vir-*, better than any of our Authors; for whatr Graces the *ÆNEIS* has loſt in his Hands, are affirm, that it by far ſurpaſſes all thoſe ms, which our Country-Men have publiſh'd, h more Confidence than Succeſs.

The great Application of *Segrais*, to find out Genius of the Poet, appears no leſs in his face than in the Tranſlation; and in my Opion, he has judg'd well of the whole, except Characters. In that I cannot be of his Opin; and he muſt pardon me, if I have been leas'd a thouſand times with his Heroe, and if ly hold on this occaſion, to examine the little rit of the good *Æneas*.

Altho' Conquerors uſually take more care to their Orders executed upon Earth, than reliuſly to obſerve thoſe of Heaven, yet ſince I- was promis'd to this *Trojan* by the Gods, 'tis h Reaſon that *Virgil* has given him a great miſſion to their Wills; But when he deſcribes n ſo devout, He ought to have beſtow'd upon n a Devotion full of Confidence, which may ee with the Spirit and Temper of Heroes; not a ſcrupulous Notion of Religion, which er conſiſts with true Valour. A General who nly believ'd in his Gods, ought to raiſe the eatneſs of his Courage, by the Hopes of their iſtance: His Condition would be unhappy, his Belief in them could not ſubſiſt without perſtition, which at the ſame time would rob n of the Natural Uſe both of his Underſtand- and his Valour. Such an Infatuation it was t ruin'd *Nicias*, who loſt the Army of the *A-ians*, and himſelf too, by a credulous and

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ſuperſtitious Opinion of the Diſpleaſure of the Gods. It fared otherwiſe with *Alexander the Great*, who believ'd himſelf to be the Son of *Jupiter*, that he might undertake more extraordinary Actions. *Scipio*, who pretended, or thought he had a Commerce with the Gods, made an Advantage of it, to recover the *Roman* Common-Wealth, and overthrow that of the *Carthaginians*. Ought then the Son of *Venus*, aſſured by *Jupiter*, of his Proſperity, and future Glory, to ſhew his Piety only in fearing Danger, and in diſtruſting the Succeſs of every Undertaking? *Segrais* upon this defends a Cauſe that perplexes him, and has ſo much Affection for his Heroe, that he rather chuſes not to expreſs the Sence of *Virgil* in all its Latitude, than frankly to lay open the ſhameful Fears of poor *Æneas*:

Extemplo Æneæ ſolvuntur frigore membra,
Ingemit, & duplices tendens ad ſydera palmas,
Talia voce refert; O terque, quaterque beati,
Queis ante ora patrum, Trojæ *ſub mœnibus altis*
Contigit oppetere! Virg. Æn. *Lib.* 1.

I own, that theſe ſudden Qualms will ſeize us ſometimes in ſpite of our ſelves, through a Defect in our Conſtitution: But ſince *Virgil* had the Liberty to model *Æneas*'s, according to his own Fancy, I wonder he ſhould give him one ſuſceptible of theſe Frights. Philoſophers take a Pride in natural Defects, when they know how to correct them by Wiſdom: And *Socrates* was eaſily induced to confeſs thoſe evil Inclinations, which Philoſophy taught him to conquer. But Nature ought to be all Noble in Heroes; and if by the neceſſity of the Humane Condition, it muſt ſometimes make a falſe ſtep, their Reaſon is employed in moderating Tranſports, not in ſurmounting Weak-

Weakneſſes; Nay, many times, their Impulſes have ſomething Divine in them, which is above Reaſon; What is call'd *Irregularity* in others, is in them but a full Liberty, where their Souls diſplay themſelves in their utmoſt Extent. In fine, their Impetuoſity makes that Heroick Virtue, which forces our Admiration, without paying a Deference to our Judgment. But mean Paſſions diſgrace them: and if Friendſhip ſometimes exacts Fears and Afflictions from them, (like thoſe of *Achilles* for *Patroclus*, and of *Alexander* for *Hepheſtion*) it is not allow'd them in their own particular Dangers and Misfortunes, either to ſhew the ſame Fear, or make the ſame Complaints. Now *Æneas* knows how to fear and lament upon every occaſion that concerns him: 'Tis true, he doth the ſame for his Friends; but we ought to attribute that, not ſo much to a noble and generous Paſſion, as to an inexhauſtible Source of Apprehenſions and Tears, which naturally furniſhes him with them, both for himſelf, and others.

Extemplò, Æneæ ſolvuntur frigore membra,
Ingemit, & duplices tendens ad ſydera palmas.

Seized as he is, with this Coldneſs through all his Members, the firſt Sign of Life we diſcover in him, is his Groaning; then he lifts up his Hands to Heaven, and in all appearance would implore its Succour, if the Condition wherein the good Heroe finds himſelf, would afford him ſtrength enough to raiſe his Mind to the Gods, and pray with ſome Attention. His Soul, which could not apply it ſelf to any thing, abandons it ſelf to Lamentations; and like thoſe deſolate Widows, who upon the very firſt Trouble they meet with, wiſh they were in the Grave with their

their dear Husbands, the poor *Æneas* bewails his not not having periſh'd before *Troy* with *Hector*, and eſteems them very happy, who left their Bones in the Boſom of ſo ſweet, and ſo dear a Country. Some People, perhaps, may believe that he ſays ſo, becauſe he envies their Happineſs; but I am perſwaded, that 'tis for Fear of the Danger that threatens him.

'Tis farther to be obſerv'd, that all theſe Lamentations begin almoſt as ſoon as the Storm. The Winds blow fiercely; the Air is darkned; it Thunders, it Lightens, the Billows ſwell and grow more furious: All this is neither better nor worſe, than what happens in all Tempeſts. Yet there is neither Maſt ſplit, nor Sails torn to pieces, nor Oars broken, nor Rudder loſt, nor Leak made, for the Water to enter the Ship; Which a Man ſhould at leaſt have waited, before he took on in Earneſt. For there are a thouſand Boys in *England*, and as many Women in *Holland*, who would hardly ſhew their Amazement, where the Heroe ſhews his Deſpair.

'Tis methinks very remarkable in *Virgil*, that the Gods ſhould leave *Æneas* wholly to himſelf, when he is upon the lamenting Strain. Let him ſpeak of the Deſtruction of *Troy*, in as compaſſionate Terms as he can, they won't interfere to moderate his Tears; but as ſoon as there's a great Reſolution to take, or an Affair difficult to execute, they won't truſt either his Capacity, or his Courage; and theſe Deities are ready upon every occaſion to take that upon them, which other great Men are uſed to undertake and execute by themſelves. I know very well how neceſſary the Intervention of the Gods is to an *Epick* Poem; but ſtill that does not hinder the Poet from laying a greater ſtreſs upon the Valour of his Heroe; for if the Heroe is too confident, who

who in contempt of the Gods, will take all upon himſelf, certainly the God is too favourable, who in performing all, quite drowns the Merit of the Heroe.

No Man better underſtood this critical Management of the Aſſiſtance of Heaven, and the Courage of great Men, than *Longinus*. ‘ *Ajax*, ‘ *ſays he*, finding himſelf engaged in Battel, in a ‘ terrible dark Night, doth not ask *Jupiter* to ‘ reſcue him from the Danger he was in; that ‘ had been below him: He doth not ask of him ‘ a ſupernatural Strength to overcome with Security; for then he ſhould have had too ſmall a ‘ ſhare in the Victory. He only begs for *Light*, ‘ that he might be able to diſcern his Enemies, ‘ and to exerciſe againſt them his own Valour, ‘ *Da lucem ut videam* *.

The greateſt Fault of the *PHARSALIA* is, that properly ſpeaking, 'tis nothing but a Hiſtory in Verſe, where illuſtrious Men perform almoſt all things by Methods purely Humane. *Petronius* had reaſon to blame him for it, and remarks judiciouſly, That *per ambages, Deorumque miniſteria, & fabuloſum ſententiarum tormentum præcipitandus eſt liber ſpiritus, ut potius furentis animis vaticinatio appareat, quàm religioſæ orationis ſub teſtibus fides.* But the *ÆNEIS* is an Eternal Fable, where the Gods are introduced to manage, and execute every thing. As for the good *Æneas*, he hardly concerns himſelf in any important and glorious Deſign; 'tis enough for him, that he diſcharges his Conſcience in the Offices of a pious, tender, and compaſſionate Man. He carries his Father on his Shoulders; he conjugally laments his dear *Creuſa*;

* *Longinus in his Treatiſe of the* Sublime. Cap. 8.

Creuſa; he cauſes his Nurſe to be interred, and makes a Funeral Pile for the truſty Pilot *Palinurus*, for whom he ſheds a thouſand Tears.

Here was a ſorry Heroe in *Paganiſm*, who would have made an admirable Saint among *Chriſtians*, and work'd Miracles plentifully. In ſhort, he was fitter to make a Founder of an Order, than a State.

To conſider him now as to his Religion, I can heartily reverence his Piety: But if I were to judge of him by the Impreſſions that Glory makes upon him, I can never endure ſuch a Conqueror, that affords nothing but Tears in Misfortunes, and Fears in every Danger that befals him. I cannot endure that he ſhould become Maſter of ſo delicious a Country as *Italy*, with Qualities that were more proper to loſe his own, than to ſubdue another's.

Virgil, was undoubtedly very compaſſionate in his Temper. In my Opinion, the reaſon why he makes the deſolate *Trojans* complain of ſo many Misfortunes, was becauſe he found a ſecret Pleaſure in Relenting. Had he not been of that Conſtitution, he would not have aſcrib'd to the good *Æneas* ſo great an Affection for his dear *Troy*; for Heroes eaſily part with the Remembrance of their Native Country, in Nations where they are to perform great Exploits. Their Souls, wholly taken up with Ideas of Glory, have no room to entertain ſuch trifling Endearments. The *Trojans* therefore ſhould have been leſs afflicted for their Miſery: Military Men, when they would excite our Pity for their Misfortunes, do, in truth, make us only deſpiſe them for their Weakneſs. But *Æneas* particularly ought to have been taken up with his great Deſign; and to have diverted his Thoughts from his

his paſt Sufferings, upon the new Settlement he was going to make: He, that was decreed to found the Greatneſs and Virtue of the *Romans*, ought to have had an Elevation and Magnanimity worthy of them.

In other things, *Segrais* could not beſtow too many Commendations upon the *ÆNEIS*; and perhaps, I am pleas'd with the Fourth and Sixth Books, as much as he is himſelf. As for the Characters, I muſt own, they don't affect me: and I find thoſe of *Homer* as lively as thoſe of *Virgil*, flat and inſipid.

And, indeed, there's no Man but finds himſelf elevated by the Impreſſion the Character of *Achilles* makes upon him. There's no Man to whom the impetuous Courage of *Ajax* doth not give ſome Motion of Impatience; neither is there any who is not animated, and excited by the Valour of *Diomedes*. The Rank and Gravity of *Agamemnon*, muſt certainly imprint a Reſpect in every Reader. Who hath not a Veneration for the conſummate Experience and Wiſdom of *Neſtor*? In whom does not the deliberate Induſtry of the ſubtle and ingenious *Ulyſſes* raiſe the Imagination? The unfortunate Valour of *Hector* makes him lamented by all the World; the miſerable Condition of old King *Priamus*, touches the moſt obdurate Soul; and altho' Beauty has, as it were, a ſecret Priviledge, to reconcile the Affections to it, yet that of *Paris* and *Helena* attracts nothing but our Indignation, when we conſider the Blood it caus'd to be ſpilt, and the fatal Misfortunes it drew after it. However it be, every thing animates in *Homer*, every thing affects; but in *Virgil*, who is not tired with the good *Æneas*, and his dear *Achates*? If you except *Niſus* and *Euryalus*, (who, indeed, intereſs you in all the

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Adventures,) you muſt of neceſſity languiſh in the Company of all the reſt, ſuch as *Ilioneus*, *Sergeſtus*, *Mneſtheus*, *Cloantes*, *Gias*, and ſuch other ordinary Men, that accompany an indifferent Leader.

Judge by this, how much we ought to admire the Poetry of *Virgil*, ſince in ſpite of the ſuperlative Virtues of the Heroes of *Homer*, and the little Merit of his own, the beſt Criticks will not allow the *Latin*, to be Inferior to the *Greek* Poet.

UPON

TRAGEDIES.

I Confeſs we excel in Dramatical Compoſitions; and, without flattering *Corneille*, I think I may prefer many of his Tragedies before thoſe of Antiquity. I know the ancient Tragedians have had Admirers in all times; but am not ſo ſure that the *Sublime* which is aſcrib'd to them, is built upon a good Foundation. To believe that *Sophocles* and *Euripides* are ſo admirable, as we are told they are, one muſt fancy greater Matters of their Works, than can be conceived from their Tranſlations; and in my Opinion, Language and Expreſſion, muſt have a conſiderable ſhare in the Beauty of their Tragedies.

Through all the Praiſes which their moſt zealous and celebrated Advocates give them, methinks one may perceive, that Greatneſs, Magnificence,

nificence, and above all, Dignity, were things they little underſtood: Wits they were indeed; but cramp'd by the Frugality of a ſmall Republick, where a neceſſitous Liberty was all they had to boaſt of. When they were oblig'd to repreſent the Majeſty of a great King, they made horrid Work with a Grandeur that was unknown to them; becauſe they ſaw nothing but low and mean Objects, to which their Senſes were in a manner enſlaved.

It is true, that their Poets being diſguſted with theſe Objects, did ſometimes raiſe themſelves to what was Sublime and Wonderful; but then they brought ſo many Gods and Godeſſes into their Tragedies, that hardly any thing Human was to be found in them: What was great, was fabulous: What was natural, mean and contemptible.

In *Corneille*, Grandeur ſeems to have attain'd the laſt Perfection. The Figures he employs, when he would embelliſh it with any Ornament, are proper and ſuitable; but, for the moſt part, he neglects the Pomp of Metaphors, and does not plunder the Heavens to enrich with its Spoils, what is conſiderable enough upon Earth. His principal Aim is to penetrate into the Nature of Things; and the full Image he gives of them, makes that Impreſſion which pleaſes Men of Senſe.

Indeed, Nature is to be admir'd wherever we find it; and when we have recourſe to Figurative Ornaments, with which we think to embelliſh our Subject, 'tis many times a tacit Confeſſion, that we know not what is proper for it. To this are owing moſt of our Figures and Similes, which I cannot approve, unleſs they are rare, altogether Noble and Juſt: Otherwiſe 'tis nothing elſe but a Trick in the Author to draw a

Subject, which he does not underſtand. How beautiful ſoever Compariſons may be, yet they ſute much better with *Epick* Poetry, than Tragedy: In an *Epick* Poem the Mind ſeeks to pleaſe it ſelf out of its Subject; In Tragedy, the Soul full of Sentiments, and poſſeſs'd with Paſſions, does not care to be interrupted by vain flaſhy Similes.

But let us return to the Ancients from whom we have inſenſibly digreſs'd; and to do them juſtice, let us acknowledge that they have much better ſucceeded in expreſſing the Qualities of their Heroes, than in deſcribing the Magnificence of great Kings. A confuſed Notion of the Grandeur of *Babylon* ſpoil'd, rather than rais'd their Imagination; but they could not be impoſed upon as to Fortitude, Conſtancy, Juſtice and Wiſdom, of which they had daily Inſtances before their Eyes. Their Senſes being wean'd from Pomp in a mean Republick, gave their Reaſon a greater Latitude to conſider Men in themſelves.

Thus nothing took them off from the Study of Humane Nature, and from applying themſelves to the Knowledge of Vice and Virtue, Inclinations and Tempers: Hence it is that they learnt to paint their Characters ſo well, that juſter cannot be deſir'd, conſidering the Time they liv'd in, if we will be contented to know Perſons by their Actions. *Corneille* thought it not enough to make them act; for he has dived to the very Bottom of their Soul to find out the Principle of their Actions; he hath deſcended into their Heart, to ſee how their Paſſions are form'd there, and diſcover the moſt hidden Springs of their Motions.

As for the Ancient Tragedians, either they neglect the Paſſions by applying themſelves to an exact Repreſentation of the Incidents; or elſe they make Speeches amidſt the greateſt Perturbations, and amuſe you with Moral Sentences, when you expect nothing but Confuſion and Deſpair from them.

Corneille takes notice of the principal Events, and expoſes as much of the Action as Decency can allow; but this is not all: He gives the Paſſions all the Extent they require, and leads Nature, without conſtraining or abandoning her too much to her ſelf. He has baniſh'd from the Theatre of the Ancients, all that was barbarous; he hath ſoften'd the Horror of their *Drama*, by ſome tender Paſſions of Love judiciouſly interwoven. But then he takes care, all along, to preſerve our Fear and Pity for Tragical Subjects that deſerve them, without diverting us from real Paſſions, to whining tireſome Scenes of Love; which tho' varied an hundred ſeveral times, are, for all that, ſtill the ſame.

As ready as I am to acknowledge the Merit of this excellent Author, yet I will not pretend, that none but his Pieces deſerve Applauſe on our Theatre. We have been pleaſed and affected with † *Mariana*, *Sophonisba*, *Alcionea*, *Venceſlaus*, *Stilico*, *Andromache*, *Britannicus*, and many others; from whoſe Beauty I would not be thought in the leaſt to derogate, becauſe I do not name them.

† Triſtan *is the Author of* MARIANE; M
SOPHONISBE; Du Ryer *of* ALCIONE
tion *of* WENCESLAUS; Corneille
LICO; Racine *of* ANDROM
BRITANNICUS.

I avoid being tedious as much as poſſibly I can; and will only add, that no Nation can diſpute with us the Superiority in Tragedy. As for thoſe of the *Italians*, it is not worth the while to ſpeak of them; to name them only is enough to create a Diſtaſte. Their * *Peter's Feaſt* would make a *Stoick* loſe all his Patience; and I never ſaw it acted, but I wiſht the Author of the Piece had been deſtroy'd with his *Libertine*.

There are ſome old *Engliſh* Tragedies, which, if ſome Things were retrench'd in them, might be made admirable Plays. In all the reſt, written in thoſe Days, you ſee nothing but a ſhapeleſs indigeſted Maſs; a Crowd of confuſed Adventures, without any regard to Time, Place, or Decency, where Eyes that delight in cruel Sights, are fed with Murders, and Bodies weltering in Blood. Should the Poets palliate the Horror of them by Relations, as it is the Cuſtom in *France*, they would deprive the Spectators of that Sight which pleaſes them moſt.

The Men of better Breeding among them condemn this Cuſtom, which, perhaps, owes its Eſtabliſhment to ſomething inhumane and ſavage: But an ancient Habit, or the Humour of the Nation in general, prevails over the Delicacy of a few private Perſons. To die, is ſo ſmall a matter to the *Engliſh*, that they want Images more ghaſtly than Death it ſelf to affect them: Hence it is that upon very good ground, we object to them, that they allow too much to their Senſes upon the Stage. We muſt alſo bear with the Reproach they return upon us, of paſſing to the other Extream, when, amongſt us, we admire

* *Call'd in* Engliſh *the* LIBERTINE DESTROY'D.

mire Tragedies for the little Tenderneſſes of Paſſion, which make not an Impreſſion ſtrong enough upon the Mind. For this Reaſon, being ſometimes diſſatisfied with a Paſſion ill managed, we expect a fuller Emotion from the Action of our Players; And ſometimes we would have the Actor, more tranſported than the Poet, lend Fury and Deſpair to an ordinary Agitation, and a common Grief.

The Truth is, what ought to be tender is with us, generally, but ſoft; what ought to form Pity, ſcarce amounts to Tenderneſs; Emotion ſerves us inſtead of Rapture; Aſtoniſhment, inſtead of Horror. Our Sentiments have not Depth enough; and Paſſions, when they are not throughly workt up, only excite imperfect Motions in our Souls, that neither leave them wholly to, nor tranſport them out of themſelves.

UPON OUR

COMEDIES,

EXCEPT

Thoſe of Moliere, *in which the true* Spirit *of* Comedy *is found.*

AS for Comedy, which ought to be the Repreſentation of humane Life, we have, in Imitation of the *Spaniards*, made it run altogether upon Gallantry; not conſidering that the Ancients made it their Buſineſs to repreſent Man's Life according to the Diverſity of Humours; and that the *Spaniards* following their own *Genius*, have only painted out the Manners of *Madrid* in their Intrigues and Adventures.

I grant that the Comedy of the Ancients might have had a more noble Air, with ſomewhat more of Gallantry too; but this was rather the Defect of thoſe Ages, than the Fault of the Authors. Now-a-days, moſt of our Poets know as little what belongs to the Manners, as in thoſe times they knew what belong'd to Gallantry. One would think that there were no more Miſers, Prodigals, ſoft eaſy Tempers, no more ſurly *Moroſes* to be found in the World; and as if Nature her ſelf were chang'd, and Men had laid aſide theſe various Diſpoſitions, they are always repreſented under one and the ſame Character;

racter: For what Reaſon I cannot tell, unleſs it be that the Women of this Age, think all Men ought to be Gallants.

We are ready to acknowledgge that the Wits of *Madrid* have a more fruitful Invention than ours; and this has made us borrow from them moſt of our Plots, which we have fill'd with paſſionate and amorous Diſcourſes, and reduc'd to more Regularity and Decorum. The Reaſon is, that in *Spain*, where the Women are hardly ever ſeen, the Poet exhauſts his Imagination in contriving ingenious ways to bring his Lovers together: And in *France*, where the Freedom of Converſation is allow'd, the Ingenuity of the Author is employ'd in expreſſing the Sentiments, in a tender amorous manner.

A *Spaniſh* * Lady, not long ago, was reading the Romance of *CLEOPATRA*, and after a tedious Relation of Adventures, falling upon a nice Converſation between a Lover and his Miſtreſs, who were alike paſſionate, *What a deal of Wit ill-employ'd is here*, ſaid ſhe, *and to what end ſo many fine Speeches when they are got together?*

This is one of the prettieſt Reflections that ever I heard made in all my Life; and *Calprenede*, tho' a *French-man*, ought to have remembred, that Lovers born in a hotter Climate than that of *France*, need but few words on ſuch occaſions; but the good Judgment of that Lady would not be receiv'd in our ordinary Gallantries, where a Man muſt ſpeak a thouſand times of a ſham-Paſſion before he can perſuade his Miſtriſs; where he muſt daily complain to her, before he finds an Opportunity of putting an end to that affected Pain.

* *The Princeſs of* Iſenghien.

The *Precieuſe*, or *Finical Lady* of *Moliere*, is ridiculous in her Carriage as well as Language, for not ſhaking off the Romantick † Humour, when her Friends were treating for her ſo ſerious an Affair as Marriage: But it had been no falſe Nicety with a Gallant, to have expected his Declaration, and gradual Advance in the Conduct of an Amour.

As for Regularity and Probability, it's no wonder they are leſs to be found among the *Spaniards* than the *French*; for as all the Gallantry of the *Spaniards* is deriv'd from the *Moors*, it retains ſtill a certain Tincture of *Africk*, that is foreign and uncouth to other Nations, and too extraordinary to be ſuited with the Exactneſs of Rules. Beſides, the Old Whim of Knight Errantry, common to all *Spain*, ſets the Cavaliers upon odd and freakiſh Adventures. The young Women too from their Childhood, learn the ſame Vanity from their Books of Chivalry, and the fabulous Tales of the Women that are about them. Thus both Sexes fill their minds with the ſame Notions; and moſt Lovers, Men and Women, would interpret the ſcrupling of an amorous Extravagance to be an Indifference unworthy of their Paſſion.

Tho' Love never obſerves very regular Meaſures in any Country whatſoever, nevertheleſs I dare be bold to ſay, that in *France* 'tis ſeldom extravagant, either in the way of making it, or of the ordinary Effects it produces. That which is call'd *Romantick Love* runs a great Riſque of being

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† Vermond *brings in here a kind of Pun, of* [illegible] le Romain par la Queue: *See* LES RIDICULES *of that Sort.*

ig thought ridiculous; for Gentlemen there, ig taken up with various Buſineſs, give not to it, as the *Spaniards* do in the Idleneſs of *bid*, where nothing but Love can put them notion.

at *Paris*, we are buſied by the Aſſiduity of ding our Court; the Diſcharge of an Office; he Purſuit of an Employment, Fortune out-lling Miſtreſſes in a place, where it is the om to prefer that which one owes to himſelf, vhat he loves. The Ladies who are to take r Meaſures accordingly, are alſo more gal- than paſſionate; nay, and make uſe of Gal- ry to inſinuate into Court Intrigues and Bu- ſs. There are but few who are not govern'd Vanity and Intereſt; and the Gallants and Miſtreſſes vie who ſhall make the beſt uſe one nother for attaining their ſeveral ends.

ove however mingles with this Spirit of In- ſt, but it is very ſeldom the Maſter; for the duct that we are obliged to follow in our Af- accuſtoms us to ſome Regularity in our ſures, or, at leaſt, keeps us from Extravagance. *Spain* there is no living without Love; but is called LOVE in *France*, to ſpeak pro- y, is no more than *to talk of Love*, and *to the Vanity of Gallantries, with Dictates of Am-*

hese Differences being conſidered, 'tis not to onder'd that the *Spaniſh* COMEDY, which nothing but a Repreſentation of their Ad- ures, is as irrregular as thoſe can be; and the *French* COMEDY, which deviates but from the Practice of our Nation, obſerves me *Decorum* in the Repreſentation of our s, which commonly we obſerve in Reali- confeſs, that Judgment, which ought to ll Countries, has eſtabliſh'd ſome Rules, which

which are no where to be diſpens'd with; but it is a hard Matter not to make ſome Allowances to Cuſtom, ſince *Ariſtotle* himſelf in his *Art of* POETRY, places ſometimes Perfection in that which was beſt liked at *Athens*, and not in that which is really moſt perfect.

COMEDY cannot pretend to greater Privileges than the Laws, which tho' they ought all to be founded on Juſtice, are nevertheleſs different, according to the different Genius of the People who made them. And if we are oblig'd to retain the Air of Antiquity; if we muſt preſerve the Character of Heroes, who have been dead Two Thouſand Years ago, when they are to be repreſented upon the Stage; how is it poſſible not to follow the Humours, and ſuit our ſelves to the Manners of the Living, when we repreſent to their Eyes, what they do every day?

Nevertheleſs, what Authority ſoever Cuſtom may challenge, without doubt, Reaſon ought to have the Prerogative; but yet it ought not to be over-rigid: For in things which are altogether calculated to pleaſe, as COMEDY, it is uneaſie to be ſubjected to too auſtere a Confinement, and to cramp and fetter thoſe Subjects, where we aim at nothing but Diverſion.

OF

OF THE *ITALIAN* COMEDY.

SO much for the *French* and *Spaniſh* Comedies; I'll now give my Opinion of the *Italian*. I will not ſpeak of *Amynta*, *Paſtor Fido*, *Phillis* of *Cyrus*, and other Plays of that Nature. I ought to be better acquainted than I am with the Graces of the *Italian* Language; and therefore I deſign to ſpeak only of Comedies that are acted upon the Stage. What we ſee in *France* upon the *Italian* Theatre, is not properly Comedy, ſince there is no true Plot in it; no Coherence in the Subject; no Character ſtrictly obſerv'd; nor Regularity in the Compoſition, at leaſt according to the Rules of Art; In ſhort, 'tis nothing but a kind of ill-form'd Conſort amongſt ſeveral Actors, each of whom furniſhes, out of his own Head, what he judges proper for the Part he acts. To take it rightly, it is no more than a Medley of Impertinent Conceits in the Mouth of Lovers, and ſilly Buffoonries in that of their * Zanis. There is no ſuch thing as good Sence any where in it; but a kind of falſe Wit predominates, either in the Thoughts that are borrow'd from the *Heavens*, [illegible], and *Elements*, or in

* *Plays.*

in an Affectation of Simplicity, which hath nothing of true Nature in it.

The *Buffoons*, I grant, are inimitable, and of an hundred that I have ſeen ape and mimick them, not one could ever come near them: And for Grimaces, Poſtures, Motions, Agility, Suppleneſs, and diſtorting of their Faces, which they can vary and alter as they pleaſe: It is certain that if one muſt be a great Lover of idle Jeſting and Drollery, to be taken with what he hears, he muſt be alſo very grave and compoſed, not to laugh at what he ſees: A Man would affect too great a Nicety, not to be pleas'd with their acting, becauſe a Critick will not be ſatisfied with their Diſcourſe.

All Repreſentations wherein the Mind has no ſhare in the Entertainment, are tedious at long Run; nevertheleſs they ſurprize, and are agreeable for ſome time before they tire us. As Buffoonry diverts not a Man of Breeding, but by Intervals, it ought to be ſoon over; and the Hearers ſhould not have time enough allow'd them, to reflect upon the Exactneſs of the Diſcourſe, and conſider what is truly natural. 'Twere well if they obſerv'd this Conduct in the *Italian* Comedy, where a greater Mortification comes upon the neck of another; and the Variety inſtead of relieving us, brings us only ſomething new to tire us.

The Truth is, when you are weary of the *Buffoons* that have too long kept the Stage, the *Lovers* ſtep in next to compleat your Perſecution. This, in my Opinion, is the worſt of Puniſhments to a delicate and nice Man, who would, with more Reaſon, prefer a ſpeedy Death before the Patience of hearing them, than the *Lacedemonian* in *Boccalini* had, when he choſe the Gallows,

lows, before the Reading of the tedious Hiſtory of the *War of Piſa*, written by *Guichardin* *. If any Man over fond of living, is able to endure ſo killing a Fatigue, inſtead of ſome agreeable Diverſity to refreſh his Mind, all the Change he finds is the Impertinence of a Doctor that plagues him infinitely more. I know, that to repreſent the Follies of a *Pedant* aright, he muſt be made to turn all his Diſcourſe upon that ſort of Learning he is Maſter of; but that without ever anſwering one ſingle Queſtion, he ſhould cite a Thouſand Authors, with a Volubility that puts him out of Breath; this is to bring a Mad Man upon the Stage, who ought to be ſent to *Bedlam*, and not juſtly to repreſent the Impertinence of a *Pedantick* Scholar.

Petronius goes a different way to work, when he ridicules *Eumolpus*. The Pedantry of *Sidias* is otherwiſe managed by *Theophile*; That of *Caritides* in the *Facheux* or *Moroſe* of *Moliere*, is altogether exact; and nothing can be cut off from it, without disfiguring the whole Piece. Theſe are the ridiculous Scholars who may be pleaſantly enough repreſented upon the Stage: But is it not a moſt wretched Diverſion for a Gentleman to be plagued with a pitiful *Pedant*, whom Books have ſtotted; and who, as I ſaid, ought carefully to be ſhut up, to conceal from us the Frailty of our humane

* Inſtantiſſimamente ſupplicò, che per tutti gl'anni della ſua Vita lo condanneſſero a remare in una Galea, che lo ſtraſſere trà due muro, e che per Miſericordia fino lo Scorticaſſero vivo: perche il legger quei Diſcorſi Senza fine, quei Conſigl' tanto tediosi, quelle frediſſime Concioni, fatte alla preſa d'ogni vil Colombaia, era crepacuore che ſuperava quei gl'aculei Ingleſi, &c. *BOCCAL. Ragguagli de Parnaſo*, Cent. I. Ragg. VI.

humane Condition, and the Miſery of our Nature?

But I muſt not launch out too far in my Obſervations upon the *Italian* Comedy. To ſum up then, in a few words, what I have ſufficiently enlarged upon, I ſay, that inſtead of agreeable Lovers, you have nothing but affected Talkers of Love; inſtead of natural Comedians, incomparable Buffoons; but ſtill they are Buffoons: Inſtead of ridiculous *Pedants*, wretched mad Schoars: There is hardly any Part but what is forc'd, unleſs it be that of *Pantalon*, which is the leaſt eſteem'd, and yet is the only one that does not exceed the Bounds of Probability.

Tragedy was the chief Delight of the ancient Common-wealth; and the old *Romans* endow'd only with a rough Virtue, introduced no other Examples in their Theaters, but ſuch as might fortifie their natural Diſpoſition, and entertain their habitual Fierceneſs and Auſterity. When Politeneſs of Converſation, was joyned to their Greatneſs of Soul, then they began to take Delight in Comedy, and ſometimes they were pleaſed with Noble Ideas, and ſometimes diverted with agreeable ones.

As ſoon as *Rome* grew corrupted, the *Romans* forſook Tragedy, and could not endure to ſee upon the Stage any ſevere Repreſentation of the ancient Virtue. From that time, to the Ruin of the Republick, Comedy was the Recreation of the Great Men, the Diverſion of the Polite, and the Amuſement of a People either grown looſe, or civiliz'd.

A little before the Civil Wars, the *Romans* were again animated with the Spirit of Tragedy: their Genius ſecretly diſpoſing and preparing them for the fatal Revolutions that happen'd afterwards. *Cæſar* wrote one, and many Perſons of Quality did

the like. The Troubles ceaſing under *Augu-*
, and Peace being reſtor'd and ſettled, all ſorts
Pleaſures were cultivated. Comedies came
in into Vogue; the *Pantomini* were in Cre-
; and Tragedy ſtill preſerv'd a great Reputa-
n. Under the Reign of *Nero*, *Seneca* was ta-
n up with dire Speculations, which ſet him
on writing thoſe Tragedies that are ſtill ex-
t. When Corruption was at the Height, and,
e Univerſal, the *Pantomini* wholly ruin'd both
agedy and Comedy; Wit had no more ſhare
Plays; and all they aim'd at, was to divert
Spectators with ſuch Poſtures and Motions, as
uld give them Voluptuous Ideas.

The Modern *Italians* think it enough for them
be warm'd by the ſame Sun, to breath the ſame
r, and to inhabit the ſame Country with the
ient *Romans*: But they leave to their Hiſtori-
s to talk of that ſevere Virtue which the *Ro-*
ns practis'd; and therefore think they have no
ed of Tragedy, to animate them to hard and
ficult Things, which they have no mind to
dertake. As they affect the Softneſs of an or-
nary, and the Delights of a voluptuous Life,
they love Plays that have relation to both.
is has introduc'd that mixture of Comedy,
d Diverſion of Mimicks, which we ſee upon
the Stages of *Italy*. And this is almoſt all that
n be ſaid of the *Italians*, who, as yet, have ap-
r'd in *France*.

All the preſent Actors of their Company are
nerally good Comedians, even thoſe that act
wers; And to do them neither Injuſtice nor
vour, I muſt own, that they are excellent
yers, who have very bad Plays. Perhaps they
n make no good ones; perhaps they have rea-
n not to have any; For as the Earl of *Briſtol*
was

was, one day, objecting to *Cinthio*, That there was not Probability enough in their Pieces; he anſwer'd, *That if there were more, good Comedians with good Comedies, might go ſtarve.*

OF THE *ENGLISH* COMEDY.

THere is no Comedy more confomable to that of the Ancients, than the *Engliſh*, as for what relates to the Manners. It is not a meer piece of Gallantry full of Adventures and amorous Diſcourſes, as in *Spain* and *France*; But a Repreſentation of the ordinary Way of living, according to the various Humours, and different Characters of Men. It is an *Alchymiſt*, who by the Illuſions of this Art, feeds the deceitful Hopes of a vain *Curioſo*: It is a *ſilly credulous Coxcomb*, whoſe fooliſh Facility is continually abuſed; it is ſometimes a *ridiculous Politician*, grave and compos'd, ſtarch'd in every thing, myſteriouſly ſuſpicious, that thinks to find out hidden Deſigns in the moſt common Intentions, and to diſcover Artifice in the moſt innocent Actions of Life: It is a whimſical *Lover*, a ſwaggering *Bully*, a Pedantick *Scholar*, the one with natural Extravagancies; the other with ridiculous Affectations. The Truth is, theſe Cheats and Cullies, theſe Politicians and other Characters ſo ingeniouſly deviſed, are carried on too far, in our Opinion; as thoſe which are

are to be ſeen upon our Stage, are a little too faint to the Reliſh of the *Engliſh*; and the reaſon of that, perhaps, is, becauſe the *Engliſh* think too much, and we, commonly, not enough.

And indeed, we are ſatisfied with the firſt Images of Things; and by ſticking to the bare Outſide, we generally take *Appearance* for *Reality*; and the eaſie and free for what is natural. Upon this Head I ſhall obſerve, by the by, that theſe two laſt Qualities are ſometimes moſt improperly confounded: The Eaſy and the Natural agree well enough in their Oppoſition to what is *Stiff* and *Forc'd*; but when we are to dive into the Nature of Things, or the Natural Humour of Perſons, it will be granted me, that the Eaſy will ſcarce carry us far enough. There is ſomething within us, ſomething hidden, that would diſcover it ſelf, if we ſounded the Subject a little more. It is as difficult for us to enter in, as for the *Engliſh* to get out: They become Maſters of the thing they think on, tho' they are not ſo of their own Thoughts. Their Mind is not at reſt, even when they poſſeſs their Subject; they ſtill dig when there is no more Ore to be got; and go beyond the juſt and natural Idea, which ought always to be maintain'd, by carrying their Enquiries too far.

The Truth is, I never ſaw Men of better Underſtanding than the *French*, who apply themſelves to conſider Things with due Attention; and the *Engliſh*, that can ſhake off their too deep Meditations, to return to that Faculty of Diſcourſe, and Freedom of Wit, which, if poſſible, ought always to be had. The fineſt Gentlemen in the World, are the *French* that think, and the *Engliſh* that ſpeak. I ſhould inſenſibly run into too general Conſiderations; and therefore muſt re-

assume my Subject of Comedy, and observe a considerable Difference which is to be found betwixt theirs and ours. It consists in this, That being zealous to copy the Regularity of the Ancients, we still drive to the Principal Action, without any other Variety than that of the means that bring us to it.

It is not to be denied but that the Representation of one principal Event ought to be the sole Scope and End proposed in Tragedy; for we cannot without some Violence and Pain find our selves taken off from what employed our first Thoughts. The Misfortune of an unhappy King the sad and Tragical Death of a great Hero wholly confine the mind to these Objects; and a the Variety it cares for, is to know the differe means that contributed to bring about this pri cipal Action: But Comedy being contriv'd to vert and not to busie us, provided Probability observed, and Extravagance avoided, Varie in the Opinion of the *English*, is an agreea Surprize, and Change that pleases; whereas continual Expectation of one and the same th wherein there seems to be no great matte Importance, must of necessity make our tention flag. Thus, instead of represent signal Cheat carried on by means all re to the same end, they represent several C each of which produces its [illegible] they scarce ever [illegible] that they may [illegible] who diverts t[illegible] often [illegible] that [illegible]

Our *Moliere*, whom the Ancients have inſpired with the true Sqirit of Comedy, equals their *Ben Johnſon* in repreſenting truly the various Humours and different Ways of Men, both obſerving in their Characters a juſt Regard to the peculiar Taſte and Genius of their own Nation: I believe they have both carried that point as far as the Ancients ever did; But it is not to be denied, but that they had a greater regard to their Characters than to the Plot, which might have been better laid together, and more naturally unravell'd.

UPON OPERAS;

TO THE Duke of *BUCKINGHAM**.

I Have long had a Deſire to tell your GRACE my Thoughts of *Operas*, and to acquaint you with the Difference I have obſerv'd betwixt the *Italian* † and *French* way of ſinging. The occaſion

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* George Villiers, *Duke of* Buckingham, *who died in* 1687.

† *The better to judge of the Difference between the* Italian *and* French OPERAS, *ſee the* Parallel *of the* French *and* Italians *as to Muſick and Opera's, written by the* Abbé Raguenet.

on I had, of ſpeaking of it, at the Dutcheſs of *Mazarine's*, has rather encreas'd than ſatisfied that Deſire; therefore I will gratify it in the Diſcourſe I now ſend to your GRACE.

I ſhall begin with great Freedom, and tell your Grace, that I am no great Admirer of Comedies in Muſick, ſuch as now-a-days are in Requeſt. I confeſs, I am not diſpleaſed with their Magnificence; the Machines have ſomething that is ſurprizing; the Muſick, in ſome places, is charming; the Whole together ſeems Wonderful: But it muſt be granted me alſo, That this Wonderful is very Tedious; for where the Mind has ſo little to do, there the Senſes muſt of neceſſity languiſh. After the firſt Pleaſure that Surprize gives us, the Eyes are taken up, and at length grow weary of being continually fix'd upon the ſame Object. In the beginning of the Conſorts, we obſerve the Juſtneſs of the Concords; and amidſt all the Varieties that unite to make the Sweetneſs of the Harmony, nothing eſcapes us. But 'tis not long before the Inſtruments ſtun us; and the Muſick is nothing elſe to our Ears but a confuſed Sound that ſuffers nothing to be diſtinguiſh'd. Now how is it poſſible to avoid being tired with the *Recitativo*, which has neither the Charm of *Singing*, nor the agreeable Energy of Speech? The Soul fatigued by a long Attention, wherein it finds nothing to affect it, ſeeks ſome Relief within it ſelf; and the Mind which in vain expected to be entertained with the Show, either gives way to idle muſing, or is diſſatisfied that it has nothing to employ it. In a word, the Fatigue is ſo univerſal, that every one wiſhes himſelf out of the Houſe, and the only Comfort that is left to the poor Spectators, is the hopes that the Shew will ſoon be over.

The Reaſon why, commonly, I ſoon grow weary at *Opera's*, is, That I never yet ſaw any which appear'd not to me deſpicable, both as to the Contrivance of the Subject, and the Poetry. Now it is in vain to charm the Ears, or gratify the Eyes, if the Mind be not ſatisfied; for my Soul being in better Intelligence with my Mind than with my Senſes, ſtruggles againſt the Impreſſions which it may receive, or at leaſt does not give an agreeable Conſent to them, without which even the moſt delightful Objects can never afford me any great Pleaſure. An Extravagance ſet off with Muſick, Dances, Machines, and fine Scenes, is a Pompous Piece of Folly, but 'tis ſtill a Folly. Tho' the Embroidery is rich, yet the Ground it is wrought upon is ſuch wretched Stuff that it offends the Sight.

There is another Thing in *Operas* ſo contrary to Nature, that I cannot be reconciled to it; and that is the ſinging of the whole Piece, from beginning to end, as if the Perſons repreſented were ridiculouſly match'd, and had agreed to treat in Muſick both the moſt common, and moſt important Affairs of Life. Is it to be imagin'd that a Maſter calls his Servant, or ſends him on an Errand, ſinging; that one Friend imparts a Secret to another, ſinging: That Men deliberate in Council, ſinging; That Orders in time of Battle are given, ſinging; and That Men are melodiouſly kill'd with Sword and Darts. This is the downright way to loſe the Life of Repreſentation, which without doubt is preferable to that of Harmony; for Harmony ought to be no more than a bare Attendant, and the great Maſters of the Stage have introduc'd it as pleaſing, not as neceſſary, after they have perform'd all that relates to the Subject and Diſcourſe. Nevertheleſs, our Thoughts run more upon the Muſi-

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cian than the Hero in the *Opera: Luigi, Cavallo*, and *Ceſti*, are ſtill preſent to our Imagination. The Mind not being able to conceive a Hero that Sings, thinks of the Compoſer that ſet the Song; and I don't queſtion but that in the *Operas* at the *Palace Royal*, *Baptiſt* is an hundred times more thought of than *Theſeus* or *Cadmus*.

I pretend not, however, to baniſh all manner of ſinging from the Stage: There are ſome things which ought to be Sung, and others that may be Sung without treſpaſſing againſt Reaſon or Decency; Vows, Prayers, Praiſes, Sacrifices, and generally all that relates to the Service of the Gods, have been Sung in all Nations, and in all times; Tender and Mournful Paſſions expreſs themſelves naturally in a ſort of querulous Tone; the Expreſſions of Love in its Birth; the Irreſolution of a Soul toſs'd by different Motions, are proper Matters for Stanzas, as Stanzas are for Muſick. Every one knows that the *Chorus* was introduc'd upon the *Grecian* Theatre, and it is not to be denied, but that with equal Reaſon it might be brought upon ours. So far, in my Opinion, Muſick may be allow'd: All that belongs to Converſation, all that relates to Intrigues and Affairs, all that belongs to Council and Action, is proper for Actors to rehearſe, but ridiculous in the Mouth of Muſicians to ſing. The *Grecians* made admirable Tragedies, where they had ſome ſinging; the *Italians* and the *French* make bad ones, where they ſing all.

Would you know what an *Opera* is? I'll tell you that it is an *odd Medley of Poetry and Muſick, wherein the Poet and Muſician, equally confined one by the other, take a world of Pains to compoſe a wretched Performance.* Not but that you may find agreeable Words and very fine Airs in our *Operas*; but you will more certainly find, at length, a Diſlike of

the Verſes, where the Genius of the Poet is ſo crampt; and be cloy'd with the ſinging, where the Muſician is ſpent by too long a Service.

If I thought my ſelf capable of giving Counſel to Perſons of Quality, who delight in the Theatre, I would adviſe them to take up their old Reliſh for good Comedies, where Dances and Muſick might be introduced. That would not, in the leaſt hurt the Repreſentation: The *Prologue* might be ſung with an agreeable Conſort; In the *Intermedes* ſinging might animate Words that ſhould be as the Life of what had been repreſented; after the End of the Play the *Epilogue* might be ſung, or ſome Reflections upon the fineſt Things in the Play; which would ſtrengthen the Idea, and rivet the Impreſſions they had made upon the Spectators. Thus you might find enough to ſatisfie both the Senſes and the Mind; wanting neither the Charms of ſinging in a bare Repreſentation, nor the Beauty of Acting in a long continued Courſe of Muſick.

It remains that I give you my Advice in general for all Comedies, where any ſinging is uſed; and that is to leave to the Poet's Diſcretion the whole Management of the Piece. The Muſick muſt be made for the Words, rather than the Words for the Muſick. The Muſician is to follow the Poet's Directions; only, in my Opinion, *Baptiſt Lulli* is to be exempted, who knows the Paſſions better, and enters farther into the Heart of Man than the Authors themſelves. *Cambert* †, without

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* *An Entertainment of Muſick and Dancing between the Acts, which has no Connexion with the Play.*

† *See an account of him in Mr. de St. Evrem* p. 92.

without doubt, hath an excellent Genius, proper for an hundred different sorts of Musick, and all well managed with a just Symphony of Voices and Instruments: No *Recitativo* is better understood, nor better diversified than his; But as to the Nature of Passions, and the quality of the Sentiments that are be expressed, He ought to receive from the Authors those Lights which *Lulli* can give them; and submit to be directed, when *Lulli*, through the Strength of his Genius, may justly be allow'd to be the Director.

Before I put an end to my Discourse, I will tell your Grace, what a small Esteem the *Italians* have for our *Operas*, and how great a Dislike those of *Italy* give us. The *Italians* who apply themselves wholly to the Representation, and take a particular Care in expressing things, cannot endure that we should give the Name of *Opera* to a Mixture of Dances and Musick, which have not a natural Relation, or exact Connexion with the Subject. The *French* on the other hand, accustom'd to the Beauty of their Entries, the Delightfulness of their Airs, and Charms of their Symphony, cannot endure the Ignorance, or ill playing of the Instruments in the *Operas* of *Venice*, and are weary of a long *Recitativo*, which becomes tedious for want of Variety. I cannot properly tell you what this *RECITATIVO* of theirs is; but I know very well that it is neither singing nor reciting; it is somewhat unknown to the Ancients, which may be defined *an awkward Use of Musick and Speech*. I confess I have found Things inimitable in the *Opera* of *Luigi*, both for the Expression of the Thoughts, and the Charms of the Musick; but the common *Recitativo* was [illegible]resom. insomuch that the *Italians* them- [illegible] those fine Places, [illegible] seldom. I shall in

ina few Words ſum up the greateſt Defects of our *Operas*: One thinks he is going to a Repreſentation, where nothing will be repreſented; and expects to ſee a Comedy, but finds nothing of the Life of Comedy.

So much I thought I might ſay concerning the different Conſtitution of *Operas*. As for the manner of ſinging, which we in *France* call *EXECUTION*, (in *Engliſh*, *PERFORMANCE*.) I think, without Partiality, that no Nation can juſtly Vie with us. The *Spaniards* have admirable Pipes; but with their warblings and ſhakings, they ſeem to mind nothing in their ſinging, but to out-rival the Nightingales. The *Italian* ſinging, is either feign'd, or at leaſt forc'd: For want of knowing exactly the nature or degree of the Paſſions, they burſt out into Laughter, rather than ſing, when they would expreſs any Joy; if they ſigh, you ſhall hear violent Sobs form'd in the Throat, and not Sighs, which unawares eſcape from the Paſſion of an amorous Heart; inſtead of a doleful Tone, they fall into the loudeſt Exclamations; the Tears of Abſence, are with them the downright Weeping at a Funeral; Sadneſs becomes ſo ſorrowful in their Mouths, that they roar rather than complain; and ſometimes they expreſs a languiſhing Paſſion, as a natural Fainting. Perhaps, there may be at preſent ſome Alteration in their way of ſinging; and by converſing with us, they may be improved as to the Juſtneſs of a neat *Execution*, as we are improved by them as to the Beauties of a ſtronger and bolder Compoſition.

I have ſeen Plays in *England*, wherein there is a great deal of Muſick; but to ſpeak my Thoughts with Diſcretion, I could not accuſtom my ſelf to the *Engliſh* ſinging. I came too late to find a Reliſh in

in that which is ſo different from all others. There is no Nation that affords greater Courage in the Men, more Beauty in the Women, nor more Wit in both Seves. 'Tis impoſſible to have every Thing; and were ſo many good Qualities are ſo common, 'tis no great Misfortune that a good Taſte is a Rarity there. 'Tis certain, that it is very rarely to be found, but thoſe Perſons that have it, poſſeſs it in as eminent a Degree of Niceneſs and Perfection, as any in the World; being diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt of their Nation, either by an exquiſite Art, or by a moſt happy Genius.

Solus Gallus canat, none but the *French-man* ſings: I will not be ſo injurious to all other Nations, as to maintain what an Author has publiſh'd, *Hiſpanus ſat, dicat Italus, Germanus boat, Flander ululet, & ſolus Gallus canat.* I ſhall leave theſe pretty Diſtinctions with the Author, and only beg leave to back my Opinion by the Authority of *Luigi*, who would not endure that the *Italians* ſhould pretend to ſing his Airs, after he had heard them ſung by *Nyert*, *Hilaire*, and the little *Varenne*. On his return to *Italy* he made all the Muſicians of that Nation his Enemies, by ſaying openly at *Rome*, as he had ſaid at *Paris*, That to make fine Muſick, Italian Airs muſt come out of a *French* Mouth. He made little Account of our Songs, except thoſe of *Beiſſet*, which he admired, as well as the Conſort of our Violins, our Lutes, Harpſicords, and Organs: And how would he have been charmed with our Flutes, if they had been then in Uſe? It is moſt certain, That he was much diſguſted with the Harſhneſs of the greateſt Maſters of *Italy*, when he had heard the ſweet Touch, and agreeable man- the *French*.

I ſhould be too partial, if I inſiſted only upon our Advantages: Therefore I muſt own, that no People have a ſlower Apprehenſion both for the true Senſe of Words, and for humouring the Thought of the Compoſer, than the *French*. There are but few that leſs underſtand the Quantity, and that with greater Difficulty find out the Pronunciation; but when, by long Study, they have ſurmounted all theſe Difficulties, and are Maſters of what they ſing, nothing comes near them. The ſame thing happens to us in our Inſtrumental Muſick, and particularly in Conſorts, where we can pretend to nothing very ſure or juſt, till after an infinite Number of Rehearſals; but when once we are perfect in them, nothing can be ſo juſt and fine. The *Italians*, for all their profound Skill in Muſick, bring their Art to our Ears, without any Sweetneſs. The *French*, not ſatisfied to take away from the Skill, the firſt Harſhneſs that ſhews the Labour of the Compoſition, find in the Beauty of their Performance, as it were a Charm for our Souls, and I know not what that touches; which they carry home to the very Heart.

I forgot to ſpeak to your GRACE about *Machines*, ſo eaſie it is for a Man to forget that which he would have laid aſide. *Machines* may ſatisfie the Curioſity of ingenious Men, that love Mathematical Inventions, but they'll hardly Pleaſe Perſons of good Judgment in the Theatre; The more they ſurprize, the more they divert the Mind from attending to the Diſcourſe; and the more admirable they are, the leſs Tenderneſs and exquiſite Senſe they leave in us, to be touch'd and charm'd with the Muſick.

The Ancients made no Uſe of *Machines*, but when there was a neceſſity of bringing in ſome God; nay, the Poets themſelves were generally laughed

laughed at for ſuffering themſelves to be reduc'd to that Neceſſity. If Men love to be at Expences, let them lay out their Money upon fine Scenes, the uſe whereof is more natural and more agreeable than that of *Machines*. Antiquity, which expos'd their Gods, even at the Gates, and Chimney-Corners; Antiquity, I ſay, as vain and credulous as it was, expoſed them, nevertheleſs, but very rarely upon the Stage. Now the Belief of them is gone, the *Italians* in their *Operas*, have brought the Pagan Gods again into the World; and have not ſcrupled to amuſe Men with theſe ridiculous Vanities, only to make their Pieces look great, by the Introduction of that dazling and ſurprizing *Wonderful*. Theſe Stage Deities have long enough abuſed *Italy*: but the People there being happily undeceived at laſt, are diſguſted with thoſe very Gods they were ſo fond of before; and have return'd to Plays, which, in Truth, cannot pretend to the ſame Exactneſs, but are not ſo fabulous, and which, with a little Indulgence, may paſs well enough with Men of Senſe.

It hath happen'd with us as to our Gods and Machines, what happens with the *Germans* as to our Modes and Faſhions: We now take up what the *Italians* have laid aſide; And as if we would atone for the Fault of being prevented in the Invention, we run extravagantly into a Cuſtom which they brought up prepoſterouſly. In Truth, we cover the Earth with Deities, and make them dance in Troops, whereas, they made them deſcend with Diſcretion, and on the moſt important Occaſions. As *Arioſto* carried too far the *Wonderful* of Poetry, by a vain Profuſion of Fables, ſo we ſtrain even Fable it ſelf by a confuſed aſſembly of Gods, Shepherds, Heroes, Enchantments, Apparitions, Furies, and Devils.

I admire

I admire *Lulli*, as well for the Diverſion of Dances, as for what concerns the Voices and Inſtsuments; but the Conſtitution of our *Operas* muſt appear very extravagant to thoſe who are true Judges of the Probable and the Wonderful. Nevertheleſs, one runs a Riſque of having his Judgment call'd in queſtion, if he dares declare his good Taſte; and I adviſe others, when they hear any Diſcourſe of *Operas*, to keep their Knowledge a Secret to themſelves. For my own part, who am paſt the Age and Time of ſignalizing my ſelf in the World by the Invention of Modes, and the Merit of New Fancies, I am reſolv'd to ſtrike in with good Senſe, and to follow Reaſon though in Diſgrace, with as much Zeal, as if it were ſtill in as great Vogue as formerly. That which vexes me moſt at this our Fondneſs for *Operas*, is, That they tend directly to ruin the fineſt Thing we have, I mean TRAGEDY, than which nothing is more proper to elevate the Soul, or more capable to form the Mind.

After this long Diſcourſe, let us conclude, That the Conſtitution of our *Operas*, cannot be more faulty than it is. But it is to be acknowledg'd at the ſame time, That no Man can perform more than *Lulli*, upon ſo an ill-conceiv'd a Subject, and that it is not eaſie to out-do *Quinault*, in what belongs to his Part.

A

DISSERTATION

UPON

The Word VAST,

TO THE

Gentlemen of the *French* ACADEMY.

AFTER I had condemn'd my ſelf as to the Word VAST, I was in Hopes the World would have been ſatisfied with my *Recantation*: But ſince the Gentlemen of the ACADEMY have thought fit to add their Cenſure to mine, I declare my *Retractation* was not *Sincere*, but the mere Effect of *Complaiſance*; and a voluntary Submiſſion of my Thoughts to thoſe of Madam *Mazarin*. Therefore I reſume againſt them, that Reaſon which I quitted for her ſake, and which every well-bred Man would take a Pride to loſe to her.

We may diſpute with the Gentlemen of the ACADEMY the Privilege of regulating our Language, as they pleaſe. It doth not depend upon Authors to aboliſh old Terms becauſe they diſlike them, and to introduce new ones according to their own Fancy. All the Favour we can do

ral: Would it not be reaſonable then to oppoſe theſe Corrupters, that would ſubvert the good and true Style, to give us another inſtead of it, as little proper to expreſs Noble Sentiments, as delicate Thoughts?

But what have I to do to recal what's paſt, or to foreſee what's to come? I acknowledge the Juriſdiction of the ACADEMY; let 'em therefore decide, whether VAST be a Word in Uſe or no? So far as this comes to, I will ſubmit to their Judgment: But to know the Force and Propriety of the Word, to be ſatisfied whether 'tis an Imputation, or an Honour, they muſt give me leave to conſult Reaſon. This ſmall Diſcourſe will ſhew, whether I have a true Notion of it, or no.

I maintain'd, That this Term VAST GENIUS, was taken in a good or bad Senſe, according to the things that were joined to it; that a Mind, *Vaſt*, *Admirable*, *Piercing*, ſignified a *wonderful Capacity*; and that on the other ſide, a GENIUS VAST and IMMODERATE, was a Genius that loſt it ſelf in rambling Thoughts; in bright, but airy Ideas; in Deſigns too great, and not at all proportion'd to the means that may render 'em ſucceſsful.

This Opinion, methinks, was moderate enough; I have now a mind to deny that VAST can ever be a Commendation; and on the other Hand, I maintain that nothing is capable of rectifying that Quality. *Great* is a Perfection in Minds: *Vaſt* always a Defect. A juſt and regulated Extent makes the *Great*; an immoderate Greatneſs the *Vaſt*. *VASTITAS*, ſignifies an exceſſive Greatneſs. The *Vaſt* and the *Dreadful*, have a great Affinity one with another. *Vaſt* Things differ mightily from thoſe that make an agreeable Impreſſion upon us. *VASTA SOLITUDO*,

TUDO, is not one of thoſe Solitudes, that afford a delicious Repoſe, that charm the Misfortunes of the Miſerable; 'tis a wild Solitude, where we are frighted with being alone; where we regret the Loſs of Company; where the Remembrance of Loſt Pleaſures afflicts us, and the Senſe of preſent Misfortunes torments us. A *Vaſt* Houſe offers ſomething ghaſtly to the Sight. *Vaſt* Apartments never made any Perſon deſirous of living in them: *Vaſt* Gardens cannot have either the Agreeableneſs which is owing to Art, or thoſe Graces which Nature produces. *Vaſt* Foreſts put us into a Fright; the Sight loſes it ſelf in looking over *Vaſt* Plains. Rivers of a reaſonable Greatneſs give us the Proſpect of fine Banks, and inſenſibly charm us with the Pleaſantneſs of their gentle Streams. Rivers too large, Overflowings and Inundations diſpleaſe us by the Noiſe and Violence of their Billows, and our Eyes cannot with any Pleaſure behold their *Vaſt* Extent. Savage Countries that are uncultivated; Countries ruin'd by the Deſolation of War; Lands forſaken and abandon'd, have ſomething of *Vaſtneſs*, which produces, as it were, a ſecret Horror within us. *Vaſtus*, *quaſi vaſtatus*; Vaſt, ſignifies almoſt the ſame with *laid waſte*, *ſpoil'd*, and *ruin'd*. Let us paſs from Solitudes, Foreſts, Plains, and Rivers, to Living Creatures and Men.

Whales, and Elephants are call'd *VASTÆ & immanes Belluæ*. That which the Poets have feign'd moſt monſtrous; as the *Cyclops*, and the Giants, are nam'd *Vaſt*.

——*VASTOSQUE ab rupe Cyclopas*
Proſpicio——
——*VASTA ſe mole moventem*
Paſtorem Polyphemum.— Virg. Æneid. Lib. III.

Amongſt Men, thoſe that exceeded the ordinary Stature, thoſe whom bigneſs or height diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt, were call'd by the *Latins*, *VASTA Corpora*.

VASTUS has obtain'd ſo far, as to be applied to Cuſtoms and Manners. *Cato*, who had otherwiſe ſo many good Qualities, was a Perſon *VASTUS moribus*, according to the *Romans*. He had nothing of Elegance in his Diſcourſe, nothing of Grace, either in his Perſon or his Actions: A rough ſavage Air attended all he did. The *Germans*, who at preſent are civiliz'd and poliſh'd in many Places, lov'd formerly, that every thing about them ſhould have ſomething of *Vaſtneſs*. Their Habitation, their Attendance, their Equipage, their Aſſemblies, their Feſtivals, *VASTUM aliquid redolebant*; that is to ſay, they were pleas'd with an immoderate Greatneſs, wherein there was neither Politeneſs nor Ornament. I have obſerv'd, that the Word *Vaſtus* hath four or five different Significations in *Cicero*, but all in an evil Senſe.

VASTA * *Solitudo*, *VASTUS* † *& agreſtis*, *VASTA & immanis bellua*, ‖ *VASTAM & hiantem orationem* ‡. The moſt uſual Signification of *VASTUS*, is, too ſpacious, too extended, too great, immoderate.

It may be replied, That *VASTE* in *French*, does not ſignify what *VASTUS* may ſignify in *Latin*, in the full extent of its Meaning. I confeſs it; But why ſhould it not keep the moſt natural,

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* Cicer. *in Somn. Scip.* Sect. 6.

† *De Oratore Lib.* I. Sect. 25.

‖ *De Divin. Lib.* I. Sect. 24.

‡ *Rhetor. ad Herenn. Lib.* IV. Sect. 12.

tural, as well as *LIBERTY*, *FAVOUR*, *HONOUR*, *AFFLICTION*, *CONSOLATION*, and a thouſand Words of the like Nature keep theirs? Beſides, there is a Reaſon for *VAST*, which cannot be pretended for the reſt; 'Tis this, that we have never a *French* Term that expreſſes fully and truly, what the *VASTUS* of the *Latins* can expreſs; and ſurely we did not make it *French* to encreaſe the Number of Words, which ſignify the ſame thing; but to give our Language a Word which it really wanted. We think with more Force than we expreſs our ſelves: Some Part of our Thought always ſtays behind; we very ſeldom communicate it entirely; and 'tis by a Spirit of Penetration, more than by the Intelligence of Words, that we enter abſolutely into the Conceptions of Authors. Nevertheleſs, as if we were afraid to underſtand aright the Thoughts of others, or to have our own comprehended, we weaken thoſe very Terms that would otherwiſe have Force to expreſs them. But in ſpite of our ſelves, *VAST* will preſerve in *French* the true Signification it has in *Latin*. We commonly ſay too *Vaſt*, as we ſay too *Inſolent*, too *Extravagant*, too *Covetous*, and 'tis the Exceſs of a vicious Quality. We don't ſay *Vaſt* enough, becauſe *ENOUGH* ſuppoſes ſomething juſt and reaſonable; whereas, as ſoon as a Thing is *Vaſt*, there is an Exceſs, there is too much; *Enough* can never agree with it. Let us now examine particularly the *VAST* MIND, or SOUL, ſince that's the Subject of the Queſtion.

That which we call MIND, or SOUL, is divided into Three Faculties, the *Judgment*, the *Memory*, and the *Imagination*, or *Fancy*. The *Judgment* may be commended for being ſolid, profound, nice in diſcerning, juſt in defining; but, in my Opinion, no Man of good Senſe will ever give it

the Quality of *Vaſt*. 'Tis a common Expreſſion, That ſuch a one has a *Memory happy, faithful, fit to receive* and *preſerve Images:* But I never heard any one call it *Vaſt*, except once *, and that too prepoſterouſly, in my Opinion. *Vaſt* may be applied to an Imagination that rambles, that loſes it ſelf, that creates Viſions and Chimæra's. I am not ignorant, that ſome have pretended to Praiſe *Ariſtotle*, by attributing to him a *vaſt* Genius; they believ'd too, that this very Epithet of *Vaſt*, was a great Commendation to *Homer*. We hear it often ſaid, that *Alexander*, *Pyrrhus*, *Catiline*, *Cæſar*, *Charles* the Vth, and Cardinal *Richelieu*, had *VAST* SOULS; but if we take the Pains to examine them well, we ſhall find that their great Works, and their great Actions, ought to be aſcrib'd to the Qualities of their Minds; and their Errors and Faults imputed to the Predominance of *Vaſt*. They had ſomething of *Vaſtneſs*, I own it; but ſtill it was a Vice in them, and a Vice not to be pardon'd, but in Conſideration of their Virtues. It is an Error of our Judgment to value them for what cannot be excuſed but by Indulgence. If they had not been almoſt always great, we ſhould not forgive them for being ſometimes *Vaſt*. Let us come to an Examination of their Works and Actions; let us aſſign to each Quality the Effects that really belong to it; and begin with the Works of *Ariſtotle*.

His

* *He means* Patru. N. B. *However our Author's Obſervation may hold in* French, *'tis certain it does not in* Engliſh; *where the Word* Vaſt *is often elegantly uſed with* Memory.

His Treatiſe of *POETRY* is one of the moſt finiſh'd; but to what are owing ſo many judicious Precepts, and ſo many juſt Obſervations, but to the Clearneſs of his Judgment? No Body will ſay, that it was to his *Vaſt* Soul. In his *POLITICKS*, which may ſtill ſerve to guide Legiſlators, he ſhews himſelf wiſe, prudent, and skilful in regulating the different Conſtitutions of States: He was by no means *Vaſt*. No Writer ever pierced ſo far as he into the Heart of Man, as one may ſee in his *MORALS*, and in his *RHETORICK*, in the Chapter about the *Paſſions*. But this he perform'd as a Philoſopher, that knew how to make profound Reflections; that had exactly ſtudied his own Motions; and nicely obſerv'd thoſe of other Men. Don't found the Merit of *Vaſt* upon that, for it had no Share therein. *Ariſtotle* ſhew'd properly a *Vaſt* Genius in his *PHYSICKS*, and to that we may truly aſcribe all his Errors; by that he loſt himſelf in his Principles, in his own *Materia Prima*, in the Heavens, in the Stars, and in the reſt of his falſe Opinions.

As for *Homer*, he is admirable ſo long as he is purely Humane; juſt in his Characters; natural in his Paſſions; wonderful in knowing and expreſſing well what depends upon our Nature. When his *Vaſt* Genius leads him to talk of the Gods, he ſpeaks of them ſo extravagantly, that *Plato* baniſh'd him out of his Republick as a Mad-man.

Seneca was in the wrong to repreſent *Alexander* as a raſh Adventurer, who ow'd his Grandeur to his Fortune. *Plutarch* ſeems, in my Opinion, to have Reaſon on his ſide, when he attributes the Conqueſts of *Alexander* to his Valour, more than to his good Fortune. In effect, conſider *Alexander* at his firſt Acceſſion to the Thro[illegible] you will

will find, that he ſhew'd no leſs Conduct than Courage, in ſettling himſelf in the Dominions of his Father. A Contempt of this Prince's Youth, encourag'd his Subjects to rebel, and his Neighbours to take up Arms againſt him; he puniſh'd the Seditious, and vanquiſh'd the Reſtleſs. When this Storm was over, his next Step was to get himſelf choſen General of the *Greeks* againſt the *Perſians*, and theſe Meaſures were ſo well concerted, that one could not have expected more juſt from the moſt conſummate Politician. Thus being choſen, He undertook the War; and made the Lieutenants of *Darius*, and even *Darius* himſelf, commit a Thouſand Faults, without making one himſelf. If the Greatneſs of his Courage had not made him paſs for a raſh Man, by the Dangers to which he expoſs'd himſelf, his Conduct would have left us the Idea of a Wiſe and Prudent Prince. I deſcribe him to you, Great, and Politick in all the fine Actions he perform'd. But you muſt needs have him *Vaſt*, and 'tis that ſingle Quality that ſet him upon all his extravagant prepoſterous Undertakings. An unbounded Deſire of Glory, engag'd him in a very fooliſh War againſt the *Scythians*: An immoderate Vanity perſuaded him that he was the Son of *Jupiter*. *Vaſt* extended as far as his Affliction, when it carried him to ſacrifice entire Nations to the *Manes* (or *Shade*) of *Epheſtion*. After he had Conquer'd the great Empire of *Darius*, he might have been contented with the known World; but his *Vaſt Mind* form'd the Deſign of Conquering another. As *Vaſt*, he undertook his Expedition into *India*, where his Army threaten'd to abandon him, and where his Fleet was near being loſt; from whence he return'd to *Babylon*, melancholy, diſturb'd, uncertain, diſtruſting both Gods and Men. Are not

not theſe noble Effects of the *Vaſt* Soul of *Alexander?*

Few Princes ever had ſo *vaſt* a Mind as *Pyrrhus:* His famous Converſation with *Cineas*, which every one has heard of, is a ſufficient Proof of it. His Valour and Experience in War gain'd him frequent Victories; his *vaſt* Spirit that puſh'd at all things, would not give him leave to accompliſh any one of them. He engag'd in Enterprize upon Enterprize, in War upon War, but without Effect. Tho' he was a Conqueror in *Italy*, in *Sicily*, in *Macedonia*, and where-ever he came, yet his Power was no where well eſtabliſh'd; his Fancy ſtill prevailing over his Reaſon, threw him upon new imaginary Deſigns, that hindred him from making any Advantage, even of good Succeſs.

Catiline is exclaim'd againſt as a deteſtable Perſon: The ſame Character had been given of *Cæſar*, if he had been as unfortunate in his Undertaking, as the former was in his. It is certain, that *Catiline* had as great Qualities, as any of the *Romans*. A Noble Birth, Courage, Vigour of Mind, Strength of Body, *Nobili genere Natus, magna vi animi & corporis, &c.* He was *Sylla*'s Lieutenant, as well as *Pompey* was; of a Family much more Illuſtrious, than that of the laſt, but of leſs Authority with the Party. After the Death of *Sylla*, his chief Aim was to get thoſe Employments in the Republick, which the other had the good Luck to carry; and if nothing was too great for *Pompey*'s Intereſt to obtain, nothing was high enough for the Ambition of *Catiline* to purſue. What was impoſſible, appear'd to him but extraordinary; and the extraordinary ſeem'd to him common and eaſy, *VASTUS Animus immoderata, incredibilia, nimis alta cupiebat.*

By

By this you may ſee what a Relation there is between a *VAST* Soul, and immoderate Things. Good Men condemn his Crime, *Politicians* blame his undertaking as ill-contrived; for all thoſe that attempted to oppreſs the Common-wealth, except him, had the Favour of the People, and the Aſſiſtance of the Legions to ſupport them. *Catiline* had neither one, nor t'other of theſe Supports; his Induſtry and his Courage ſupplied the place of every thing elſe, in that great and difficult Affair. He himſelf got together a Body of Soldiers that had hardly any Arms or Subſiſtence; and yet theſe Troops, under all theſe Diſadvantages, fought with as great Obſtinacy, as ever Troops did. Every Soldier ſhew'd the Audacious of *Catiline* in the Fight, as *Catiline* ſhew'd the Capacity of a great Captain, and the Stoutneſs of the braveſt and moſt reſolute Soldier. Never did Man die with ſuch noble Bravery and Firmneſs. 'Tis difficult even for the beſt Man to read this Battle, and be very much of the Republick's ſide againſt him; 'tis impoſſible not to forget his Crime, and pity his Misfortune. He might have ſecurely gotten a great Power, without infringing the Laws. This ambitious Man, ſo *VAST* in his Projects, always aim'd at Power, and at length engaged in that Fatal Conſpiracy, that proved his Ruin.

Who was greater, or more dextrous than *Cæſar*? What Addreſs, what Induſtry did he not diſcover in ſending home that prodigious Multitude of *Switzers*, who endeavoured to ſettle themſeves amongſt the *Gauls*? It requir'd as much Prudence as Valour to defeat and diſlodge the *Germans*, and he equally diſplay'd, both thoſe Talents. He ſhew'd an admirable Dexterity in managing the *Gauls*, improving their private Jealouſies to enſnare them by the help of one another. Something of

VAST,

VAST, that mingled with his Noble Qualities, made him forſake his Ordinary Meaſures to undertake the Expedition of *Britain*. A chimerical Expedition, vain in regard of his Reputation, and altogether unſerviceable to his Intereſts! What Stratagems did he not make uſe of to remove the Obſtacles that oppoſed his Project of Sovereignty? He undermined the Credit of all the Good Men that could ſupport the Republick. He made *Cicero* be baniſh'd by *Clodius*, who had been familiar with his Wife. He gave ſo much Uneaſineſs to *Catullus* and *Lucullus*, that they left all Buſineſs. He rendred the Integrity of *Cato* odious, and the Greatneſs of *Pompey* ſuſpected. He made the People riſe againſt the Aſſerters of their Liberty. Thus you ſee how *Cæſar* play'd his Cards againſt the Defenders of the State. Let us conſider how he carried himſelf towards thoſe that aſſiſted him to overturn it. His Inclination for factious Perſons diſcover'd it ſelf in *Catiline*'s Conſpiracy; he was a Friend to the latter, and a ſecret Accomplice of his Crime. He courted the Friendſhip of *Clodius*, a Man violent and raſh. He joyn'd Intereſts with *Craſſus*, who was rather rich, than a good Citizen. He made uſe of *Pompey*'s Acquaintance, to gain Reputation: But as ſoon as 'twas thought high time to clip the Wings of his Authority, and to prevent the Eſtabliſhment of his Power, he left no Stone unturn'd to ruin *Pompey*. He ſecured *Anthony* in his ſide; he gain'd over *Curio* and *Dolabella*: He retained to his Service *Hirtius*, *Oppius*, *Balbus*, and all the Stirring, Buſie, Bold, and Daring; In ſhort, all that were capable of bringing about under him, the Ruin of the Commonwealth. Meaſures ſo fine and artificial; Methods ſo ſecret and ſo delicate; Actions all tending to one Centre; ſo much Diſſimulation, ſo many ſubtle Fetches cannot be aſcrib'd to a *VAST* Soul; his

his Faults, his Misfortunes, his Ruin, and his Death can be imputed to nothing elſe. It was this *VAST* Mind that hindred him from enſlaving *Rome* as he might have done, or from governing it as he ought. 'Tis this that gave him the Thoughts of making War upon the *Parthians*, when it was more neceſſary for him to have made ſure of the *Romans*. At that uncertain Critical Juncture, when the *Romans* were neither Citizens nor Subjects; when *Cæſar* was neither Magiſtrate, nor Tyrant; when he violated all the Laws of the Republick, and could not ſet up his own: Being perplexed, unſetled, loſt in *VAST* Ideas of his imagin'd Grandeur: not knowing how to rule his Thoughts, nor his Affairs, he offended the Senate, and yet truſted the Senators; he abandon'd himſelf to faithleſs and ungrateful Men, who preferring Liberty before all Virtues, choſe rather to murder a Friend and Benefactor, than to have a Maſter. Commend, Gentlemen, commend a *VAST* Soul; it coſt *Cæſar* both his Empire and his Life.

Rantru, who judg'd well enough of the Merit of Men, uſed to prefer *Charles* the Fifth to all the Men that *Europe* ever produced ſince the Time of the *Romans*. I will not pretend to determine ſo nice a Caſe, but I am enclin'd to believe, that his natural Parts, his Courage, his Activity, his Vigour, his Magnanimity, and his Conſtancy made him more conſiderable then any Prince of his Time. When he took upon him the Government of his Dominions, he found *Spain* revolted againſt Cardinal *Ximenes* who was Regent there, and whoſe ſevere Humour, and intractable Behaviour were inſupportable to the *Spaniards*. *Charles* was oblig'd to go to *Spain*, and taking the Management of the Affairs out of the hands of *Ximenes*, into his own, all the Grandees return'd immediately

ately to their Duty, and all the Cities to their Obedience. *Charles* the Fifth was more Politick, or more Fortunate than *Francis* the Firſt, in their Competition for the Empire; *Francis* was more Rich and more Powerful; *Charles* carried it by his Fortune, or by the Superiority of his Genius. The Victory of *Pavia*, and the taking of *Rome*, put into his Hands a King of *France* and a *Pope*: A Triumph, that ſurpaſs'd all thoſe of the ancient *Romans*. The great League of *Smalcald* was defeated both by his Conduct, and his Valour. He chang'd the whole Face of Affairs in *Germany*; transferr'd the Electorſhip of *Saxony* from one Branch to another; I mean from *Frederick*, who was diſpoſſeſs'd, to the Houſe of *Maurice*, who had follow'd the victorious Party. Religion it ſelf was enſlav'd to Victory; and receiv'd from the Will of the Emperor the famous *INTERIM* *, which will never be forgotten. But this *VAST* Soul embraced too many Things, to regulate any one in particular: He did not conſider that he could do more by others, than by himſelf; and at that very time when he thought he had ſubdued *Rome* and the Empire, *Maurice* turning againſt him the Armies which he ſeem'd to command for his Service, was ſo near ſurprizing him in *Inſpruck*, that he forc'd him to fly in his Shirt, and to retire in all Haſte to *Willach*. It is certain, that *Charles* the Fifth had great Qualities, and performed very great Actions; but this *VAST* SOUL, for which he is applauded made him commit many Errors, and brought many Misfortunes upon him

* *This was a kind of Regulation which* Charles *Vth. made in* 1548. *concerning the* Articles of *Faith which he would have to be generally embrac'd in* Germany, *till a Council had decided the Matters in Controverſie.*

him. To that are owing his fatal Undertakings in *Africk*, and ſeveral other Deſigns, as ill projected, as they were ill executed; To that are owing thoſe Voyages and Travels from Nation to Nation, wherein there was more Fancy than real Intereſt. 'Tis this *VAST* Soul, that made the *Spaniards* call him a *Knight-Errant*, and gave an Occaſion to thoſe that did not love him to look upon him as a greater Traveller than Conquerour. Admire Gentlemen, admire if you pleaſe, the Virtue of the *VAST Spirit*: It turns the *Hero* into a *Knight-Errant*; And gives to Heroical Truths the Air of Fabulous Adventures.

I could ſhew that this ſame Spirit was the Cauſe of all the Misfortunes of the laſt Duke of *Burgundy*, as well as thoſe of *Charles Emanuel*, Duke of *Savoy*. But I am impatient to come to Cardinal *Richelieu*, to diſcover in his Perſon the different Effects of the *GREAT* and the *VAST*.

One may ſay of Cardinal *Richelieu*, that he had a very Great Genius; and as it was Great, he brought extraordinary Advantages to our Kingdom; but as it was ſometimes *Vaſt*, he brought us alſo to the brink of Ruin. When he firſt came into the Miniſtry, he found that *France* was govern'd by the Counſels of *Rome* and *Madrid*. Our Miniſters receiv'd all the Impreſſions that Cardinal *Marquemont* * gave them; and the Pope manag'd this Cardinal, as the *Spaniards* manag'd the Pope. The King, who was as jealous of the Grandeur of his Kingdom, as any King could be, deſign'd within himſelf to follow the true Intereſt of it. The Artifices of thoſe that

* Denys Simon de Marquemont, *Arch Bp. of Lions then Ambaſſador of* France *at* Rome *and afterwards rais'd to the Cardinalſhip.*

that govern'd, made him follow that of Strangers. And if Cardinal *Richelieu* had not ſat at the Helm, this Prince, who was naturally an Enemy to *Spain* and *Italy*, had been a good *Spaniard*, or good *Italian*, in ſpite of his Averſion. I will inſtance in a Paſſage that's little known, but very true: Cardinal *Marquemont* writ a long Letter to Cardinal *Richelieu* concerning the Buſineſs of the *Valtoline*; and to be in Favour with this new Miniſter, he carefully inſtructed him in all the nice Meaſures that a Man ought to obſerve, when he has any thing to do with the *Italians* and *Spaniards*. Cardinal *Richelieu*, for an Anſwer, ſent him four Lines, to this Purpoſe:

The King hath chang'd his Council, and the Council their Maxims; an Army will be ſent to the Valtoline *which ſhall make the* Pope *more compliant, and oblige the* Spaniards *to give us Satisfaction.*

Monſieur *de Marquemont* was much ſurprized at the Eloquence and Smartneſs of the Letter, and yet more to ſee the new Spirit, that now began to inform the Miniſtry. As he was a Man of Parts, he alter'd the Scheme of his Conduct, and begg'd Pardon of the Miniſter, for being ſo preſumptuous as to give him Inſtructions, which himſelf ought to have received from him: Acknowledging he was in an Error to believe, that the *Spaniards* would be ever brought to a reaſonable Treaty, by a bare Negotiation. Monſieur de *Sencterre* often ſaid, That this ſhort Letter of Cardinal *Richelieu* to Cardinal *Marquemont*, was the firſt that let People into the Secret of this Miniſter's Deſign to pull down the Power of *Spain*, and to reſtore to our Nation the Superiority it had loſt. But before any thing of Importance cou'd be undertaken abroad, it was neceſſary to

be

be ſecure at home: and the *Hugonot* Party was ſo conſiderable in *France*, that it ſeem'd to compoſe another State within the State. This did not hinder *Richelieu* from reducing them. As the War had been unfortunately carried on in the Miniſtry of the Conſtable *de Luynes*, he was oblig'd to fall upon a new Scheme, and this produc'd Effects full as happy, as the other had done the quite contrary. It was agreed on all Hands, that *Rochelle* was the Soul of the Party. There it was that Conſultations were held, and Deſigns form'd: the Intereſts of a Hundred and a Hundred Cities united there; and 'twas from thence, that a Body compos'd of ſo many ſeparate Parties, receiv'd Life and Motion. Therefore there was nothing elſe to be done, but to take *Rochelle*, and when that fell, all the reſt muſt fall of courſe. But when the Strength of the Place came to be conſider'd; when they thought on the vaſt Numbers that wou'd defend it; and the Zeal of thoſe that would engage in it's Defence; when they reflected how eaſy it was to relieve it; when they ſaw the Sea free and conſequently the Gates open to Strangers, then they believed that to be impregnable, which had never been taken. In ſhort, all but Cardinal *Richelieu* deſpair'd of any Poſſibility to reduce it. He was in Hopes, and his Hopes made him form the Deſign of this great Siege. In the Deliberation, all Difficulties were removed; in the Execution all conquer'd. Men ſhall eternally remember that famous Dyke, that ſtupendous Work of Art, which offer'd Violence to Nature it ſelf, and gave new Bounds to the Ocean. They ſhall always remember the Obſtinacy of the Beſieg'd, and the Reſolution of the Beſiegers. To what end ſhould we make a longer Diſcourſe? *Rochelle* was taken, and it was hardly ſurrendred, when a greater Enterprize call'd us Abroad. The

The Dukedom of *Mantua* coming by Succeſſion to the Duke of *Nevers*, *France* had a mind to ſettle him there; and *Spain* rais'd an Army to prevent us. The Emperor, under Pretence of ſecuring his Right, but indeed with a Deſign to ſerve *Spain*, march'd ſome Troops into *Italy*, and the Duke of *Savoy*, who had embrac'd the Intereſts of the Houſe of *Auſtria*, had engaged to ſtop us at the Paſſage of the Mountains, to give the *Spaniards* and *Germans* Leiſure to execute their Deſigns. So many Oppoſitions were to no purpoſe: The Paſs of *Suza* was forced; the Emperor's Army was entirely ruin'd; *Spinola* died with Grief for not taking *Caſal*; and the Duke of *Nevers* being acknowledged Duke *Mantua*, remain'd in quiet Poſſeſſion of his Dominion. Whilſt the Emperor's Army waſted it ſelf in *Italy*, *Guſtavus* King of *Sweden* was engaged to enter *Germany*, where he won Battles, took Cities, and extended his Conqueſts from the *Baltick-Sea* to the very *Rhine*. He was growing too Powerful for us, when he was kill'd; and his Death left the *Swedes* too Feeble to ſupport our Intereſts, Here it was that Cardinal *Richelieu* ſhew'd the Maſterpiece of his Politicks. He retain'd the Troops that were deſirous of marching home to *Sweden*; He confirm'd the good Intentions of a young Queen not well fix'd in her Throne; and made himſelf ſo ſure of General *Banier*, that the War was maintained under a new Reign, with as much Vigour, as it had been under that great King. When the Duke of *Weymar*, and Mareſchal *de Horn* had loſt the Battle of *Norlingben*, Cardinal *Richelieu* redoubled his Succours; ſent great Armies into *Germany*; ſtopt the Progreſs of the *Imperialiſts*, and gave the *Swedes* an Opportunity to retrieve the Affairs in the *Empire*.

All this was perform'd by Cardinal *Richelieu*, as he was Great, Magnanimous, Wiſe and Reſolute. Now let us ſee what he did by his *VAST* SOUL.

The impriſoning of the Elector of *Triers* gave us an Occaſion, or at leaſt a Pretence, to declare War againſt the *Spaniards*; and this Deſign was worthy of the Great Soul of Cardinal *Richelieu*: But that *VAST* Spirit, which ſome aſcribed to him, loſt itſelf in ſo many various Projects. He took ſuch falſe Meaſures abroad, and gave ſuch ill Orders at home, that our Affairs, in all likelihood, muſt have been ruin'd. The Cardinal entertain'd the moſt fantaſtical Deſign that ever was form'd: which was to attack *Flanders* behind, and to cut off its Communication with *Germany*, by the means of the *Maeſe*. He imagin'd he might take *Bruſſels* and reduce the *Low-Countries* at the ſame time. In order to that he ſent an Army of Thirty five thouſand Men to joyn the Prince of *Orange* in *Brabant*. But inſtead of incloſing *Flanders* between the *Maeſe* and the *Somme*, he ſhut up our Army between the *Forſreſſes* of *Flanders* and thoſe on the *Maeſe*; inſomuch that there was neither Proviſions nor Ammunition in our Camp; And without amplifying the Matter, the Miſery, was ſo great among us, that after we were oblig'd to raiſe the Siege of *Louvain*, defended by ſome Scholars only, the Officers and Soldiers return'd into *France*. not in a Body like Troops, but Straggling, begging an Alms for their Subſiſtence, like Pilgrims. See what the *VAST* SPIRIT of the Cardinal produc'd by the fantaſtical Project of joyning the Two Armies! This Great Genius, whoſe Thoughts were too diffuſed, took yet worſe Meaſures the following Campaign: The Enemies forced the Count *de Soiſſons*, who defended

defended the Paſſage of *Bray*, with an inconſiderable Body. Having paſs'd the *Somme*, they made themſelves Maſters of the Field, took our Cities, which they found unprovided with all Things; carried Deſolation as far as *Compiegne*, and Terror even to *Paris*. A fine Commendation for Cardinal *Richelieu*, that his Projects were *VAST*! The very Quality, which the Gentlemen of the *ACADEMY* value ſo highly, made him commit full as groſs Faults in the Campaign of *Aire*. He undertook a great Siege in *Flanders*, at the ſame time that the Count of *Soiſſons* entred *Champagne* with an Army. Hardly had we taken *Aire*, but the Mareſchal *de la Meilleraye* was defeated, and the City beſieged by the Enemy. If the Count had not been killed after he had won the Battle of *Sedan* *, we might have expected the greateſt Diſorder in the World, conſidering what a Diſpoſition the People were then in. Had the Gentlemen of the *ACADEMY* been particularly acquainted with Monſieur *de Turenne*, they would have plainly found that the *VAST* Spirit of the Cardinal was by no means approved by him. That wiſe General admir'd a hundred Qalities of this Great Miniſter, but he could not endure the *VAST*, for which he is commended. 'Twas that cauſed him to affirm, *That Cardinal* Mazarin *was wiſer than Cardinal* Richelieu; *that the Deſigns of Cardinal* Mazarin *were Juſt and Regular*; *thoſe of Cardinal* Richelieu *great, but not ſo well Concerted*; *as being the Product of too extenſive an Imagination.*

* Lewis de Bourbon *Count of* Soiſſons, *was kill'd at the Battle of* la Marfée *near* Sedan, *in* 1641.

Theſe, Gentlemen are ſome of thoſe Re
I had to offer to you againſt the Word *V A*
If I have not ſubmitted to the Judgment
have given in favour of Madam *Mazarin*,
becauſe I found in your *Writings* a Cenſur
VAST, of much greater force than can be f
in this Diſcourſe. And indeed you have
ſuch *juſt Bounds* to your own Wits, that
ſeem yourſelves to condemn the Word yo
fend.

UPON
FRIENDSHIP
TO THE
Dutcheſs of *MAZARIN.*

OF all the Sayings of the Ancients, which you have ſo judiciouſly obſerv'd, nd ſo happily retain'd, none affects me more an that of *Ageſilaus*, when he recommends the ffair of one of his Friends to another. If *Ni-as*, ſays he, *has committed no Fault, ſet him at Li-rty; If he has, ſet him at Liberty for my ſake: Let Matter be how it will, ſet him at Liberty.* Be-ld here, Madam, the Force of Friendſhip! King of the *Lacedæmonians*, ſo upright, ſo rtuou[illegible] ſevere! A King, who ought to give [illegible] uſtice, not only allows, [illegible] ſtice, in an Inſtance [illegible] cern'd.

[illegible] ted as *Ageſilaus* did, there [illegible] Private Men [illegible] by [illegible] of Civil [illegible] of [illegible] Pleaſures [illegible] ſom[illegible] w the Di-[illegible], and [illegible] eir own In-[illegible] wi[illegible] obey thoſe [illegible] o[illegible], love to ſerve [illegible] ith: But that a [illegible] tneſs, ſhould re-[illegible] Publick, and De-[illegible], and Power, to deſcend

deſcend to Himſelf, and feel the moſt Natural Sentiments of Humanity, 'tis what is not eaſie to apprehend, and which well deſerves our Reflections.

'Tis certain, one ought not to look on his Prince as his Friend. The great Diſtance between Sovereignty and Subjection, does not admit that Union of Affections, which is neceſſary to love well; and the Power of a Prince, and the Duty of Subjects, have in them ſomething oppoſite to the Tenderneſs that Friendſhip requires.

To exerciſe Dominion without Violence, is all that the beſt of Princes can do; To Obey without Murmuring, is all that can be required of the Beſt of Subjects. Now *Moderation* and *Docility* have no great Allurements: And thoſe Two Virtues are not lively enough to raiſe Inclinations, and kindle the Ardour of Friendſhip. The ordinary Intercourſe between Kings and their Courtiers, is generally an Intercourſe of Intereſt. Courtiers purſue Fortune with Kings; Kings expect Services from Courtiers.

However, there are Times, wherein either the Fatigue of Buſineſs, or the being diſguſted with Pomp and Magnificence, obliges Princes to ſeek in the Purity of Nature, thoſe Enjoyments which they cannot find in their Grandeur. Tired out with Ceremonies, affected Gravity, State, and Shew, they caſt about for thoſe Natural Sweets, and Endearments of Freedom, of which their Condition deprives them. Perplex'd and troubl'd with Jealouſies and Suſpicions, they look out, at laſt, for a Boſom Friend, to whom they may open a Heart, which they keep ſhut up to all the reſt of the World. The Flattery of fawning Adulators makes them wiſh for a ſincere Friend; and this produces thoſe *Confidents*, who are call'd

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FAVOURITES: Thoſe Perſons endear'd to Princes, with whom they eaſe themſelves of the Burden of their Secrets; and with whom they are pleas'd to enjoy all the Sweets, which a Familiar Intercourſe, and a free Converſation may yield to intimate Friends.

But how dangerous are ſuch Friendſhips to a Favourite who is more ſollicitous of ſhewing his Love, than watchful on his Conduct and Behaviour! This Confident thinks to find a Friend, where he meets with his Maſter; and, by an unexpected Turn, his Familiarity is puniſh'd, as the indiſcreet Freedom of a Servant who forgot himſelf. Thoſe Courtiers, whoſe Conduct is rul'd by their Intereſt, find in their own Induſtry wherewithal to make themſelves agreeable; and Prudence makes them avoid whatever may be Offenſive, or diſpleaſing. *But* HE who truly loves his Maſter, only conſults his own Heart and Affection: He thinks himſelf ſafe in what he does, by what he feels within himſelf; and the Warmth of an ill-govern'd Friendſhip cauſes his Ruin, where the Caution of thoſe who have not the ſame Affection, would preſerve to him all the Advantages of his Fortune. Thus Men generally loſe the Favour of Princes, who are more careful of Puniſhing what offends their Character, than eaſie to forgive what is done by an Impulſe of Nature. Happy thoſe Subjects, whoſe Princes know how to Excuſe what the Weakneſs of Humane Condition renders excuſable in Men! But let Us not envy all thoſe who make themſelves *Dreaded:* For they loſe the Pleaſures both of Loving and of being Loved.——Let us return to more particular Conſiderations on Friendſhip.

I ever admir'd *Epicurus*'s Morals; and what I value moſt in his Morals, is, the Preference he gives to Friendſhip, before all other Virtues. In

Truth, Juſtice is only a Virtue eſtabliſh'd for the ſupport of Humane Society: It is the Work of Men, whereas Friendſhip is the Work of Nature. Friendſhip is the only Pleaſure of our Lives; when Juſtice, with all its Rigors, can hardly make us ſafe. If *Prudence* makes us avoid ſome *Evils*, *Friendſhip* alleviates them all: If *Prudence* makes us acquire ſome *Goods*, 'tis *Friendſhip* gives a Reliſh to the Enjoyment of them. Have you occaſion for wholeſom Counſel, who can give it you but a faithful Friend? Who can you entruſt with your Secrets, to whom can you open your Hearts, and unveil your Soul, unleſs it be a Friend? And how tireſom would it be for a Man to be always cloſe confined within himſelf, without a Confident either of his Affairs, or Pleaſures? Enjoyments ceaſe to be ſo, aſſoon as they are not communicated; and *'tis the Opinion of one of the Ancients, that even the Heavenly Felicity would be tireſom, without the Confidence of a Friend.* I have obſerv'd, that Devout Perſons that are moſt diſengaged from the World, and love God with the greateſt Affection, Love in God other Devout Perſons, that they may have viſible Objects of their Friendſhip. One of the great Pleaſures which is found in Loving God, is to be allow'd to Love thoſe that Love him.

'I wonder'd formerly to ſee ſo many Confidents of both Sexes upon our Stage; but found, at laſt, that the Uſe of them was very prudently introduc'd: For a Paſſion, proves oftener a tireſome Conſtraint to the Mind, than an agreeable Pleaſure to the Senſes. As an Amour cannot be made Publick without Shame, ſo it cannot be kept altogether Secret, without Uneaſineſs: But with a Confident, a Man is more ſafe in his Conduct; his Uneaſineſſes are allay'd; his Pleaſures redouble; and all his Troubles diminiſh.

Poets,

Poets, who well know the Conſtraint which attends a conceal'd Paſſion, make us talk of it to the Winds, to Rivulets, and to Trees: Upon a Belief that 'tis better to ſpeak of what one feels, even with Inanimate Things, than to keep it too Secret, and make one's own Silence a ſecond Torment.

As I have no ſhining Merit to boaſt of, I hope I may be allow'd to mention one, upon which Men do ſeldom value themſelves; which is, the having gain'd the entire Confidence of my Friends; and the beſt *Counſel-keeper* that ever I knew, was only *reſerv'd* with others, that he might be the more *open* with me. He conceal'd nothing from me, as long as we convers'd together; and he would, perhaps, have been glad of an Opportunity to tell me every Thing, when we were aſunder. The Remembrance of ſuch an endearing Confidence is very Sweet to me; but the Thoughts of the Condition he is in, is ſtill more grievous. I have contracted a Familiarity with my own Misfortunes, but never ſhall with his; And ſince I can beſtow nothing but Sorrow on his Disgrace, no Day ſhall paſs, but I ſhall grieve, and lament it.

Such entire Confidences admit of no manner of Diſſimulation: *We uſe a great deal better an Enemy whom we openly profeſs to hate, than a Friend from whom we conceal any Thing, or with whom we diſſemble* *; For an Enemy may, indeed, receive more Hurt by our Hatred, but a Friend will ſuffer a greater Injury by our Diſſimulation. The latter is a Vice which is not tolerated in Civil Society: therefore, with more Reaſon, ought it not to be ſuffer'd in private Friendſhips.

But

* *This is a Thought of one of the Ancients.*

But to preſerve ſo precious a Thing as Friendſhip, it is not enough to be upon one's Guard againſt Vices, but one muſt be ſo even againſt Virtues, nay, againſt Juſtice itſelf. The Severities of Juſtice do not conſiſt with the Tenderneſſes of Friendſhip; whoſoever pretends to be Juſt, is either conſcious he is already an ill Friend, or enclin'd to be ſo. The Goſpel ſeldom recommends Juſtice, without recommending Charity at the ſame Time; with Deſign, in my Opinion, to ſoften a Virtue which would be auſtere, and almoſt ſavage, but for the Mixture of a little Love. Juſtice, blended with other Virtues, is excellent; but all alone, without any Mixture of Good Nature, Mildneſs, and Humanity, it is more Wild than the Men it firſt brought together; and it may be ſaid, that it baniſhes all manner of Sweetneſs and Agreeableneſs from the Civil Society it has ſettled.

Friendſhip is not only apprehenſive of the Rigour of Juſtice, but likewiſe of the profound Reflections of Wiſdom, that keeps us too much within our ſelves, when Inclination would carry Us towards another. Friendſhip requires a Fire that animates, and does not like Circumſpections that ſtop it: It ought always to be abſolute Miſtreſs of the Fortunes, and ſometimes of the Lives of thoſe it unites.

In this Union of Wills, different Opinions may, however, be allow'd: But Diſputing, in ſuch a Caſe, ought to be a Conference in order to clear Doubts, and not an exaſperating Contention. A Man ought not to ſtir up Paſſion, where he only ſeeks for Lights; and therefore Friends ought to avoid very Claſhing Opinions in Religion. A Man who ſubjects all to Reaſon, and one who depends wholly upon Authority, will hardly agree together. *HOBBES* and *SPINOSA*,

SPINOSA, who admit neither Prophecies, nor Miracles, but upon a long and judicious Examination, will have no great Value for thoſe Credulous People, who receive the *REVELATIONS* of St. *Bridget*, and the *LEGEND* of *THE SAINTS*, as Articles of Faith. I remember I have ſeen an Eſtrangement among Devout Perſons, becauſe ſome of them entertain'd too great Apprehenſions from God's Juſtice, and others too large Hopes from his Goodneſs.

I ſhould never have done, if I would explain whatever conduces either to eſtabliſh, or to deſtroy the Confidence of ſuch Friendſhips. They cannot ſubſiſt without Faithfulneſs and Secrecy; for 'tis what makes them ſecure: But this is not ſufficient to render them agreeable and endearing. There muſt be, beſides Safety, a certain Union between two Souls, which is form'd by a Secret Charm, I cannot expreſs, and which is more eaſily felt than perfectly known. A familiar Intercourſe with a beautiful, ingenious, and judicious Woman, would, in my Opinion, make ſuch an Union yet more agreeable, if one could depend on its Duration. But when any Thing of Paſſion mixes with it, Diſguſt terminates Confidence with Love; and if there be nothing but bare Friendſhip, the Sentiments of Friendſhip cannot hold it long againſt the Motions of a Paſſion.

I have wonder'd a hundred Times, why the Fair-Sex had been excluded from the Management of Publick Affairs; for I found ſome of them more Skilful and Abler than Men. I was, at length, ſenſible that this Excluſion did not proceed either from the Malice of Envy, or any Suggeſtion of private Intereſt; nor yet from an ill Opinion of their Wit; but merely (I hope I may ſpeak it, as I mean it, without Offence,) becauſe

becauſe one could not rely on their weak and unſteady Affection, their Heart being too much ſway'd by their Natural Frailty. *A Woman who may wiſely govern a whole Kingdom one Day, may prove ſuch a Miſtreſs, the next, as one would not entruſt with the looking after a Dozen of Hens*, to uſe Cardinal *Mazarin*'s own Words. What would not Madam *de Chevreuſe*, the Counteſs of *Carliſle*, and the Princeſs *Palatine*, have brought about, had not they ſpoil'd by their Affections, all they might have perform'd by their Wit? The Errors of the *Heart*, are far more dangerous than the Extravagancies of the *Imagination*; which may, every one of them, be corrected by the *Judgment*: Whereas our Affection inclines Us to Evil, and makes Us adhere to it, in ſpite of all the Lights of our Underſtanding:

——*Video meliora, proboque,*
Deteriora Sequor.——

Ovid.

A very Ingenious Lady * told me one Day, That *She return'd God Thanks, every Night, for her* Wit, *and pray'd Him, every Morning, to preſerve her from the Follies of her* Heart. Oh! *LOT*, Oh! *LOT*†, how little You are in Danger from theſe Follies! Be thankful to God for your bright Parts, and rely on your ſelf for your Inclinations. I know ſome Perſons, *LOT*, who have no great Reaſon to thank God for your Wit: The

* *Mademoiſelle* de l'Enclos.

† Charlotte de Naſſau, *Daughter of* Lewis de Naſſau *Lord of* Beverweert, *Ambaſſador Extraordinary from the* States General, *at the Court of* England.

The little *Bouffette*, among the reſt, would willingly conſent that your *Heart* were ſomewhat *diſorder'd*, ſo your *Wit* were not ſo *ready*.

MIND of the Firſt Rate, how pleas'd are your Vaſſals to admire in you ſo much Judgment, and ſo much Beauty! What ſatisfaction it is to them to ſee you deſpiſe the tedious Diſcourſes of Beauties; the fulſom Converſations about *Commodes*, *New-Faſhion'd-Sleeves*, and *Indian Stuffs*? How ſweet it is to ſee you abandon to the falſe Gallantry of others *Baskets full of Ribbons*, and the *genteel Cane* * of Monſieur de *Nemours*! *SOUL* elevated above all other Souls, what Pleaſure it is to ſee you make ſuch a Noble Uſe of what you have; ſo little regret what you had; and ſo little deſire what you have not! *

Add, Madam, the Merit of the *Heart*, to that of the Soul and Mind: Defend that Heart of yours againſt *Officious* † *Fops*; thoſe buſie Fellows who are ever ready to ſhut a Door or a Window, to take up a Glove or a Fan.

Love, does not injure the Reputation of Ladies; but the ſlender Merit of their Lovers diſgraces them. You'd do me wrong, Madam, if you thought me an Enemy to Tenderneſs: For as Old as I am, I ſhould be ſorry to be free from it. We Love as long as we can draw Breath. What I deſire in Friendſhip, is that *Knowledge* ſhould go before *Affection*; and that an Eſteem juſtly

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* *See* la *PRINCESS DE CLEVES*, p. 324. *Which Romance was written by the Duke* de la Rochefoucault, *Madam* de la Fayette, *and Mr.* de Segrais.

† *Our Author calls them in* French, Rendeurs de Petits Soins, *an Expreſſion taken out of* La Carte du Tendre, *in the Firſt Tome of the Romance of* Clelia.

juſtly form'd in the *Mind*, ſhould animate itſelf in the *Heart*, and receive there ſuch Warmth as is neceſſary for *Friendſhip*, as well as *Love*. Love therefore, Madam; but Love no Objects but what are Worthy of you.

I contradict my ſelf here unawares, and forbid whatever I will allow. To give you ſuch a Piece of Advice, is to be more ſevere than Preachers in a Pulpit, and leſs Indulgent than Father Confeſſors.

If my Wiſhes were accompliſh'd, you ſhould be ambitious, and govern thoſe that govern others. Either become Miſtreſs of the World, or remain Miſtreſs of your ſelf; not in order to paſs tedious Days in that ſad and melancholy *Indolence*, which ſome would trump up for Virtue; but to have an abſolute Power over your Affections, and over-rule your Pleaſures.

Sometimes let Reaſon, with a Sov'reign ſway,
Controul all your Deſires:
Sometimes let Reaſon *to your* Heart *give way,*
And fan your warmeſt Fires.

If *Confidence* be one of the greateſt Comforts of Life, enjoy the Sweetneſs of it both with your Dear *LOT*; and with him whom you may be ſure you can truſt, as well as your ſelf.

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LETTER

TO THE

Earl of St. ALBANS *.

NO Company is ſo agreeable and good, but one time or other it muſt part: Therefore, by a much ſtronger Reaſon, a melancholy Society ought not to laſt for ever. As for ours, my Lord, 'tis the moſt doleful that ever was known. Since I have begun to play at Madam *Mazarin*'s, I have not had † *Spadillo* ſix times; *Baſto* has come oftner to me, but 'tis a Decoy that tempts me to play, and cauſes me to be *Beaſted*. I draw none but Trays of *Clubs* or *Spades*, or Sixes of *Hearts* and *Diamonds*. However, my Lord, I return Heaven Thanks, when nothing but Lamentations or Murmurs might be expected from me. God be praiſed, I ſet a good Example, and ſuch a one as your Partner ought to ſet: However, it will, at long run, ruin my Affairs, and not mend yours; which made me ſay laſt Night, like

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* Henry Jermyn, *Earl of St.* Albans, *Lord Chamberlain to the Queen Mother of* England, *that is, to Queen* Henrietta, *Conſort of King* Charles I.

† *This, and the following Terms, belong to the Game at* Ombre.

like Mr. *de Bellegarde* ||, *I pay and play no more, and do what I pleaſe.*

Let us comfort our ſelves, my Lord, that we are in a better condition than thoſe that win our Money; for 'tis better, by much, to ſuffer an Injury than to do it. Madam *Mazarin* has an excellent hand at Filching my *Fiſhes*, and dropping a Card out of the Stock, when I play *without taking in*, with four *Matadors* in hand. I addreſs my ſelf to the Prince *de Monaco* *, who tells me very ſeriouſly, and with an Air of Sincerity: *Upon my word*, *Monſieur* de St. Evremond, *I look'd another way.* Your Friend the Marquis *de Saiſſac* laughs much, and decides nothing; And Monſieur *Courtin* declares that my Hardſhips are great. But all the Declarations of Monſieur *Courtin* ſignifie little or nothing. The Ambaſſador is as little regarded in this Houſe as he would be at the Exchange, if he went about to juſtify † Sir *Ellis Layton* there. In this Extremity I call Heaven to Witneſs, but Heaven has no more Credit than the Ambaſſador.

Come to Town, my Lord, to maintain your own Rights your ſelf; the Country was never made for ſuch as you. Let thoſe be diſguſted with the World, with whom the World is already diſguſted. But let thoſe Perſons of Worth

|| *Mr.* de Bellegarde, *Maternal Uncle of Madam* de Monteſpan, *who was ſomewhat Paſſionate and Whimſical, uſed to ſay, when he was in ill-luck,* I pay, and play no more: I do what I pleaſe; which ſaying became Proverbial among the other Gameſters his Cotemporaries.

* *The Prince of* Monaco *came over to* England, *in the Year* 1676.

† *He was one of the Commiſſioners of Prizes, when the Merchants charg'd with great Miſdemeanors.*

'orth and Honor, who are beloved by it, ſtill ntinue in it. A Man of Honor and Politeneſs ght to live and die in a *Capital City*; and in my pinion, there are but three Capital Cities in *urope*, *Rome*, *London*, and *Paris*. But *Paris* is no lace for your Lordſhip to live in; of the ma- y Friends you had there, ſome are dead, and ie others are Impriſon'd. *Rome* cannot ſuit ith You; nor can the Diſciple of St. *Paul* like Place, where St. *Peter's* Succeſſor is the Sove- ign. This goodly and great City call'd *Lon- n*, daily expects you: And here, my Lord, you ught to fix your Abode. Free Converſations t Table, with a few Gueſts; A Game at *Ombre*, t her Royal * Highneſs's, and Cheſs at home, ill make you as eaſily wait the laſt Period of ife at *London*, as Monſieur *des Yveteaux* did at *aris*. He died at Eighty Years of Age, cauſing *Saraband* to be play'd to him, a little before he xpired, *that his Soul*, as he expreſt himſelf, *ight ſlide* † *away the eaſier*. You'll not pitch up- n Muſick to ſoften the Hardſhips of that Voy- ge. A *Vole* at *Ombre*, and Three Aces Eldeſt land againſt Three Nines at *Crimpo* will deter- nine your Days with as great Satisfaction. This ill not happen the Lord knows when, if you ome and live at *London*: But I'll not give ou ſix Months Life, if you ſtay in the Country ith thoſe Melancholy Thoughts you have taken p there.

[redacted] York.

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LETTER

TO THE

Dutcheſs of *MAZARIN.*

I Have reſolv'd, Madam, to give you a Piece of Advice, tho' I am not unſenſible how little the Ladies care to receive any. But let the Effect be what it will, I am too much concern'd for your Beauty, not to inform you, that you'll injure it extreamly, if you ſhould put on fine Cloaths, on the Queen's Birth-Day. Let others of your Sex make uſe of Ornaments: Theſe are *Artificial* Beauties that ſerve them inſtead of the *Natural:* And we are oblig'd to 'em, for gratifying our Eyes with ſomething more agreeable than their own Perſons. But ſhould you follow their Example, we ſhould not have the ſame Obligation to your Grace. Every Ornament that is beſtow'd upon you, hides a Charm; as every Ornament that is taken from you, reſtores you ſome new Grace; and you are never ſo lovely, as when we behold nothing in you, but your ſelf.

The greateſt part of the Ladies are very advantageouſly loſt under their Dreſs. Some Women look well enough with a Pearl-Necklace, that would make a very ſorry Figure with their bare

bare Necks. The richeſt Necklace in the World would have an ill Effect upon you. It would make ſome Alteration in your Perſon, and every Alteration that happens to a perfect Beauty, cannot be an Advantage to it.

Thoſe who keep your Jewels from you, are better Friends to your Beauty, than you may imagine: I am more your Humble Servant than any Man; but as much your Humble Servant as I am; there are ſome Days, when I can find Excuſes for Meſſieurs *Colbert*, and *Dumetz* *. Were you in the Condition you ought to be in, it would not be ſo eaſie to diſtinguiſh the Advantages of your Perſonal Merit, from thoſe of your Fortune. Thoſe Gentlemen ſave us that Trouble: Thanks to the Care they have taken to ſeparate thoſe Two Things, we plainly ſee you are oblig'd to none but your ſelf for all the tender Sentiments Men have for you. Let others lay out all they are Worth in Jewels and fine Cloaths; Nature has been at all the Expence: And as you ſhould be ungrateful, ſo we ſhould betray an ill Taſte, ſhould we not be equally content with that Profuſion of Gifts ſhe has heap'd upon you.

I would counſel you, Madam, to take the ſame Meaſures on her Majeſty's Birth-Day, which the famous *Buſſi d'Amboiſe* formerly obſerv'd at a Tournament. Being inform'd before-hand that all the Noblemen of the Court deſign'd to put themſelves to an extraordinary Expence in their Equipage and Cloaths, he order'd his

* ...and *Mr.* Dumetz, *Keepers of the Royal ... their Cuſtody the Dutcheſs of* Mazarin's ...

his Retinue to be dreſt like Lords, and appear'd himſelf in the plainneſt Dreſs in the World, at the Head of ſo rich a Train. The Advantages of Nature were ſo conſpicuous in the Perſon of *Buſſi*, that he alone was taken for a great Lord, and the other Noblemen, that rely'd ſo much upon the Magnificence of their Habits, paſt but for Valets.

Govern your ſelf, I beſeech you, Madam, by the Example of *Buſſi*: Let *Fanchon* and *Grenier* † be attired like Dutcheſſes; but as for your ſelf, appear in the ordinary Dreſs of a Country Nymph, with nothing but the Charms of your Beauty to recommend you: All the Ladies will be taken for *Fanchons*, and the Plainneſs of your Habit will not hinder you from out-ſhining all the Queens in the Univerſe.

I have no great Inclination to tell Stories, which perhaps is nothing but the Effect of an ill-grounded Vanity, that makes me prefer the expreſſing of what I imagine, to the reciting of what I have ſeen. The Profeſſion of a Story-Teller ſits but awkwardly upon young People, but is downright Weakneſs in old Men. When our Mind is not arrived to its due Vigour, or when it begins to decline, we take a Pleaſure in telling what does not [illegible] Expence of Thought.

cy took, one day, the Count *de Guiche* †, and Monſieur *de la Valiere* *, to draw the Eyes of the Spectators after them: To put which noble Deſign in Execution, they both reſolv'd that their Dreſs ſhould have all the Magnificence which this part of the World was able to afford, and, at the ſame time, diſcover the Goodneſs of their Inventions. The Count diſtinguiſh'd himſelf by a Thouſand Singularities: He had a Tuft of Feathers in his Hat, which was button'd up by a Buckle of Diamonds, which he could have wiſh'd to have been larger, for this Occaſion. He wore about his Neck ſome Point *de Veniſe*, which was neither a Cravat nor a Band; But a ſmall Ruff, which might gratify the Secret Inclination he had contracted for the *Golilia* when he liv'd at *Madrid*. After this, Madam, you would expect to find him in a Doublet, after the *Spaniſh* Manner; but, to your ſurprize, I muſt tell you it was an *Hungarian* Veſt. Next, the Ghoſt of Antiquity haunted his Memory; ſo he cover'd his Legs with Buskins, but infinitely ſprucer and genteeler than thoſe the ancient *Romans* uſed to wear: and on which he had order'd his Miſtreſs's Name to be written in Letters that were extreamly well deſign'd, upon an Embroidery of Pearls. From his Hat down to his Veſt, he had ſquar'd himſelf by the odd Fancy of the *Admirante* of *Caſtile*; Count *de Serini*, was conſpicuous in the Veſt; and the Idea of *Scipio* had made him put on Buskins. As for *la Valiere*, he had apparell'd himſelf after

† Armand de Gramm[illegible] towards the End of the [illegible]

FOR

Madam *de Beverweert* *.

WE were ſcarce got three Miles from *Euſton* †, before we heartily repented our leaving it. The Beauty of the Place; the agreeable manner of living there; the Merit and obliging Temper of the Maſter and Miſtreſs of the Houſe: The Charms of the beautiful *Aegyptian*; the endearing Qualities of the fair Indifferent, for whom 'tis impoſſible for any one that ſees her to be indifferent; ſhe whom we always behold with Pleaſure, and whom we always hear with Admiration; That Wit ſo lively and ſo juſt; that Humour ſo gay and free, with a Conduct ſo juſt and regular: All theſe Perſons, all theſe things preſented themſelves to our Imaginations; and convinc'd us, to our Sorrow, that Happineſs is leſs known and leſs valued when poſſeſs'd, than when loſt.

Theſe melancholy Thoughts had lull'd the Ambaſſador of *Portugal* || aſleep, out of Sympathy, perhaps, with Madam *de Beverweert*, who never ſleeps ſo ſoundly, as when ſhe is in deep Affliction.

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* Charlotte de Naſſau, *before mention'd. She was Siſter to the Counteſs of* Arlington *and* Oſſory, *and to Meſſieurs* d'Olyck, d'Auverquerque, *&c. King* William *gave her the Rank of a* Counteſs.

† *The Earl of* Arlington's *Country-Seat, in* Suffolk.

|| Don Franciſco, *Count* de Melos.

Affliction. As the Conſtitutions of People are different, my Concern kept me awake to reflect on what we had loſt. I entertain'd for ſome time theſe ſad Thoughts, which were not diſagreeable; But one Whimſy uſhering in another, I found my ſelf at laſt in one of Don *Quixot*'s Fits; and being ſeiz'd, all on a ſudden, with the Spirit of Chivalry, I cried out with a loud Voice, *Ye Knights of* SUFFOLK, *Ye Palmerins of* BURY *, *come and confeſs to the Knight of the* TAGUS, *and the* Norman *Don* Quixot, *That all the* Orianas *and* Angelicas *in the World, are not worthy to carry the Slippers of the moſt Incomparable* Carolina *of* Euſton.

Tranſported as I was, and really more a Don *Quixot*, than Don *Quixot* himſelf, I ſaw a Brace of Higlers coming upon the Road, whom I immediately took for two Knights. They had both of them Cudgels in their Hands, which I fancied to be Lances, as I did their Caps, which were ſlouch'd down, like that of my Lord *Townſhend*, to be Helmets, with the Viſer down. This Equipage, which I miſtook for a Warlike Preparation, made me conclude, That Blood and Battel would ſoon enſue; for which reaſon, I thrice cried out, as loud as I was able, *SANCHO, SANCHO, ſaddle* Rozinante, *and get* Grizzle *ready.*

The Doctor †, who was behind the Coach, imagining that I call'd him, leapt down immediately, and ask'd me what I wanted; *Saddle* Rozinante, SANCHO, *with all Expedition, for lo! a new*

* *A little Town in* Suffolk.

† *One of the Earl of* Arlington's *Footmen, ſo nick-nam'd.*

a new Adventure offers it self. The honest Doctor thought, that being weary with riding in the Coach, I had a mind to ease my self on Horse-back: Upon which, he told me, *That they had not even Horses enough for his Excellency's Use.* This Answer of the Doctor brought me to my self again, and the Dreams of Knight-Errantry which had got into my Head beginning to vanish, the Knight of *Tagus* came by degrees to be the *Portugal* Ambassador, the *Norman* Don *Quixote* ged to *St. Evremond*; and the Brace passed quietly by us, with their Caps.

I must needs own, that I made no crifice to Madam *de Beverweert*, who Reason for the Love of her. The to part with, made the Loss inconsid indeed of the Ambassador was im accordingly he husbanded it much did mine; and you'll find by what tell you, that he preserv'd it as s pos'd, as if he had been alt cern'd.

Coming to a [illegible] swell'd by [illegible] little before, [illegible] he might [illegible] *la Roche* [illegible] him, [illegible] that [illegible] I

A

LETTER

TO

Madam *de* BEVERWEERT.

I Have made but a sorry Apology with you, f
the wrong Use I made of the Title we h
to his Excellency's Life. If you would be co
tented with the Death of an ordinary Person,
would offer you mine, that you might order M
demoiselle *la Roche*, to dispose of it as you thi
fit: But my Death is not worth the notice. I a
inconsiderable in every Thing: A small Gam
ster with Madam *Mazarin*; a little *Mortal* wi
you, unworthy even to die in your Service.
will therefore live, and join my Resentme
with yours, to revenge you upon the Ambass
dor, and thereby vindicate and retrieve the H
nour of your Charms. I entertain no longer a
Hopes from the Rivers, or Trees of *Audley-En*
His Excellency is not an Excellency that w
either drown, or hang himself: He fattens upo
your hard Usage; and your Indifference giv
him so strong and firm a Gore, that I find in hi
a sufficient Stock of Health, to conclude Fo
Treaties of General Peace, instead of one.

yo

so staggered
going to
Time be w

you continue to uſe him ill, he will be in a Condition to bury all the Plenipotentiaries at *Nimeguen: Ma laſciate far a me, ſon Furbo*; and I will ſhew a Trick to reduce Count *de Melos* to a moſt lamentable Condition. I have obſerv'd that your Cruelties prolong his Life: *Take a contrary Courſe, and* kill him with Kindneſs. I remember a certain Amour, wherein his Excellency was happy: But he did not mock the Favours of the fair Lady, as he does your Rigors; For he had ſuch a Fit of Sickneſs upon it, that his Phyſicians had much ado to reſtore his Health. When one has good Patterns to go by, it is no difficult matter to manage aright: I adviſe you, Madam, to ſquare your Conduct by this Example; and never believe me more, if Four Days good Uſage don't put off the Ambaſſador's Journey to *Nimeguen*, more effectually than the Oppoſition of the *Spaniards*, and of all the Confederates together could do.

A DE-

A

DEFENCE

Of ſome Dramatick Pieces of Mr. CORNEILLE,

To Monſieur BARILLON *.

I Never doubted your Inclination to Vertue: But did not believe you ſo ſcrupulous, as not to bear with *Rodogune* upon the Stage, becauſe ſhe would ſuggeſt to her Lovers the Deſign of putting their Mother to Death, after their Mother had endeavour'd to perſuade her Children to kill their Miſtreſs. I beſeech you, Sir, to forget the Lenity of our Temper, the Innocency of our Morals, the Humanity of our Politicks, that you may conſider the barbarous Cuſtoms, and criminal Maxims of Eaſtern Princes. When you have reflected, that in all Royal Families of *Aſia*, Fathers make away with their Children upon the ſlighteſt Suſpicion; That Children put their Parents to Death, through an Impatience of Aſcending the Throne; That Husbands kill their Wives, and Wives poyſon their Husbands; That Brothers make nothing of murthering Brothers: When, I ſay, you have conſider'd ſo deteſtable a Cuſtom, eſtabliſh'd among the Kings of thoſe Nations, you'll not wonder

* *Ambaſſador Extraordinary from* France *to King* Charles II.

wonder ſo much at *Rodoguna*'s endeavouring to revenge the Death of her Husband upon *Cleopatra*; ſecure her Life; recover her Liberty, and advance a Lover to the Throne, by the Deſtruction of the moſt wicked Woman that ever lived. *Corneille* has given the Young Princes all the Affection they ought to have for the beſt of Mothers; and has made the Young Queen take ſuch Reſolations as the Neceſſity of her Affairs required.

You'll ſay, perhaps, that ſuch Crimes may be committed in *Aſia*, but ought not to be repreſented in *France*. But what Reaſon induces you to deny our Theatre to a Lady, merely for adviſing a Crime for her own Safety, while you grant that Favour to thoſe who committed the ſame Crime, without any Provocation? Why ſhould he baniſh *Rodoguna* from our Stage, and admit upon it with Applauſe *Electra* and *Oreſtes*? Why ſhould *Atreus* be ſuffer'd to ſerve up to *Thyeſtes* his own Children in a Feaſt? Or *Nero* to poyſon *Britannicus*? Why ſhould *Herod*, King of the *Jews*, the People whom God loved, be allow'd to put his Wife to Death; or *Amurat* to ſtrangle *Roxana* and *Bajazet*? And to paſs from the *Jews* and *Turks* to the *Chriſtians*, why ſhould *Philip* II, the moſt Catholick Prince, be ſuffer'd to put *Don Carlos* to Death, upon a Suſpicion not clearly made out? One of the moſt diverting * NOVELS we have in *French*, has reviv'd the Memory of a Thing *almoſt* bury'd in *Oblivion*, and has produc'd a Tragedy † in *England*, whoſe Subject has pleas'd all *Engliſh-men*. *Rodoguna*, that

* Don Carlos Nouvelle Hiſtorique, *by the Abbot of St. Real.*

† *Written by Mr. Otway.*

poor oppreſs'd Princeſs, has not deſired the committing of a Crime for the Crime-ſake; but only her Safety, which could not be eſtabliſh'd, but by a Crime: Tho' after all, this was more a Crime, with Reſpect to a MONK, than with Reſpect to an AMBASSADOR; a Crime which *Machiavel* would have accounted a Political Virtue, and which the Wickedneſs of *Cleopatra* may well make paſs for a Piece of Juſtice, lawfully adminiſtred.

One Thing which you found great Fault with was, That a young Princeſs ſhould be made capable of ſo vigorous a Reſolution. I am not well acquainted with her Age: But I know ſhe was a Queen, and a Widow; and either of theſe Qualities is ſufficient to make a Woman lay aſide Scruples, at any Age. Spare, Sir, ſpare, I beſeech you, *Rodoguna*. The World will furniſh us with greater Crimes than hers, wherein you may make a better Uſe of the Virtuous Abhorrence you have for Villainous Actions.

TO

TO THE

Dutcheſs of *MAZARIN.*

II. METhinks *Rodoguna* is pretty well juſtified; let's do the ſame Service to *Emilia*, with Reſpect to Madam *Mazarin*. Suſpend your Judgment, Madam, *Emilia* is not guilty of any great Crime for expoſing *Cinna* to the Danger of a Conſpiracy. Condemn her not, leſt you condemn your ſelf: 'Tis by your own Sentiments I deſign to defend hers; and by *Hortenſia* to juſtify *Emilia*.

Emilia had ſeen her Family proſcrib'd; Her Father murder'd: And what was yet more inſupportable to a *Roman* Lady, ſhe ſaw the Republick ſubdued by *Cæſar Auguſtus*. The Thirſt of Revenge, and the Deſign of Reſtoring Liberty, made her look out for Friends, to whom the like Injuries might inſpire the ſame Sentiments; and whom the ſame Sentiments might unite in the Deſtruction of an Uſurper. *Cinna*, a Nephew of *Pompey*, and the only Remainder of that great Family, who had periſh'd in the Cauſe of the Common-wealth, join'd his Reſentments with thoſe of *Emilia*; and both being animated by the Remembrance of their reſpective Wrongs, as well as by the Intereſt of the Publick, form'd together the bold Scheme of that Illuſtrious and Celebrated Conſpiracy.

In the Conferences that were held for carrying on this Deſign, their Hearts united, as well as their Minds; 'twas only in order to add Vigour and Life to their Conſpiracy; nor did ever *Emilia* promiſe her Love to *Cinna*, but upon

Condition that he should entirely devote himself to their Enterprize. Thus they plotted before they loved one another; and their Passion, which blended its Uneasinesses and Fears, with those that ever attend Conspiracies, was still submissive and subservient to the Desire of Revenge, and the Love of Liberty.

As their Design was upon the Point of Execution, *Cinna* being wrought upon by the Confidence and Benefits of *Augustus*, discover'd to *Emilia* a Soul affected with Remorse, and ready to follow other Counsels: But *Emilia*, more a *Roman* than *Cinna*, reproach'd him with his Weakness; and remain'd more firm in her Resolution than ever. Hereupon she reviled her Lover, and imposed upon him those Conditions which you could not endure; but which, Madam, you will certainly approve, when you have better consulted your own Reason. The Desire of Revenge was the first Passion of *Emilia*; the Design of Restoring the Common-wealth, join'd it self with that Desire; Love *therefore* was only the Result of the Conspiracy, and entred the Soul of the Conspirators, more like a Servant than a Master.

Joignons à la Douceur de venger nos Parens.
La Gloire qu'on remporte à punir les Tyrans;
*Et faisons publier par toute l'*Italie.
' La Liberté de *Rome* est l'Oeuvre d'*Emilie*;
' On a touché son Ame, & son Coeur s'est epris,
' Mais elle n'a donné son Amour qu'à ce Prix *. That

* [illegible] Cornelius's Cinna.

That is,

'Tis ſweet t'avenge a Proſcrib'd Family;
'Tis glorious to pull down Proud Tyranny.
This Deed through *Italy* will ſound my Fame,
And *Rome* will owe its Freedom to my Name.
My Heart, 'tis true, was won: But ſuch a Prize
Was only to reward the Enterprize.

You was born at *Rome*, Madam, and have there receiv'd a Soul of the ſame Stamp with thoſe of the *Porcias*, and *Arrias* †, whereas the others that are born there, have but common *Italian* Souls. With this great, this *Roman* Soul, if you liv'd now-a-days in a Republick that ſhould be oppreſs'd; if your Parents were out-law'd; your Houſe deſolate; and, which is moſt odious and intolerable to a Free-born Perſon, if one of your Equals was become your Maſter: When you had bought a Dagger to plunge it into your own Breaſt, upon the Proſpect of the Ruin of your Country, would you not try its Edge on the Tyrant, before you uſed it againſt your ſelf? Undoubtedly you would plot: And a miſerable Lover who would ſuggeſt to you the Weakneſs of a Remorſe, would be treated with more Severity by *Hortenſia*, than *Cinna* ever was by *Emilia*.

I put the Caſe, You and I ſhould live in the ſame Common wealth, whoſe Liberty is oppreſs'd by an Ambitious Fellow-Citizen. In ſuch a deplorable Condition I ſhould offer to you an Old *Cinna*, who would make but a very ſmall Impreſſion on your Heart: But, however, if you had

† *The Wives of* Brutus, *and* Petus,

had commanded him to puniſh the Tyrant, he would not come back to you with Qualms of Conſcience, and ſelfiſh Conſiderations. He would look upon the Confidence and Benefits of the New *Auguſtus* as Injuries; Dangers would but animate him to ſerve you; And, in ſhort, he would carry ſuch a generous Spirit to the Execution of the Enteprize, that you would either pity him Dead, for having obey'd your Orders, or Commend him alive, for having perform'd them.

How Miſerable is the Condition of an Old Philoſopher! He cares not for Glory, and the beſt that can befal him, is to have all his Services rewarded by a little Praiſe. Nor is this ſhew of Favour, as vain and as empty as it is, granted him but very rarely: And he even finds others more inclin'd to Vex, than Commend him. God grant the *Portugueze* Ambaſſador * long to Live! For if he was dead and gone, the Philoſopher † would be next expos'd to the ill Uſage his Excellency undergoes every Day.

---

* *Count* de Melos.

† *Meaning himſelf.*

TO

TO

MESSIEURS De ****.

III. IF I ſometimes diſpute with you, Gentlemen, 'tis only to fill up the Vacancy of Play, and to divert the Tediouſneſs of a languiſhing dull Converſation. I contend with Deſign to yield; and bring but weak Reaſons to oppoſe you, being ready prepar'd to acknowledge the Superiority of your Arguments.

Upon theſe Conſiderations, I have maintain'd that *LE MENTEUR*, (or, *The Lyar*,) was a good Comedy; That the Subject or Plott of the *CID* was happy and well laid; and, tho' that Play be not altogether without Faults, yet that it appear'd very well upon the Stage. I have likewiſe maintain'd, that *RODOGUNE* was a very fine Tragedy; and that *OEDIPUS* ought to paſs for a Maſter-Piece of Art: Could I do you a greater Pleaſure, Gentlemen, than to give you ſo juſt an Occaſion to contradict me, and to ſhew the Strength and Clearneſs of your Judgment, at the Expence of Mine?

I had maintain'd, that in order to make a fine Play, a Man ought to pitch upon a Noble Subject, lay the Plot right, purſue it well, and conduct it naturally to its End; That Characters ought to enter into the Frame of the Plot, and not the Plot be framed after the Drawing of the Characters; That our Actions ought to go before our Qualities and Humours; That we ought to aſſign Philoſophy the Province of acquainting us with what Men are, and Comedy with what they

Racine is preferr'd to *Corneille*; and the *Characters* before the *Plot*. I not only renounce my own Opinion, Madam, but maintain yours with more Resolution than Mr. *Villiers* can shew in Maintaining the Beauty of his Relations. I have changed the Order both of my *Praises* and *Censures*: From Five a-Clock in the Evening, I shall blame what you shall judge blameable; and at Midnight I shall commend what you shall think Praise-worthy. As the last Sacrifice I can make, I shall continue as long as you please the Cursed Partnership between the Ambassador of *France*, Count *Castelmelhor*, and my self. Propose any Thing that's more Difficult; and your Commands, Madam, will enable me to perform it.

A

LETTER

TO THE

Dutchess of *MAZARIN*.

IF you find any Extravagancies in the little Book I send you, you are oblig'd *in Honour*, to excuse them; since you have robb'd me of my Judgment, which might have hindred me from committing them to Writing. I have [illegible] of my time with the Company [illegible]

Perſons, to whom I am beholden for leaving me ſo much good Senſe as I had occaſion for, to effect [illegible] Merit, without diſturbing my Repoſe [illegible] juſt Grounds to complain of you [illegible] ng me of all my Reaſon, which the [illegible] are.

How unhappy is my Condition! I have loſt every thing on the ſide of Reaſon, and I ſee nothing for me to pretend to on the ſide of Paſſion. Shall I ask you to Love a Man of my Age? I have not been ſo good a Chriſtian, as to expect Miracles in my Favour. If the Merit of my Paſſion could obtain of you a Concern for my being Old, and a Deſire that I were Young again, I ſhould be content. The Favour of a Wiſh is but a ſmall Matter; Pray refuſe me not that. It is natural to wiſh that every thing we Love, were amiable.

There never was ſo diſintereſted a Paſſion in the World, as mine. I Love thoſe you Love, nor do I Love leſs thoſe who Love you; I conſider your Lovers, as your Subjects, inſtead of hating them as my Rivals: And that which is *yours* is dearer to me, than that which is againſt me, is hateful to me. As for what relates to the Perſons who are dear to you, I take no leſs a Concern in them than you; My Soul carries its Movements and Affections to the Place where yours are; I relent when you grow tender; when you languiſh 'tis the ſame Caſe with me. The Paſſionate Songs at the Opera make no Impreſſion upon me of themſelves; they have no manner of Influence over me, but by that which they have over you. I am touch'd to ſee you touch'd; and thoſe melancholy Sighs, which, now and then, ſteal unawares from you, put my Heart to no leſs Expence than they do yours.

I have little or no ſhare in cauſing any of your Pains, but I ſuffer from them as much as you do. Sometimes you produce in us a Paſſion different from that which you deſign'd to excite. If you repeat any Verſes out of the *ANDROMACHE*, you inſpire Love with the Sentiments of a Mother, who would only ſtir up Pity. You endeavour to make us ſenſible of her Misfortunes, and you ſoon ſee us ſenſible of your own Charms. Sad and compaſſionate Expreſſions revive ſecretly in our Hearts the Paſſion which they have for you; and the Grief which you would raiſe in us for an unfortunate Lady, becomes a Natural Senſe of our own Torments.

One ſhould not believe this without making Experience of it, at his own Coſt. Thoſe Matters that ſeem moſt oppoſite to Tenderneſs, aſſume an affecting Air in your Mouth: Your Reaſonings, your Diſputes, your Altercations, nay, your very Anger have their Charms; ſo difficult it is to find any thing in you, which does not contribute to the Paſſion you inſpire. Nothing comes from you which is not amiable; Nothing is form'd in you which does not turn to Love.

A ſerious Reflection, puts me in mind that you will laugh at me for this Diſcourſe; but you cannot make merry with my Weakneſs, without being pleas'd with your Beauty; and I am ſatisfied with my Shame, if it gives you any ſatisfaction. A Man may ſacrifice his Repoſe, his Liberty, and his Fortune. But *Honour*, ſays *Montaigne, is never Sacrificed.* I will make bold to Contradict *MONTAIGNE* in this Particular; and don't refuſe to become ridiculous for the Love of you.

But

But upon ſecond Thoughts, Madam, we cannot make you a Sacrifice of this Nature: Since a Man can never be ridiculous in Loving you. A Miniſter † of State renounces his Politicks for you; and a Philoſopher his Morals, without any Prejudice to their Reputation. The Power of an Exquiſite Beauty, juſtifies all the Paſſion which it is capable of producing; and after having conſulted my Judgment, as nicely as my Heart, I will tell you without fearing to be ridicul'd for it, that *I Love you.*

† *He means* Don Luis de Vaſconcellos *and* Souza, *Count* de Caſtelmelhor, *Prime Miniſter and Favourite of* Alphonſo, *King of* Portugal; *who after the Revolution that happen'd in that Kingdom in* 1667, *was oblig'd to retire to* Turin, *from whence he obtain'd leave to come to* England, *where he ſtaid* 10 *or* 12 *Years. He was ſtill alive at* Lisbon *ſome Years ago.*

A LETTER TO THE Earl of St. *ALBANS.*

I Have been at Death's Door, My Lord, since I had the Honour of Seeing your Lordship; and what contributes to make me yet more unhappy; there is no Distemper now stirring at *London*, but only what I languish under; no Gout, no Rheumatism, nay, not so much as the Tooth-Ach. My Lord *Arlington*, to whom you yielded the Title of the First Gouty Man in *England*, might now take Twenty Turns in the *Mall*, as well as the Good Gentlewoman that uses to attend you. As for my self, I am not yet fully restor'd to my Health; and had it not been for some Remedies I met with, I had certainly died.

But why, My Lord, should you resolve to pass the Winter in a Country where the Horses are a hundred times better lookt after, than we are? Where there are *Mayernes* * to cure the Diseases of the Race-Horse, and little better than Farriers to cure those of the Men. If you were possess'd with any of those Religious Enthusi-

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aſms, which make ſo many Fanaticks weary of their Lives, I ſhould be able to account for this ſtrange Impatience of yours to die. But, My Lord, if you are a Man like one of us; if you ſtill preſerve a natural Inclination to Live, as Monſieur the Mareſchal *de Villeroy*, the Maſter of the Horſe † to the King of *France*, Monſieur *de Ruvigny*, and your other Contemporaries continue to do: Why ſhould you ſo obſtinately pitch upon a Place where you don't paſs one Day, without retrenching Five or Six, at leaſt, of your Life?

But I dwell too long upon a Diſcourſe, which I ought to have lightly paſs'd over. I muſt now come to more agreeable Ideas. The Dutcheſs of *Portſmouth* will give you what Share in her Bank you pleaſe. My Lord * *Hide* promiſes to ſhew you certain Civilities, which will almoſt amount to a Confidence. My Lord Ambaſſador offers to give you a full Inſight into the Affairs of *Hungary*, and the War that the Northern Princes are now going to engage in; and what I Eſteem much more, the Duke of *Ormond* is ready to play with you at *Trick-Track* without Odds. You will tell me now that you are ſcarce able to ſee, and that you are troubled with ſo many Indiſpoſitions, that the World is weary of you. My Lord, you take the Thing wrong: 'Tis the Country, and not the World that is weary of you.

In the Country, People judge of you by the Weakneſs of your Sight; your *Infirmities* there, are taken for *Faults*; and you can't imagine what a

† then.

Rocheſter.

a deſpicable Opinion your robuſt Country-G tlemen have of an infirm Courtier. Here Town, my Lord, you are valued for the Stren of your Judgment; your Infirmities are pitı and your good Qualities reverenc'd.

What a difference is there then between th two Places to live in! And yet, My Lord, have choſen that which is ſo contrary to y Health, and to your Reputation. That wh uſes to be the greateſt Puniſhment of Perſon Diſgrace, you have voluntarily impoſed u your ſelf: You have depriv'd your ſelf of Society of Men that know the World, and v whom you have always lived. A Man r comfort himſelf for the Loſs of his Fortune, cannot receive Conſolation after he has loſt Sweetneſs of agreeable Converſation, and is petually perſecuted by Impertinents. Rel your ſelf with Reaſon as long as you ple The Relief of Reaſon ſignifies nothing; wl the Delicacy of ones Taſt is offended.

Return, My Lord, Return to your Fri that know your Merit, as you know th There is not one of them who will not cor bute, as far in him lies, either to your Relief your Pleaſure. The Politeneſs of my Lord *derland*, will ſoon make you ſenſible that that of Life, which you thought the Sweeteſt moſt Natural, is Rude and Groſs: And eaſie, free, and unconſtrain'd, way of Liv which he has ſet up at Court, will for ever r you out of Love with the falſe Tranquillity boaſt of in the Country. The Dutcheſs of *zarin* will eaſe you of your Scruple about Vi She will not take it ill that you ſit juſt by without Seeing her; and leſs ſenſible jury ſhe will receive, than of the ſuffer by it; ſhe will make you

neſs of a Converſation, which is not at all inferior to the Charms of her Beauty. For your ſake ſhe will ſuſpend her Eagerneſs for *Baſſet*, and oblige you with that Pure and Calm Reaſon, that ſhe refuſes us every day. Mr. *Waller* has in ſtore a delicious Converſation for you. I am not ſo vain as to tell you any thing of my own: I had better promiſe you my Services on *Sundays*, and ſuffer my ſelf to loſe at *Chess*, every time that Monſieur *de Saiſſac* bets on my ſide.

I will ſay nothing to you of Madam *Crofts* *: Since ſhe has been Dutcheſs of *Chaſtellerault*, I can't tell how ſhe will behave her ſelf towards My Lord of *St. Albans*.

If theſe Temptations are too weak, and you are fully reſolved to retire out of the World from this hour; Pray Conſider, My Lord, that a Perſon of Quality ought to retire into a Capital City. Your Reaſon will ſteal you out of the World in a City, whenever you pleaſe. Your Imagination will carry you into in the Country, even when you would not have it. Live here, My Lord, like a Philoſopher at your own Houſe. 'Twill be a new Merit, for which the World will Eſteem you. To live like a Philo-

* *Miſtreſs* Crofts, *Siſter to the Lord* Crofts, *had been one of the Maids of Honour to the Queen. After ſhe retired from Court, her Houſe became a pleaſurable Rendezvous, where the Earl of* St. Albans, *and two or three more Perſons of Quality uſed to Sup almoſt every Night. The Earl of* Arran, *now Duke of* Hamilton, *paid aſſiduous Court to that Lady, whereupon the Earl of* St. Albans *withdrew.* Mr. de St. Evremond *in this Place rallies this new Intrigue: Calling Miſtreſs* Crofts DUTCHESS *of* CHASTELLERAULT; *becauſe the Earl of* Arran *had been in* France, *to purſue an Old Claim of the Houſe of* Hamilton, *to the Dutchy of* Chaſtellerault.

ſopher in *Suffolk*, is to make one's ſelf Obſcure, rather than Wiſe; and forgotten by others, inſtead of knowing one's ſelf.

The greateſt Philoſophers of Antiquity lived in the fineſt City of *Greece*; and he † who Preached up the Advantages of a Private Life, had Delicate fine Gardens at *Athens*, where five or ſix of his Friends plaid the Philoſophers with him. I know not how to find my way from *Athens* back to *London*; however, I could wiſh that you would return thither as ſoon as I. And now, My Lord, I am here to expect you, and deſire you to bring Mr. *Fermyn* along with you. Reſtore him to the World, even in ſpite of himſelf. It will not be long, e're He will return you Thanks for a Violence ſo happily committed; neither will you, My Lord, be behind hand with us long, for owing this Reſolution to our Advice.

† *Epicurus.*

'bled him in a thouſand other Qualities, was re-
'ſolved of late to imitate him too in this. Thus I
'have ſhewn you, Mr. *Burnet*, from whence pro-
'ceeds this Alteration in his Grace's Life, which
'you, it ſeems, have miſtaken for a Converſion.

But with Mr. *Burnet*'s and Mr. *Waller*'s leave, I ſhall account for it after another manner. 'Tis a certain Maxim with me, that no Man of a nice Palate can love Vice, when once it ceaſes to be agreeable; therefore I don't wonder that a Perſon of a refined Taſte, takes up with the Virtue of Continence in the North, where there are no Objects to tempt him. But I dare engage, that if your Grace were among Beauties that have Charms enough to conquer the moſt inſenſible, we ſhould ſoon find the new Convert of Mr. *Burnet*, and Mr. *Waller*'s new *Petronius*, to be nothing in the World but the true genuine Duke of *Buckingham*.

Heaven forbid that I ſhould ever perſwade you to Love. But I have another Sin to propoſe to you, which of your ſelf you wou'd never gueſs; and yet I recommend it ſincerely to you, and from the bottom of my Heart: I mean *Covetouſneſs*, which, in my Opinion would be more Advantageous to your Grace, than the Wiſdom of Philoſophers, or the Glory of Conquerors. To be ſhort, I ſhould rather chuſe to ſee your Grace reſemble Sir. *Charles Herbert*, or any of the Heroes in *Lombard-ſtreet*, than either *Socrates* or *Cæſar*. The greater, the Difficulty is, the greater is the Merit of ſurmounting it. Now all the World knows that your Grace will find more trouble to imitate the former than the two latter Gentlemen.

As we don't all on the ſudden arrive to the height of Perfection, I do not exact from you that ſevere Diſcipline of Oeconomy, which makes a Man deny himſelf every thing amidſt an Aſſlu-

Affluence of All. What I beg of your Grace, is, that you would have a watchful Eye upon thoſe who have the fingering of your Money, to keep them honeſt in ſpite of themſelves. For unleſs out of Tenderneſs to their Souls, you hinder them from playing the Knaves, I dare ſwear for them that they will venture Damnation a hundred times a Day and all in your Grace's Service.

If ever you return to *London*, with a ſmall Retinue but a great deal of Money in your Pocket, you will certainly be the wonder of the whole Nation. If you neglect this Advice, the greater part of the World will never be for you, and you muſt content your ſelf with a few Admirers in private, of whom your moſt humble Servant ſhall always be the firſt.

A LETTER

A

LETTER

To the Dutcheſs of MAZARIN.

THE Diſcourſe we had together Yeſterday in the Evening, has been running in my Head all Night; Nor do I wonder at it Madam: For when a man has had the Pleaſure of ſeeing you and hearing you Speak before he goes to Bed, he muſt not expect that of ſound Sleeping. I dreamt that Monſieur *Barillon*, argued with a great deal of Solidity. Count *de Melos*, who ever preferr'd a ſubmiſſive Mind to Reaſoning, was willing to yeild to your Arguments; and look'd upon your Knowledge as an Authority which he ought to Reverence.

I confeſs I was both convinc'd by, and charm'd with Your Reaſons; which made their Impreſſion in my Mind with all the Force of Truth, and Inſinuated themſelves into my Heart, with all the allurements of your Perſon. The Heart ſoft and tender as it is, has a Natural Repugnance to the Auſterity of Reaſon; But your Reaſon has found a great Secret: For it enlightens the Mind, and at the ſame time Kindles a Paſſion in the Heart. Hitherto Reaſon was never accounted among the Attractives of the Fair Sex; And you are the firſt that have made it proper to inſpire Love. Had it not been for you Madam, the Truth we ſearch after would have appear'd ſo harſh to us. Truth which was Baniſh'd our Converſation, as Impertinent; An'

in a dark Receſs, as a Mover of Sedition: Truth, I ſay, changes its Nature in your Mouth, and comes out only to reconcile to you the Minds of every Body. You ſet it up again in the World with an entire ſatisfaction of all that hear you Speak.

Not, Madam, but that you have your ſhare of the Malignity of Nature too: For you have ſometimes a ſet Deſign to offend us; and without being a Conjurer, a Man may diſcover your malicious Intentions. But your Charms are Superior to theſe ill Intentions: You pleaſe even when you have a Mind to do the contrary. And the only Difficulty which you may find inſeparable, is *not to pleaſe*.

Truth can bear no longer the Violence you have offer'd to it: And therefore will reſume the Dryneſs and Auſterity you have taken from it. I am going to reſtore it it's Natural Qualities; and you'll be ſoon Senſible of it, Madam, upon Peruſal of the Small Diſcourſe I ſend you herewith.

'AS SOON as we have loſt the Taſte of Pleaſures, our Fancy furniſhes us with agreeable I-'deas, which Supply the Place of ſenſible things. 'The Mind endeavours to make up loſt Pleaſures, 'and ſo goes to ſeek Advantages in the next 'World, when the Enjoyments that Affected the 'Body are fled from us.

'A Diſguſt for Libertiniſm and Debauchery 'raiſes ſometimes in us a Deſire to turn De-'vout; but as ſoon as we are Settled in a more 'Religious and Holy way of Living, we Spend 'our Days in Endeavouring to comprehend what 'cannot be comprehended; And theſe barren 'and empty Contemplations ſometimes produce 'irkſom Reflections on the Torment we Suffer, for a Good oppoſite to the Senſes, little known to

'Reaſon, and faintly conceived by an uncertain 'and unſure Faith. From hence Spring the great- 'eſt Diſorders and Irregularities in Monaſteries: 'For when the Felicity which is Promiſed to 'Recluſe Religious Perſons happens to appear 'doubtful, the certain Ill they muſt undergo be- 'comes Inſupportable to them.

'The variety of Tempers has a great ſhare in 'the diverſity of Opinions Men entertain about 'Things Supernatural. Soft and Tender Souls 'naturally Incline to the Love of God; and the 'Timorous to the Fear of Hell; the Irreſolute 'lie in Doubt; and the Wiſe ſtick to what's 'moſt Solid, without Examining what's moſt 'true. The Docible acquieſce; the Opiniona- 'ted grow obſtinate in the Sentiments they have 'either received from Others or form'd Them- 'ſelves; and the Stickler's for Reaſon, will be 'convinc'd by Proofs which they cannot find.

'*When Men*, ſaid Mr. *Wurts* *, *have once taken 'out of Chriſtianity what they have foiſted into it, 'there will be but one Religion, as plain in its Doctrine, 'as pure in its Morals*,

'As we do not receive our Belief from † Rea- 'ſon, ſo neither doesReaſon make us change our 'Belief. A ſecret Diſguſt for old Opinions, 'makes us Renounce the Religion we have been 'Bred in; the ſatisfaction the Mind finds in new 'Thoughts, makes us take up with another; But 'yet when a Man has changed his Religion, if 'he uſes ſtrong Arguments againſt the Errors 'he has abandon'd, he has but very weak ones to 'maintain theTruth of theFaith he hasEmbrac'd.

'Doctrine

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* *General of the* Dutch *Troops in the War of* 1672.

' Doctrine is contentious every where; And ' will eternally afford Matter of Controverſy in ' all Religions; But we may agree upon what ' relates to Morals. The World are Unanimous ' and of the ſame Opinion as to the Commands ' God has laid upon us, and the Obedience we ' owe to him; For in this Caſe God manifeſts ' Himſelf to Men in things which Men know ' and are ſenſible of. As for Myſteries, they are ' above the reach of Human Underſtanding; ' And tis in vain we endeavour to know what's ' beyond ourKnowledge, And is neither the ' Object of our Senſes, nor of our Reaſon. Cuſ- ' tom authorizes the Diſcourſing about it, but ' Grace alone can Inſpire the Belief of it.

' It is not in our Power to Believe, either ' what Others pleaſe, or even what we deſire. ' The Underſtanding cannot acquieſce but in ' ſuch things as appear evident to it; But the ' Will ought to ſubmit to the Commands it Re- ' ceives.

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† *See a Book Entitled*, COMMENTAIRE PHILOSOPHIQUE *ſur ces Paroles de* JESUS-CHRIST, *Contrain les d'entrer*; Part 11. Pag. 534.

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THE

CHARACTER

OF

Madam MAZARIN.

I Am unjuſtly Accuſed for having too great a Complaiſance for Madam *de Mazarin*: For in truth, there is no Perſon that ſhe has greater Reaſon to complain of, than my ſelf. For ſix Months together I have been maliciouſly ſpying out ſomething in Her, which might diſpleaſe me, but in ſpite of all my Endeavours, I could diſcover nothing there that was not too Lovely, and too Charming. An Ill-natur'd Curioſity makes me examine every Feature in her Face, with a deſign either to meet there ſome ſhocking Irregularity or ſome diſguſting Diſagreeableneſs. But how unluckily do I Succeed in my Deſign! every Feature about her has a particular Beauty, that does not in the leaſt yield to that of her Eyes, which by the conſent of all the World are the fineſt in the Univerſe. One thing there is that entirely confounds me: Her Teeth, her Lips, her Mouth, and all the Graces that attend it, are loſt amongſt the great variety of Beauties in her Face; but if we compare them to theſe fine Mouths, that make the greateſt Charm of theſe Perſons whom we moſt admire, They Drown, and Eclipſe every thing elſe, and what's but Indifferent in her, will not ſuffer us to conſi-

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der what's moſt Remarkable in others. The Malice of my Curioſity does not ſtop here. I proceed to ſpy out ſome defect in her ſhape; and I find I know not what Graces of Nature ſo happily, and ſo liberally ſcatter'd in her Perſon that the Genteelneſs of Others, only ſeems to be Conſtraint and Affectation.

When Madam *Mazarin* pleaſes me too much in her Negligence, I adviſe her to have recourſe to Art, hoping that her Ornaments and her Dreſs will not fail to ruine her Native Charms: But ſcarce has ſhe dreſs'd her ſelf, but I am forc'd to confeſs, that I never ſaw in any Perſon ſo great and ſo noble an Air as hers. Nor my Ill-nature ſatisfied with this, I have a mind to ſee her in her Chambers, amongſt her Dogs, her Monkeys, and her Birds, hoping that the Diſorder of her Dreſs, will make her loſe the Majeſty of that Beauty, that aſtoniſh'd us at Court. But here it is, that ſhe is a Hundred times more Amiable; here it is, that a more Natural Charm gives us a Diſguſt to all that Art and Induſtry can do; here it is that the Freedom of her Wit and of her Humour leaves none to the Perſon that beholds her.

What could the greateſt of her Enemies do more? I wiſh ſome Sickneſs might Invade her to undermine her Graces; But alas we are more to be Pittied than ſhe in her Pains. Her very Pains have a Charm that does us a greater Miſchief, than the Sufferer by them.

After having relented and grieved at her Indiſpoſition, I endeavour to give her an occaſion to Abuſe me, that I may be exaſperated againſt her: With this Deſign I purpoſely contradict all ſhe ſays; I provoke her Anger by contention; I put her in the way to wrong me at Play: I ſuggeſt to my ſelf all the Means of my Oppreſſion that

I may be furniſhed with a Pretence for a real Reſentment. But, alas! to what Purpoſe is all this troubleſome Induſtry? Her ill Treatment Pleaſes inſtead of Provoking; and her Injuries more charming than the Careſſes of others, are ſo many Charms, that enſlave me to her Will. I paſs from her Serious Moments, to thoſe of her Gaiety; For as I am ſometimes willing to ſee her Serious out of hopes to find her leſs agreeable; So am I deſirous to ſee her more Free, thinking to find her Indiſcreet. But when ſhe's Serious, ſhe makes us admire her good Senſe; when free and jovial, her Sprightlineſs.

She knows as much as a Man can know; and ſhe conceals her Knowledge with all the Diſcretion, that becomes a prudent Woman. She has ſome acquired Learning, which never betrays the Study She employ'd to gain it. She has ſome happy Thoughts, that are as far from an affected Art that Diſpleaſes us, as from a natural Luxuriancy that offends us.

I have ſeen ſome Ladies that have made Conqueſts by the Advantage of their Beauty, and loſt them again through a defect of Wit. I have ſeen others that Engag'd us to them, by being Beautifull and Witty together; but diſcourag'd us from a farther Purſuit by their Indiſcretion, Fickleneſs and Avarice. But in Madam *de Mazarin*, if you paſs from her Face to her Wit, from the Qualities of her Mind, to thoſe of her Soul, you will find that every thing attracts you, that every thing faſtens and Binds you, and that nothing can diſengage you. We defend our ſelves from the Charms of other Ladies by our Reaſon. But 'tis Reaſon that ſubjects us to her Power. With other Ladies our Love generally begins, where our Reaſon ends: Here our Love cannot end, unleſs we loſe our Reaſon.

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What I obſerve to be moſt Extraordinary in Madam *Mazarin*, is, that ſhe daily inſpires new Deſires; and that after a long Familiarity, ſhe makes us feel all the tender Sweetneſs of a growing Paſſion. She is the only Perſon of her Sex, for whom we may be eternally Conſtant; and with whom one may enjoy every Hour the diverſion of Inconſtancy. We never change for her Perſon: We change every Moment for her Features; and reliſh, in ſome manner, all that new, that lively Joy, which Unfaithfulneſs in Love makes us feel.

Sometimes her Mouth is abandon'd for her Eyes; ſometimes we leave her Eyes to admire her Mouth, her Cheeks, her Noſe, her Eyebrows, her Forehead, her Hair, nay, her Ears, (ſo much pains has Nature taken to make every thing perfect in this Beautiful Body) her Ears attract our Inclinations in their turn, and make us taſte the Pleaſure of Change. To conſider her Features ſeparately, one would be apt to ſay, that there is a ſecret Jealouſy between them; and that they are ſtill upon the watch to ſteal Lovers from one another: To conſider them in Conjunction, and as they are united and joyn'd together, we ſee them form a Beauty, that neither ſuffers Inconſtancy for itſelf, nor Fidelity for others. I have ſaid enough of what's to be ſeen: Let us now gueſs at hidden Beauties; and boldly affirm, by Conjecture, that the Merit of what we do not ſee far ſurpaſſes all that we have ſeen.

A LET-

A LETTER

To Madam MAZARIN.

I Read juſt now, with Monſieur * *Van Benningen*, the Copy of Verſes you did me the Honour to ſend me. That Ambaſſador, who has paſs'd his Life in Study, as well as in the Management of Affairs, thinks them very fine; and for my own Part, I am of Opinion, that there are in that little Piece ſome Verſes of as high and noble Strain as I have ſeen this good while, in our Language. What makes me value them the more, is, becauſe there's Novelty and good Senſe; Which are not eaſily match'd. For our Novelties have often a caſt of Extravagance; and the good Senſe which is often found in our Writings is generally borrow'd from Antiquity, rather than of our own Growth. I would have the Moderns inſpired by the Wit of the Ancients, but would not have them ſteal it, and paſs it for their own. I allow 'em to teach us how to think well, but hate to make uſe of their Thoughts. What remains of their Works had the advantage of Novelty, when they wrote it; whereas, what we borrow from them now, is grown obſolete by length of Time; and is dropt as it were, dead and extinguiſh'd into the Brain of our Authority.

What have we to do with a new Author, who puts forth nothing but Old Productions; who ſets himſelf out with the Fancies of the *Greeks*; and

* *Ambaſſador of the States General to King* Charles *II.*

and impoſes on the World their Knowledge for his own? A vaſt number of Rules, made Three Thouſand Years ago, are ſet up to be the Standard of what's writing now-a-days; without conſidering that neither the Subjects to be treated, nor the Genius to be regulated are the ſame.

If we ſhould make Love like *Anacreon* and *Sappho*, nothing would be more ridiculous; if like *Terence*, nothing more Plæbeian, or Citizen-like; and if like *Lucian*, nothing more groſs and lewd. All Ages have a peculiar Character proper to themſelves: They have their Politicks; their Intereſts; their Affairs; and in ſome meaſure, their Morals; having their particular Virtues and Vices. I own 'tis all Humanity ſtill; but Nature is various in Men; and Art, which is nothing but an Imitation of Nature, ought to vary as ſhe does. Our Impertinencies are not the ſame which *Horace* ridicul'd; nor are our Vices the ſame which *Juvenal* rebuk'd: We muſt therefore make uſe of other Raillery and Reproofs.

I am oblig'd to the Duke of *Nevers*: For I have a long while been looking for Novelty, and he has brought it in my way. I find in him one who thinks himſelf what he writes, and gives his own Turn to his Expreſſions.

Moy † *qui n'ai dans mes Vers echapés au Hazard,*
Que l'Audace pour Regle, & le Bon-ſens pour Art.

If *Chance*, *Boldneſs*, and *Good-ſence* produce ſo many Beauties, I adviſe Poets to lay aſide all Rules of Art, and to give a looſe to their natural Genius.

Peut

† *Verſes* [*Written by the Duke of* Nevers.

Que nous pouvons tous voir, que nous pouvons écrire,
Et plaignons l' Avenir, qui ne peut que les lire.

I ſhould lament the Condition of our Deſcendants, if my own were not more to be lamented. They will live one day; they will enter the World out of which I am upon the Point of going; and in which I am reduc'd to read over the King's Exploits, without being allow'd to be an Eye witneſs of them, any more than they. 'Tis a great Misfortune for a Man to paſs away his Life at a Diſtance from his Empire: But then if Fortune had not baniſh'd me from it, I ſhould not have the Happineſs to live in yours You inſpire Paſſion in every thing that is capable of it; and Reaſon yields to you even thoſe that are paſt any Senſe of Paſſion.

A LETTER

To Count d'OLONNE.

I Know not why you ſhould admire my Verſes, ſince I don't admire them my ſelf; for I muſt inform you, that in the Opinion of a celebrated Maſter in * Poetry, a Poet is always the moſt affected with his own Compoſitions. As for my ſelf, I acknowledge abundance of Faults in mine, which I might correct, if

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* *Ariſtotle.*

if Exactneſs were not extreamly troubleſom to my Humour, and did not take up more Time than a Perſon of my Age can ſpare. Beſides, I have another Excuſe, which, if I am not miſtaken, you will allow of: Eſſays are ſeldom *Maſter-Pieces*; and the *Preiſes* I beſtow upon the King, being the firſt True and Sincere I ever writ, it can be no wonder I had no better Succeſs. As for thoſe you beſtow upon me, they are an ingenious *Irony*, of which Rhetorical Figure, I was formerly ſo great a Maſter, that the Mareſchal of *Clarembault* thought no Body but my ſelf capable to vye with you in it. *However*, you ought not to have employ'd it againſt a Man who has loſt the uſe of it; and who is ſo entirely your humble Servant as I am

You ſee I am pretty well upon my Guard againſt Ridicule; and yet in ſpight of all my Precautions, I cannot forbear to indulge my ſelf in the Praiſes you give me upon the ſcore of my Judgment. 'Tis your Intereſt it ſhou'd be Good, True, and Delicate; for the *Idea* of yours, which I always preſerve by me, is the Rule of mine.

That Miracle of Beauty which I formerly ſaw at *Bourbon*, is the ſame Miracle of Beauty which I daily ſee at *London*. Some additional Years, have given her more Wit, and taken away none of her Charms.

Fair Eyes ſo ſweetly Charming and Divine,
That cauſe ſuch Tranſports where you ſhine,
Oh! ne're to Grief your Chriſtal Treaſures Pay,
Your Pearls on Grief are thrown away.
Tears from thoſe Orbs let no Misfortunes move;
So rich a Tribute's only due to Love.

As for the wicked Expedients you Adviſe me to, I am not in a condition to practiſe them, neither is ſhe in Humour to ſuffer them. If I muſt ſit up all night, they tell me I have not yet ſeen Fourty. If I am to take a long Journey in the Wind and Rain, what a Noble Conſtitution has Mr. *de St. Evremond!* But if I lay my Head cloſe to hers, ſmell to her Hair, or kiſs the Tip of her Ear, I am preſently asked, whether I knew Madam * *Gabrielle*, and if I made my Court to *Mary de Medicis?* But my Paper fails me. Place me, I pray, among your ſolid Friends, immediately after Monſ. *de C nopl s* † The *Miracle to Love* preſents her Service to you.

FRIENDSHIP

WITHOUT

*FRIENDSHIP**.

To the Earl of St. *Albans.*

I Was a long while of Opinion, that Women have no inconſiderable Advantage over us; in that we are loved only by the leſs Wiſe; and that the Wiſeſt of Men thought fit to love them all

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* Gabrielle d'Eſtrées, *Miſtreſs to* Henry IV, *of* France.

† Alphonſe de Crequi *Marquis* de Canaples, *now Duke* Leſdiguieres..

* *The Dutcheſs of* Mazarin *caus'd this Piece to be printed in* London *in* 1681; *and in a* Frolick, *put this Title to it.*

all his Life-time. The Politeſt Man in Antiquity, the moſt Virtuous, and the Greateſt, I mean *Alcibiades*, *Ageſilaus*, and *Alexander*, were acquainted with other Charms beſides thoſe of the Ladies. The moſt Magnanimous among the *Romans*; *Scipio*, the Honour of a Republick, which can be reproach'd with nothing, but her Ingratitude towards him; *Scipio*, I ſay, is commended for Continency, which was no other than *his* want of Taſte, or Senſibility for the Fair. *Cæſar*, whoſe Name alone is a Panegyrick, ſhew'd no Averſeneſs to any ſort of Love. *Solomon* was altogether unacquainted with ſuch various Likeings and Diſguſts: For he wholly Devoted himſelf to the Female Sex, being inſenſible of any other Charms but theirs.

'Tis ſomewhat ſurprizing, that the Politeſt, the Greateſt, the Beſt of Men, and the moſt Magnanimous, could forbear the Love of Women; and as if this kind of Love was reſerv'd for the Wiſe, that *Solomon* made it his principal Buſineſs of his Life. It is ſurprizing, I own it; but after due Reflection, I find nothing in it that we ought to wonder at. The Polite among the Ancients had a great Averſeneſs to all manner of Subjection: And in the purſuit of all Pleaſures, they ſtill retain'd the Liberty of paſſing from one Sex to the other, according to their Fancy. The Love of Women would have ſoften'd the Courage of Men; the Virtue of the good Men had been adulterated by it; and the Spirit of the Magnanimous might have been weakned: But true Wiſdom ran no great Danger with the Female Sex. The wiſe Man, ſtill Superior to their Weakneſs, their Unſteadineſs, and their Caprice, can either govern them at his Pleaſure, or part with them when he thinks

convenient. While he beholds others in Slavery, and toſs'd by an unfortunate Paſſion, he enjoys a Steadineſs and Calmneſs, that ſooths his Pain, and takes off the Senſe of a Thouſand Diſquietudes which are not cured by Reaſon alone. Not but that he may fall into ſome Error; for there's no ſuch Thing as conſtant Stability in Human Nature: But it is not long before he recovers his wandering Judgment, and comes to re-ſettle his former Tranquillity.

The World has ſeen an egregious Inſtance of this in *Solomon*, who loved the Fair Sex all his Life-time; but differently, according to the different Periods of his Age. When Young, he had all the Tenderneſs of a Lover: Of which his ſoft and melting Expreſſions are ſufficient Proof; and 'tis but Reading his *CANTICLE* of *CANTICLES* to be convinc'd of it. I muſt beg Pardon for not Interpreting it in a Myſtical Senſe: And I ſhall never be perſuaded to believe that *Solomon* intended to make our SAVIOUR JESUS CHRIST ſpeak to his Church with more effeminate Sentiments, and more laſcivious Expreſſions than *Catullus* uſed for *Lesbia*; and *Ovid* for *Corinna*: In Verſes more tender than thoſe of *Petrarch* for *Laura*; and more gallant than thoſe of *Voiture* for *Beliza*. Neither do I think that *Solomon* ſpoke to a Wife: A dear Miſtreſs muſt undoubtedly be the Object of ſuch Love, ſuch Raptures, ſuch Eagerneſs. However, he loved leſs than he was belov'd: And he knew by Experience that the Women were more Paſſionate than the Men. This is a Truth which even the Holy Scripture has thought fit to confirm: When to expreſs the Sentiments which *David* and *Jonathan* had one for the other, it

it ſays *, *they loved one another as a Man loves a Woman*: To denote the tendereſt Love. *Solomon* in the Vigour of his Age ſhew'd leſs Tenderneſs and Sincerity in his Affections and Amours. He made uſe even of the Fame of his Wiſdom to make himſelf belov'd. 'Tis by that means he got ſo much Gold from the Queen of *Sheba*, a Princeſs ſo fondly intoxicated with his Wiſdom, that ſhe left her Kingdom to ſee a Sage. When *Solomon* grew in Years, he alter'd his Conduct with the Fair. Having loſt the Merit of *Pleaſing*, he purſued that of *Obeying*. He might have commanded, and forc'd Love, but would not be beholden for it to Power; and endeavour'd by Suppleneſs and Submiſſion to make up his paſt Endearments. Tho' a King, tho' a wiſe Man, he becomes a Slave to his Miſtreſſes in his Old-Age; being of Opinion, that in that Melancholy and unfortunate Period of our Lives, we ought, as far as poſſible, to ſteal away, as it were, from our ſelves; and that 'tis better for us to give up our ſelves to the Charms of a Beauty, that enchants our Ills, than to ſad Reflections, and frightful Imaginations.

I am not Ignorant that *Solomon* has been cenſured for this laſt Conduct: But tho' his Reaſon appear'd weaken'd, he was nevertheleſs Wiſe with reſpect to himſelf. He thereby ſoften'd his Sorrow; ſooth'd his Pains, diverted the Ills he could not overcome; and Wiſdom, which could no longer find out Means to make him Happy, made good uſe of Diverſions to render him leſs Miſe-

* 2. *Book of* Samuel, *Chap.* i. *ver.* 26. *There is in the Text*, Your Love for me was extraordinary, it exceeded the Paſſion for Women. *Our Tranſlation ſays*, Thy Love to me was wonderful, paſſing the Love of Women. 'Tis *David* who ſpeaks here of his dear *Jonathan*, whom he had lately loſt.

rable. We ſcarce begin to grow Old, but we begin to be diſpleaſed with our ſelves, through a Diſguſt of our ſelves, which ſecretly grows within us. Then our Soul, void of Self-Love, is eaſily filled with the Love of External Objects; and ſuch of theſe as would formerly have pleas'd us but indifferently, through the Reſiſtance they met with from our own Sentiments, Charm and Captivate us through our Weakneſs. Hence it comes to paſs, that Miſtreſſes diſpoſe of their old Lovers, and Wives of old Husbands, as they pleaſe: Hence it was that *Syphax* abandon'd himſelf to the Will of *Sophonisba*, and that *Auguſtus* was govern'd by *Livia*. And not not to fetch all my Examples from Antiquity, this made Monſieur *de Senecterre* * a Perſon worthy to be named with Kings and Emperors, upon the bare Score of his being a Man of true Honour; this, I ſay, made that Courtier, who was equally Wiſe, Nice, and Polite, ſupinely give way to the Fondneſs of a Young Woman he had married in his latter Days. *If you knew*, ſaid he to his Friends, *the Condition of a Perſon of my Age, who has nothing but himſelf to entertain his Solitude, you would not wonder at my Reſolution to have a Companion that pleaſed me, let the Purchaſe coſt what it will.* For my part, I never blamed him for it: And indeed, how can one cenſure what *Solomon* heretofore, and the Mareſchal *d'Eſtrées* † of late Years, have authoriz'd by their Examples? However, in Spite of all theſe Authorities, I ſhould have a great Eſteem for a Man who ſhould have Strength enough

* *Father to the Mareſchal of* la Ferté.

† *The Mareſchal* d'Eſtrées *married to his Third Wife, at* 91 *Years of Age*, Gabriele de Longueval, *Daughter to* Manicamp.

enough to preſerve the Taſte of Liberty to the End of his Life.

Not that a full Independency is always to be commended: For ſuch free and diſengaged Gentlemen, often become indifferent and ungrateful. Let us avoid the two Extreams of *abſolute Subjection*, and *entire Freedom*; and content our ſelves with an eaſy and honourable Intercourſe, as agreeable to our Friends as to our ſelves. If any thing more is required of me than a hearty Concern and ſincere Endeavours, for the Intereſt of thoſe I Love; any thing more than my ſmall Aſſiſtance as weak as 'tis, when they are in Diſtreſs; or more than Diſcretion in Converſation, and Secreſy in Affairs of Moment; let them ſeek for a Friend elſewhere: For, I can afford them no more.

Violent Paſſions are unequal, and portend the the Diſtraction of Change. In Love, we muſt leave thoſe Exceſſes for the *Polexander*'s and the *Cyrus*'s of our *Romances*: And in Friendſhip, for *Oreſtes* and *Pylades* of our Plays. Theſe are things we read, and ſee repreſented, which are not to be found in the Commerce and Practice of the World. And indeed, 'tis well they are not; for they would produce very extravagant Adventures.

What did *Oreſtes* ever do, that great and Illuſtrious Example of Friendſhip? What did he ever do, I ſay, that ought not to ſtrike us with Horror? He kill'd his own Mother; Murder'd *Pyrrhus*, and fell into ſuch ſtrange Convulſions of Fury, that it coſt ſome Players * their Lives, who endeavour'd

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* Montfleuri, *a celebrated* French *Player, made ſuch extraordinary Efforts in Acting the Part of* Oreſtes *in* Racine's ANDROMACHE, *that he fell Sick upon it, and died.* Mondori, *another* French *Tragedian, had the ſame Fate in the Repreſentation of* Mariana.

deavour'd to top his Character. Let us carefully obſerve the Nature of thoſe entire Friendſhips, and Engagements which are ſo cry'd up, and we ſhall find them to be made up of ſullen black Melancholly; the chief Ingredient in the Compoſition of all Man-Haters. And indeed, the reducing ones ſelf to Love but one Perſon, is a Diſpoſition to hate all the reſt: And what is taken for an admirable Virtue with reſpect to a private Perſon, is a great Crime towards all the World. He that makes us loſe the Converſation of the reſt of Mankind, by Deſerting them as he has done, makes us loſe more than he is Worth, let his Merit be never ſo great. Let us pretend to as great Diſintereſtedneſs as we pleaſe; let us confine all our Deſires to the Purity and Excellence of our Paſſion, conceiving no Good but what reſults from it: Yet, we ſhall languiſh and pine in this refined Friendſhip, unleſs we draw from general Society, thoſe Conveniencies and Delights that animate private Converſation.

The Union of two Perſons entirely devoted to one another: That ſublime Union wants yet the Aſſiſtance of foreign Things to excite the Taſte of Pleaſure, and the Senſe of Joy. Notwithſtanding all the boaſted Sympathy between them, the Participation of Councils and Secrets, it will hardly yield Satisfaction in proportion to the Vexation and Uneaſineſs it occaſions. 'Tis in the Intercourſe of the World, and amongſt Diverſions and Buſineſs, that the moſt agreeable and profitable Friendſhips are form'd. I ſet a great Value upon the Correſpondence between the Mareſchal *d'Eſtrées* and Monſieur *de Seneſterre*, who liv'd Fifty Years at Court, in an un-interrupted Intimacy: I more eſteem the Confidence the Prince

Prince *de Turenne* had in the Marquis *de* * *Ruvigny*, for Forty Years together, than thoſe Friendſhips ſo often inſtanc'd, and never Practiſed amongſt Men. As nothing contributes more to the Happineſs of Life than Friendſhip, ſo nothing diſturbs its Repoſe ſo much as Friends, if we have not Judgment enough to chuſe them well. Importunate Friends make us wiſh they were indifferent, ſo they were more agreeable. The Moroſe gives us more uneaſineſs by their Humour, than they do us good by their Services. The Imperious tyrannize over us: We muſt hate whatever they do, be it never ſo agreeable; we muſt love what hey love, tho' we think it Nauſeous and Diſpleaſing. We muſt do violence to our Nature; enſlave our Judgment; renounce our Taſte; and under the fair Name of *Complaiſance*, pay a general Submiſſion to all they find fit to impoſe upon us with Authority. Jealous Friends are an inſupportable Plague: They hate all Advice that is not of their own giving: And as they are angry at all the Good that happens to us without their Interpoſition, ſo they rejoyce at the Ill that befals us by following the Directions of others. There are Men in the World that make Profeſſion of Friendſhip, and value themſelves upon taking our Parts at random, and upon all Occaſions: And ſuch vain Friends ſerve for nothing elſe, but to Incenſe the World againſt us by their imprudent Conteſts. There are others that juſtify us when no Body accuſes us; who by their indiſcreet Zeal, bring us into Affairs where we had nothing to do; and draw Inconveniences upon us which we would willingly avoid. Let who pleaſe be contented with

* *Father to the preſent Earl of Galway.*

with ſuch Friends. As for me, I am not ſatisfy'd with a Man's good Intention that proves to my Prejudice: I would have it attended with Diſcretion and Prudence. A Man's Affection makes me no amends for the Miſchief his Raſhneſs has done me. I return him Thanks for his impertinent Zeal, and adviſe him to ſeek to be applauded for it amongſt Fools. If the Light of the Underſtanding does not guide the Motions of the Heart, Friends are more apt to vex and diſquiet, than to pleaſe us; and more capable to hurt than to ſerve us.

In the mean time, we hear nothing talk'd of, but the Heart, in all the Diſcourſes about Love and Friendſhip. Poets become troubleſome upon this Theme; Lovers tedious; and Friends ridiculous. We ſee nothing in our Plays but King's Daughters yield the *Heart*, but refuſe the *Hand*; or Princeſſes that give the Hand, but cannot conſent to yield the Heart. Lovers become Nauſeous by perpetually demanding the Sincerity of the Heart; and *Friends*, ſetting up for affected *Preciſians*, challenge it for their due as well as Lovers. This betrays a very imperfect Knowledge of the Nature of it: Whereas, for a little Irregular Heat, for ſome unequal and uncertain Tenderneſs it may ſometimes afford, there's no Caprice, Ingratitude, and Infidelity, but we ought to apprehend from it.

Begging Pardon of the Whimſies of Poets, and Immaginations of Painters we call Love very improperly *Blind*. LOVE is, for the moſt part, a Paſſion of which the Heart makes generally an ill uſe. The Heart is a blind Guide, which leads us into all our Errors. 'Tis that which prefers a Fool before a Man of Senſe, that makes us doat on ugly Objects, and diſown very Lovely ones; that beſtows it ſelf on the moſt De-

form'd, and refuses it self to the most Beautiful. 'Tis that in short, that set *Joconde*'s * Friend a-rambling, through the Jealousie of a Dwarf.

'Tis that which disorders the most Regular; that bereaves the Reserved and Discreet of their Virtue, and undermines the Devotion of the greatest Saints among the Fair Sex. It pays as little regard to Rules in a *Convent*, as to Duty in a private Family; 'tis faithless to a Husband; but much more so to a Lover: It discomposes the Former, and distracts the Latter. It acts without either Council or Knowledge: It rebels against Reason, that should be the Guide; and being secretly moved by hidden Springs it does not conceive, it bestows and withdraws its Affections without Reason; engages it self without Design; breaks off without observing any Decorum; And, in short, occasions strange Follies, that make a great deal of Noise in the World, and equally disgrace all the Parties concern'd in them.

This is the common Fate of *Love* and *Friendship* grounded on the Heart. As for those just and reasonable Ties over-ruled by Judgment, there's no Rupture to be apprehended: For either they last for Life, or insensibly wear off, with Discretion and Decency. It is certain that Nature has placed in our Hearts a *Loving Faculty*, (if I may so speak) some secret Principle of Affection, some hidden stock of Tenderness, which opens and communicates it self in time. But the use of it has been no further receiv'd and authoriz'd amongst Men, than as it may render Life more Easy

* *An* [illegible] *Prince found his Wife in Bed with a Deform'd* [illegible]*arf.* [illegible] *les Contes de la Fontaine, the Novel call'd* [illegible] C O [illegible] E.

Eaſy an Happy. 'Tis upon this Score, that *Epicurus* recommended it ſo much to his Diſciples; that *Cicero* exhorts us to it by Arguments, and invites us to it by ſeveral Examples; that *Seneca*, as ſtern and rigid as he is, becomes ſoft and tender aſſoon as he begins to ſpeak of Friendſhip; that *Montaigne* refines upon *Seneca* in more lively Expreſſions; and that *Gaſſendus* ſets forth the Advantages of that Virtue, and as far as in him lies, diſpoſes his Readers to acquire them

All Men of Senſe, Honeſty, and good Breeding agree with Philoſophers upon this Foundation, that FRIENSHIP ought to contribute more than any thing beſides to our Happineſs And indeed, Man would hardly depart from himſelf, as it were, upon any Account whatever, to unite himſelf to another, if he did not find more Pleaſure in this Union, than in the firſt Sentiments of Self-Love. The whole World affords nothing more precious and valuable than the Friendſhip of wiſe Men. That of others, as it is boiſterious and diſorderly, ſo it diſturbs the Peace of publick Society, and the Pleaſures of private Converſations. 'Tis a ſavage Friendſhip, which Reaſon diſowns, and which we could wiſh to be the Lot of our Enemies, to be reveng'd of them for their Hatred to us.

But let Friends be never ſo Sincere and Regular, 'tis yet inconvenient to have too many of them. If our Cares are divided into many Streams and Channels, we can neither attend our own Concerns, nor thoſe of other Men, with the Appplication they deſerve: For when the Soul diffuſes it ſelf undiſtinguiſhably upon all Objects, our Affections are ſo diſtracted, that they properly fix upon nothing. Let us Live for a few

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that Live for us: Let us ſeek an eaſy and agreeable Converſation, with every Body; and our private Advangtages with thoſe that can promote our Intereſt.

A LETTER

To Monſieur JUSTEL *.

SIR,

I Am over-joy'd to ſee you in *England*; the Converſation of ſo knowing, and ſo inquiſitive a Man as your ſelf, afford me no little Satisfaction: But give me leave not to approve the Reſolution you have taken to quit *France*, ſo long as I ſee you entertain ſo tender and ſo fond a Remmembrance of that Kingdom. As often as I ſee you doleful and deſolate, wiſhing for *Paris* on the Banks of our *Thames*, you put me in mind of the poor *Iſraelites* bewailing their beloved *Jeruſalem* on the Banks of *Euphrates*. Either live happy in *England*, with the Enjoyment of full Liberty of Conſcience, or make ſhift to bear ſmall Hardſhips, as to Religion, in your own Country, to enjoy there all the Conveniences of Life.

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* *A Perſon of Merit and Learning, much verſed in the Knowledge of Books, who came over to* England *with all his Family in* October, 1681. *Some Years after he was made the King's* Library-Keeper *at St.* James's.

Is it poſſible that Images, Ornaments, ſmall Ceremonies; little Novelties, which you account Superſtitious, and we Religious; that certain Queſtions debated with more Subtilty for the Reputation of the Learned Diſputants, than Knowledge and Candor for our Edification: Is it poſſible, in ſhort, that Differences, either ſo inconſiderable, or ſo ill-grounded, ſhould diſturb the Tranquillity of Nations, and occaſion the greateſt Misfortunes that befal Men? 'Tis a commendable thing, I confeſs, to *Worſhip God in Spirit and Truth*; That firſt Being, that Supream Intelligence deſerves our moſt purify'd and exalted Speculations: But when we endeavour to diſcharge our Souls from all Commerce with our Senſes, can we aſſure our ſelves that an abſtracted Underſtanding will not loſe it ſelf in wandering Thoughts, and lead us into more Extravagancies; than it will diſcover Truths? Whence, think you, came all the Abſurdities of ſo many Sects, but from deep Meditations, wherein the Mind after its Dozing and Dreaming, meets with nothing but its own Imaginations?

Lay aſide, Sir, your peeviſh and ſtubborn Abhorrence of our Images; which, in a manner, fix what's ſo hard to be ſettled, the Mind. Beſides, as nothing is more Natural to Man than Imitation; ſo, of all Imitations, none is ſo Lawful as that of a Picture, that repreſents to us what we ought to worſhip. The Idea of virtuous Perſons creates in us a Love of their Virtues, and excites within us a juſt Deſire to attain that Perfection which they arrived to. There are Emulations of Sanctity, as well as Jealouſies of Glory: and if a Picture of *Alexander* animated the Ambition of *Cæſar* with deſire of Conquering the the World; the Images of our Saints may ſurely kindle in us the Ardour of their Zeal, and inſpire

inſpired us with that happy Violence that raviſhes Heaven.

Every one knows that *Numa* prohibited all manner of Images in the Temples of the *Romans*, and his Law was religiouſly obſerv'd for a good while: But it was afterwards thought fit to return to Nature, which can hardly forbear the Repreſentation of Objects, when the Objects themſelves are abſent; and the Writings of that Legiſlator having, by chance, been found in his Sepulchre, it was judg'd more proper to burn them, than to take them up again with the Dryneſs of his firſt Inſtitutions. The Fathers of the Church have attacked nothing ſo fiercely among the Heathens, as Figures and Images: Which they call'd *God's of Wood and Stone*; *Painted Deities*; *Vain Contrivances of Fancy*; *Impious Handy-Works of Men*. But 'tis certain, that Heatheniſm was ſcarce ſuppreſs'd, and Chriſtian Religion ſettled, when the uſe of Repreſentations, tho' formerly ſo much exclaim'd againſt, was reſumed, and a great Council * which was held ſome time after, ordered them to be reverenc'd.

I own that the *Old Teſtament* did not allow the forming any thing that look'd like the Reſemblance of *God*. The Almighty Being had drawn himſelf in the great Work of the Univerſe. The Heavens, the Sun, the Stars, the Elements, were the Images of his Immenſity and Power; the wonderful order of Nature expreſs'd his Wiſdom to us: Our Underſtanding, which

* *The Second Council of* Nice *held in the Year* 787, *by the Intrigues of the Empreſs* Irene.

is deſirous to know every thing, found in it ſelf a kind of Idea of his infinite Intelligence; and this was all that could be imagined of a GOD, who diſcover'd himſelf to Men no other way but by his Works. But the caſe is altered under the Diſpenſation of the New Teſtament. Since *God* made himſelf *Man* for our Redemption, we may lawfully make to our ſelves Images of him, whereby we may be exalted to acknowledge his Goodneſs and Love. And indeed if they were condemned as *Heretick*s who deny'd his *Humanity*, is it not a ſtrange Abſurdity to call us *Idolaters*, for loving to ſee it repreſented? We are commanded ever to have his Paſſion in our Thoughts, always to meditate on his Sufferings, and yet ſome, it ſeems, would make it Criminal for us, the having of Images that keep up the Remembrance of them. They would have the Image of his Death to be ever preſent to our Mind, and yet will not allow any before our Eyes.

Your Averſion for the Sacraments of our Prieſts, and of our Churches, has no better Foundation. You know, *Sir*, that GOD himſelf condeſcended to ordain even the Fringe that belonged to the Habit of the High-Prieſt. Our Pontifical Habits come far ſhort of thoſe uſed in the *Jewiſh* Oeconomy; and you would hardly forgive our Biſhops, ſhould they officiate at Maſs with the fine Ornaments of a *Breaſt-Plate* and *little Bells*. As for the Pomp of our Churches, you have Reaſon to call it vain, if you compare it to the ſolid Magnificence of the Temple of *Solomon*, in which Gold and Silver might have been uſed inſtead of Stone, towards the Rearing up of that Sumptuous Structure. Nor is your Auſterity leſs wild in the Silencing our Muſick, than in

con-

condemning our Images. You ought to remember that *David* recommended nothing ſo earneſtly to the *Jews*, as the celebrating of the Praiſes of the Almighty, with all ſorts of Inſtruments. Muſick in Churches, exalts the Soul, purifies the Mind, moves the Heart, inſpires and raiſes Devotion.

When a Myſtery or a Miracle comes in Queſtion, you will admit of nothing but Senſe and Reaſon: But in Natural things, that conduce to Devotion, Senſe and Reaſon are your Enemies. There you aſcribe all to Nature, here to Grace; there we can alledge nothing Supernatural, but you Laugh at it: Here we offer nothing Humane to you, but you think it Prophane and Impious.

Diviſions and Controverſies have diſturbed the Peace of Mankind but too long. Agree with us about Ceremonies lawfully eſtabliſh'd, and we will joyn with you in exclaiming againſt Abuſes that have crept in. As for Inſtance, againſt baſe Intereſt, ſordid Gain, and Snares laid either for the Weakneſs of Women, or the Simplicity of Superſtitious and Credulous Men. Let them endeavour to grow pure, who are reproach'd with Corruption; let them who have the Vanity to think themſelves pure, bear with ſmall inſenſible Alterations, to which Humane Nature is led by Neceſſity. Let not, on the one Hand, a *Roman*-Catholick be deſtroy'd as an *Idolater*; nor, on the other, a Proteſtant burnt as a *Heretick*. Nothing is more reaſonable than for a Man to adore what he believes to be GOD; nor any thing leſs Criminal, than not to adore what he looks upon to be a bare SIGN: And I cannot imagine how this different way of Believing could be the occaſion

caſion of ſo much Barbarity in a Religion altogether founded upon Love and Charity. If theſe are the effects of Zeal, I'd fain know what thoſe of Fury and Madneſs can be?

One Part of the Fathers has ſtuck to the Literal Senſe of theſe Words, THIS IS MY BODY; the other has taken them in a Figurative Senſe, in a Country where almoſt every thing was ſpoken in Figures. The truth of what I ſay is moſt evidently prov'd by the Books of Monſ. *Arnauld*, and Monſ. *Claude*, wherein aſſoon as Monſ. *Arnauld* brings in a Paſſage out of any of the Fathers, all the Wit and Dexterity of M. *Claude* are ſcarce able to evade it; and when the latter inſtances in another that favours his Opinion, all the Force and Vehemence of M. *Arnauld* cannot overthrow the Argument of M. *Claude*. This Diverſity of Opinion, is manifeſt among the Fathers; and 'tis but having either a moderate Penetration, to be ſenſible of it, or a little Sincerity, to own it. Nevertheleſs, *Sir*, this Difference did not break the Communion of the Church; and all thoſe Fathers went religiouſly together to receive the Bleſſings that are promis'd us in that Sacrament.

You'll ſay, that 'tis difficult to agree with us upon the *Exiſtence of a Body without either Form or Extenſion:* But is it an eaſie matter to take up with *your ſpiritual Eating it; or a Belief which really eats the Subſtance of this ſame Body?* The difficulty is great on both ſides; and a Miracle is neceſſary to ſupport your Opinion, as well as ours. Therefore ſuffer us to enjoy the Belief of an unconceiveable Myſtery; and we will allow you that ſtrange Medley of Faith and Reaſon, which cannot be either explain'd by [illegible] comprehended by others.

Let every one ſtick to his own Doctrine, as he thinks fit; but let us agree in the Uſe of the Sacrament: This was the Practiſe of the Fathers; why ſhould not we follow their Example now-a-days?

The Article of *Adoration* ought not to be an Obſtacle to it; ſince true *Adoration* is an inward Act, dependent on you: And without the Intention of your Mind, and the Motion of your Heart, for all your Kneeling down, you adore nothing. If *Kneeling down* were *Worſhipping*, Children would be Idolaters in *England*, for asking Bleſſing of their Parents. In like manner a Lover who falls at his Miſtreſs's Feet, would perform an Act of Idolatry; and the *Spaniards*, whoſe Bows are a kind of Kneeling down, would at leaſt be Prophane. 'Tis through a refining upon your Notions, that *Quakers* pull off their Hats neither to Princes nor Magiſtrates, upon an Apprehenſion of communicating to a Creature the Honour which is only due to the Creator. It is ſtrange, that your Miniſters who make open War againſt Superſtition, ſhould themſelves run into a Practiſe more Superſtitious, than that which they aſcribe to the moſt ignorant *Roman*-Catholiks. For not to pay a due Honour, through an ill grounded Scruple of Religion, is more unexcuſable, than to over-do it, through miſtaken Zeal.

Had I been in the Place of the Reform'd in *France*, I would have receiv'd the Biſhop of * *Condom*'s Book with all the Favour imaginable; and having returned that Prelate Thanks for his inſinuating Overtures, I would have begg'd of

* *Monſ. Bossuet afterwards Biſhop of Meaux.*

him to have furniſh'd me with a Catholick Religion purged from Errors, and agreeable to his EXPOSITIONS OF THE CATHOLICK FAITH. I confeſs, he would not have found it in *Italy*, *Spain*, or *Portugal*: But he might have procured it to you in *France*, free from the Superſtitions of the Multitude, and the Inſpirations of Foreigners; regulated with equal Wiſdom and Piety by our Laws; and maintain'd with Reſolution by our Parliaments. In ſuch a Caſe, if you apprehend the Power of the Pope, the Liberties of the *Gallican* Church will skreen you againſt it. There his Holineſs will neither be *Infallible*, nor Sovereign Umpire of your Faith: He will neither diſpoſe of the Dominions of Princes, nor of the Kingdoms of Heaven at his Pleaſure: In ſuch a Caſe, if you become *Roman* ſo far as, with lawful Submiſſion, to reſpect his Character and Dignity, it will be ſufficient for you to be a *French-Man* not to dread his Juriſdiction. But if the Love of Separation ſtill poſſeſſes you, and you cannot in the leaſt diſcharge your ſelf from the Opinions that are grown habitual with you, do not complain of what is taken from you, as an Injuſtice, but rather be thankful for what is left you, as a Favour. Sullenneſs, Murmuring, and Oppoſition, will rather hurt than ſerve your Party: whereas a more reſpectful Behaviour, [illegible] Management of your Intereſt with more [illegible]ion than Violence, might prevent the d[illegible] yo[illegible] Ruin, if any ſuch thing were ref[illegible] Co[illegible] troverſies do but exaſperate th[illegible]owe[illegible] And things are now at ſuch a [illegible]at yo[illegible] have more need of diſcreet Lea[illegible] go[illegible] Writers to pr[illegible] you. Yo[illegible] th[illegible] employ'd all th[illegible]nts and I[illegible] Privileges gra[illegible]; now

be employ'd to prevent their being taken away from you. The firſt Settlement of the Proteſtants was owing to Daringneſs, Vigor, and Reſolution: But nothing now can maintain you, but Affection, Loyalty, and Submiſſion; and ſuch as would be deſtroy'd as *Rebels*, may be ſuffered as dutiful Subjects. In ſhort, *Sir*, if your Religion be peaceable and quiet, in which you have nothing but your Salvation in view, it is to be hoped that her modeſt and pious Exerciſes will not be diſturb'd But if, Jealous and Quarrelſom, ſhe attacks the eſtabliſh'd Religion, and cenſures and condemns the moſt Innocent things, I will not be anſwerable for a long Indulgence towards the Indiſcretion of a Stranger both unjuſt and peeviſh in her Corrections.

One of the chief Points of Diſcretion, and the moſt recommended, is in all Countries, to reverence the Religion of the Prince: To condemn the Religion of the Sovereign is to condemn the Sovereign himſelf at the ſame time. An *Engliſh Roman*-Catholick, who in his Diſcourſe, or Writings calls the Church of *England* HERETICAL, treats the King of *England* as an *Hetick*, and inſults him in his own Dominions. Likewiſe, a *Proteſtant* in *France*, who charges the Catholick Religion with IDOLATRY, does by a neceſſary Conſequence accuſe the King of being an IDOLATER; Which the Heathen Emperors themſelves could not bear. I think nothing is more unjuſt than to perſecute a Man for his Belief; but Nothing appears more Fooliſh to me, than for a Man to draw Perſecution upon himſelf. [illegible] rul'd by me, *Sir*, and peaceably enjoy what- [illegible] Ex[illegible] you may be allow'd; and be [illegible]ices have as much Right to the [illegible]n, as Subjects have over the [illegible]heir Conſciences.

If you duly conſider this Truth, you will not account an Injury the pulling down a Proteſtant Church in *Languedoc*: But reckon it as a Favour that that of *Charenton* ſtands. The Fury of Opinions, and the Obſtinacy of Parties, are not for a wiſe Man like your ſelf: Your Honour and Zeal are ſet above all manner of Reflection, by what you have already ſuffered; and you could not do better, than to go and fix at *Paris* a wandering and ſtroling Religion, which you have dragg'd long enough from Country to Country. I know very well, that conſidering the Humour you are in at preſent, it would be Labour loſt to exhort you to renounce it altogether: An Opinion that becomes as it were Natural, by being form'd of the firſt Impreſſions received in our Infancy; the Fondneſs a Man has for ancient Cuſtoms; the Difficulty he finds to quit a Belief he was bred in, to embrace another which he always oppos'd; a Niceneſs of Honour; and a miſtaken Notion of Conſtancy, are Chains which you will not break eaſily: But then leave your Children that free Choice, which your old Engagements will not ſuffer you to enjoy. You complain of the Edict, which obliges them to chuſe a Religion at Seven Years of Age; and this, in my Opinion, is the gr[illegible]t Favour that could be done them; for th[illegible]ey are reſtor'd to their Country, which y[illegible] them of; they are re-inſtated in the [illegible] of th Common-wealth, from whence y[illegible] them and they reſume their Birth-Righ[illegible]nou and Dignities, from which you e[illegible]. Do not envy th[illegible], Sir, thoſe A[illegible] have neglected [illegible] keeping to [illegible] Opinions and [illegible]es, leave [illegible] take care of th[illegible]n and Fo[illegible]

What Father does not endeavour to poſſeſs his Children with a Zeal for his Party, as well as his Religion? And how can any Man tell what will be the Reſult of this Zeal, whether it will turn to Fury or Piety? Whether it will produce Crimes or Virtues? In this Uncertainty, Sir, reſign all to the Diſpoſal of a Law, which has no other End, than the publick Good, and the particular Advantages of your Families. And indeed, is it not better to receive one's Religion from the Laws of one's Country, than either from the Liberty of one's Fancy, or the Animoſity of a Faction a Man happens to be engaged in, than to make it the firſt Article of Faith, to hate the PAPISTS, as you unjuſtly call us? Be wiſe and Diſcreet, tho' the Paſſionate ſhould call you Luke-warm for it; it becomes you to ſpend in Peace the remainder of your Days. GOD Almighty will reward you for your Patience; for he loves the Wiſdom he inſpires, but cannot endure indiſcreet Zeal, which either occaſions, or fooliſhly draws a Man into Trouble.

THOUGHTS,

THOUGHTS, REFLECTIONS, AND MAXIMS.

Upon HEALTH.

I.

IF you have any Regard for the Niceness of your Palate, or Concern for your Health, you will eat none but plain Meat, without any mixture, but exquisite by its natural Goodness, and the Curiosity of your Choice.

II.

Let all strong Soups, Gravy-Sauces, Ragoos, Kick-shaws, and generally all Made-Dishes, be banish'd your Table, [illegible] unknown heretofore dur[illegible] Meals.

V[illegible] of Wines [illegible] able [illegible] wholeso[illegible]

Nice; drink but little Wine, but excellent; and keep to the ſame as long as poſſible.

IV.

Champagne Wines are the beſt; don't keep too long thoſe of *Ay*; neither drink too ſoon thoſe of *Rheims*. Cold preſerves the Spirits of *River-Wines*; Heat takes away the Taſte of the Soil of *Mountain-Wines*.

V.

You can't be too careful of your Diet, nor too cautious againſt Phyſick. A moderate Diet entertains Health and Pleaſure; Phyſick is an ill Preſent, in view of an uncertain Good to come.

VI.

Pleaſures and Diet ought to be in a kind of Concert, and bear a juſt Proportion to one another. Immoderate Pleaſures put Nature into diſorder; but then a ſparing and dry way of living dulls the Spirits, and inſenſibly extinguiſhes them.

Upon LOVE.

VII.

Let [illegible] ve a ſufficient Stock of Love to animate [illegible] not enough to diſturb our Repoſe, The [illegible] as given us to *Love*, which is an [illegible] ot to *Suffer*, which is a pain-

VIII. 'Tis

VIII.

'Tis against the Intention of Nature, to make that our *Torment*, which she design'd for our *Pleasure* and *Comfort*.

IX.

Voluptuous Women are less sensible of the Motions of their Hearts, than of the Impulse of their lewd Appetites: The *Prudes*, to preserve the Purity of their Hearts, tenderly love their Gallants, without Enjoyment; and solidly enjoy their Husbands, whom they hate.

Upon DEVOTION.

X.

Amorous Ladies, who give up themselves to God, generally make him no other Present, than of an empty idle Soul that seeks to employ it self; so that their Devotion may be call'd a new Passion, wherein a tender Heart, that thinks to be Penitent, does only change the Object of its Love.

XI.

When we begin to turn Devout, it is easier for us to love God, than to serve him well. The reason of it is because we still retain a Heart used to Love; and a Soul that had a great Familiarity with Vice. The Heart finds nothing new in its Motions; [illegible] finds a

great Alteration in the Sentiments of Virtue; ſo that whatever Change there may appear to be, a Man is ſtill the ſame; he loves as he loved: And is unjuſt proud, revengeful, and ſelfiſh as he was before.

XII.

True Devotion is reaſonable, kind and beneficent: The more it ties us to God, the more it inclines us to live well with Men.

XIII.

The Life of Monks is ſtill the ſame, as to the Rules of their Order: But unequal through the Unequality of the Temper their Minds are in.

XIV.

In a Religious Houſe, *Doubt* over-rules ſome Hours, and *Perſwaſion* ſome others: There are Times when a Man regrets the Pleaſures he has loſt; and Times when he laments the Sins he has committed.

On. DEATH.

XV.

The beſt reaſon one has to reſolve to die, is, *becauſe he cannot help it.* *Philoſophy* gives us Force to diſſemble the Senſe of Death, but does not remove it. *Religion* makes us more *Fearful* and leſs

XVI. All

XVI.

All things duly weigh'd and conſider'd, Wiſdom rather conſiſts in making us live eaſy and quiet, than in making us die with Conſtancy.

XVII.

Philoſophical Deaths afford excellent Matter of Diſcourſe to the *Living*, but little Comfort to the *Dying*:

Expecting our ſevere, and common Fate,
Let us love Life, but not fear Death.

A LETTER

To the Dutcheſs of MAZARIN.

I Know not, Madam, whether the Title of FRIENDSHIP WITHOUT FRIENDSHIP, which you have beſtowed on a piece of my Writing, is proper for it; but I'm ſure it ſuits but ill with my Sentiments, thoſe particularly which you excite in me. Since that unlucky Evening in which you acquainted me with the fatal Reſolution you ſeem willing to take, I had not one Moment's Repoſe; or rather you have caſt me into continual Pain, which is ſomething more violent than a bare Privation of Reſt. How is it poſſible for you to leave Perſons who are charm'd with you, and who adore you? Friends that love you more than they love themſelves, to go and hunt after unknown People you will not like, and who perhaps will inſult you? Do you conſider, Madam, that you are going to throw your ſelf into a Convent, which the Conſtable's *Lady, your Siſter, abhorr'd? If ſhe returns thither, 'tis becauſe ſhe muſt either chuſe that, or Death; whereas, in order to go to it, you will leave a Court where you are eſteem'd; where the Affection of a gracious and good-natur'd King affords you a kind Treatment; where all ſenſible and judicious Perſons have both a Re-

*One of the Dutcheſs of Mazarin's Siſters, who was married to Conſtable Colonna.

ſpect

ſpect and Friendſhip for you. Think well upon it, Madam: The moſt happy Day you will paſs in a Nunnery, will not be worth the moſt melancholy you paſs here at Home.

Indeed, if you were touch'd and animated by a particular Impulſe of Divine Grace, that ſhould prompt you to devote your ſelf to God's Service, one might be apt to excuſe the Hardſhip of your Condition by the Ardour of your Zeal, which would render every thing ſupportable to you: But you are neither convinc'd, nor affected; and you muſt even learn to believe in him, whom you are going to ſerve ſo auſterely. You will not only meet with all the Hardſhips that Nuns undergo, but will miſs the myſtick Spouſe that comforts them. The being one Day in doubt about the Happineſs of another Life, is ſufficient to caſt into Deſpair the chaſteſt Maid in a Nunnery: For Faith alone ſtrengthens and ſupports her, and enables her to bear the Mortifications ſhe undergoes. Who knows, Madam, whether you will believe one quarter of an Hour what ſhe muſt ever believe to avoid being unhappy? Who knows, whether the Idea of a promis'd Felicity will ever be powerful enough to bear you up againſt the Senſe of preſent Ills? 'Tis in the midſt of the Univerſe where the Contemplation of the Wonders of Nature will lead you to his Knowledge on whom it depends. The ſight of the Sun will make you comprehend the Greatneſs and Magnificence of him that form'd it; that wonderful and juſt Order, which cements and entertains all Things, will bring you acquainted with his Wiſdom. In ſhort, Madam, in this World, which you deſign to leave, GOD appeals all open and ready unfolded for our Contemplation; whereas he lies ſo cloſe in Monaſteries, that he rather conceals than manifeſts himſelf;

himſelf; and is ſo diſguis'd by the mean and unworthy Forms under which he is repreſented, that the moſt Enlighten'd have much ado to know him. However, an Old Abbeſs will continually ſpeak to you about him, whom, of all things, ſhe has the leaſt Knowledge of: She'll command you to do ſome ſilly things by way of Penance; and an Exact Obedience muſt anſwer the Command, let it be never ſo ridiculous. Your Ghoſtly Father will aſſume no leſs an Aſcendant over you: And your Reaſon thus humbled, will find it ſelf a Slave to preſumptuous Ignorance. Reaſon, that ſecret Character, or Image of GOD, which he has imprinted on our Souls, will repreſent you as a Rebel, if you do not reverence in this Director of your Conſcience, the Imbecillity of Human Nature. Too ſimple, and credulous Nuns will diſguſt you, and you'll be offended at the Libertine and the Wanton. You will find there the Crimes of the World, whoſe Pleaſures you have forſaken.

Hitherto you have liv'd in Grandeur, and enjoy'd all the Delights that attend it. You were brought up as a Queen, and you deſerv'd to be one. Being the Heireſs of a Miniſter who govern'd the Univerſe, you brought a greater Fortune to your Husband, than all the Queens of *Europe* together, to their Royal Conſorts. One Day robb'd you of all that vaſt Eſtate: But your Merit ſupply'd the Loſs of your Fortune, and made you live with more Magnificence in Foreign Countries, than you would have lived in ours. Curioſity, Delicacy, Cleanlineſs, nice Dreſs, Conveniencies of Life, and Pleaſures have not abandon'd you. If your Diſcretion has forbidden you voluptuous Enjoyments, you have yet this Advantage, that no Favours were ever ſo deſired as yours.

Now, Madam, what will you find in a Nunnery? — A ſevere Prohibition of all that Nature reaſonably requires; of all that Humanity allows: A Cell, a hard Bed, more deteſtable Diet, naſty ſtinking Cloaths, ſhall make up all your Delights. You'll be your ſole Attendant, the only Perſon to humour and pleaſe you, amidſt ſo many things that will diſpleaſe you; nor will you, perhaps, be in a Condition to have for your ſelf the moſt ſecret Complaiſance for Self-Love: Perhaps your Beauty, being become altogether uſeleſs, will not diſcover it ſelf, either to your own Eyes, or thoſe of others.

However Madam, this wonderful Beauty of Your's, this great Ornament of the Univerſe, was not beſtow'd upon you to be hid. You owe your ſelf to the Publick, to your Friends, to your ſelf. You were made to pleaſe your ſelf, to pleaſe all; to diſſipate Sorrow, to inſpire Joy; to revive in general all that Languiſhes. When the Ugly and the Fooliſh throw themſelves into Nunneries, 'tis a Divine Inſpiration that makes them quit the World, where they can but diſgrace its Author: But in you, Madam, 'tis a downright Temptation from the Devil, who envying GOD's Glory, cannot bear the Admiration, which the moſt Excellent of his Works raiſes in us. Twenty whole Years ſpent in ſinging of Pſalms, and Anthems, in the Choir, will not contribute ſo much to that Glory, as will one Day in which your Beauty lies expos'd to the Sight of the World. The ſhewing your ſelf is a true *Vocation*. 'Tis the Service you owe GOD; 'tis the moſt ſuitable Worſhip you can pay him. If Time has power to deſtroy the excellent Harmony and Proportion of your Features, as well as thoſe of Colours; if it ſhould

one

one Day ruin that Beauty we now admire: Then indeed, you may retire from the World; and after having fulfill'd the Will of him that form'd you, go, and ſing his Praiſes in a Nunnery. But, be ſure to follow the Diſpoſition he has made of your Life: For if you foreſtall the Hour he has appointed for your Retreat, you ſhall betray his Intentions, by a ſecret Complaiſance for his Enemy.

If you hearken to this Enemy, one of your greateſt Misfortunes will be, that no body ſhall be acceſſary to them but your ſelf. My Lady *Colonna*, your Siſter, charges hers on the Violences that are offer'd her. She has the Cruelty of a Husband that compels her, the Injuſtice of a Court that ſupports him, and a thouſand other Grievances, either true or falſe, to complain of. But you, Madam, are the only Cauſe of your hard Fate, and can accuſe none but your own Error. GOD makes his Will known to you through my Mouth, and you will not give me the Hearing. He makes uſe of my Arguments to ſave you, and you conſult nothing but your Ruin. One Day overwhelm'd with all the Miſeries I deſcribe to you, you will, but too late, think on him who endeavour'd to prevent them. You are flatter'd, perhaps, by the Noiſe your Retreat will make; and by an extravagant Vanity you think nothing is more illuſtrious, than to rob the World of the greateſt Beauty that ever was in it, when others beſtow nothing on God, but either Natural Deformity, or the Ruins of a worn out Face. But how long have you preferr'd the Emptineſs of Opinion before the Reality of Things? And who, after all, will warrant you r Reſolution will not be accounted as s Extraordinary? Who can tell, but it 'd upon as the Return of a wandring

and travelling Humour? Or, that People will imagine that you go three hundred Leagues in queſt of an Adventure, Divine indeed, if you pleaſe to call it ſo, but ſtill an Adventure.

You hope, perhaps, to find ſome Comfort in my Lady *Colonna*'s Converſation: But, if I am not miſtaken, that Comfort will not laſt long. After you have talk'd three or four Days of *France* and *Italy*, of the King's Paſſion *, and the Timorouſneſs of the Cardinal your Uncle; of what you were like to be, and what you are at preſent; After having exhauſted your Memory of what paſs'd at the Conſtable's Houſe; of your going out of *Rome*, and of your unfortunate Voyages and Travels, you will find your ſelf coop'd up in a Convent; and your Captivity, the Hardſhip of which you will by that time begin to feel, will make you reflect on the ſweet Liberty you enjoy'd in *England*. Thoſe very things that now ſeem tireſome to you, will appear charming to your Imagination; and what you have quitted through Diſguſt, will revive, and tantalize your Appetite. Then, Madam, then, what Force of Mind muſt you be Miſtreſs of, to comfort your ſelf under the Senſe of preſent Ills, and loſt Pleaſures? I grant, my Gueſſes may prove falſe, and my Conjectures ill-grounded. I grant, my Lady *Colonna*'s Converſation may ever be agreeable to you: —— But who will warrant that it will be in your Power freely to enjoy it? 'Tis one of the Rules obſerv'd in

* *The preſent King of* France, *before he married the* Infanta *of* Spain, *was paſſionately in Love with my Lady* Colonna *(then a Maid) but Cardinal* Mazarin, *her Uncle, would not conſent to that Match, for fear the Fame ſhould be reſented by the Princes of the Blood, and Peers of* France.

in Religious Houſes, not to permit any cloſe Correſpondence between Perſons that take Delight in each other's Company; becauſe the Union of private Perſons is a kind of Breach of the Obligations one has contracted with the whole Society. Beſides, the Conſtable's Care and Vigilance may extend ſo far, as to prevent a Communication, that will raiſe a thouſand chimerical Fears in the Head of a ſuſpicious Man, who too much offended to be forgiven. I do not mention the Caprice and Freaks of an Abbeſs, nor the ſecret Jealouſies of Nuns, who will do all the Spite they can, to a Perſon whoſe Merit will drown theirs. Thus, Madam, it may be your Fate, that after you have turn'd Nun, and live with your Siſter, you will be ſcarce allow'd to ſee her; and ſo you will either be alone with your Melancholy Thoughts, or in a Crowd, amidſt Impertinence, Error and Folly; tired with Sermons in a Language you little underſtand, fatigu'd with *Matins* that will diſturb your Morning-Reſt, wearied with the continual Habit of ſaying *Veſpers*, and the troubleſome Mumbling of a *Roſary*.

What ſhall I do then? will you ſay:——— Preſerve your Reaſon, Madam; for you'll make your ſelf unhappy if you loſe it. What a prodigious Loſs is the Want of that exquiſite Diſcernment and ſound Judgment you were Miſtreſs of? Have you committed ſo great a Crime againſt your ſelf, thus to inflict ſo ſevere a Puniſhment on your own Perſon? And then what reaſon have you to complain of your Friends, thus to exerciſe ſo cruel a Revenge upon them? The *Italians* murther their Enemies: But their Friends eſcape their Savage way of doing themſelves Juſtice.

Mademoiſelle de *Beverweert* and I, have already received Mortal Strokes; the very thought of your Sufferings, has occaſioned ours; and I find my ſelf at preſent the moſt Miſerable of all Men, becauſe you are going to make your ſelf the moſt Miſerable of all Women. When I go to ſee her in the Morning, we look upon each other Speechleſs, for a Quarter of an Hour; and this Mournfull ſilence, is ever attended with our Tears. Take Pity on us Madam, if you'll have none for your ſelf. One may go ſo far as to deprive one's ſelf, of the Conveniencies of Life, for the ſake of Friends: We only deſire to forbear its Torments, and ſhan't we obtain our Requeſt? You muſt needs be naturally very Hard hearted, ſince you are the firſt that feels the Effects, of your own Rigour. Think Madam, think ſeriouſly, on what I tell you: You ſtand upon the Brink of Ruine: one Step forward, and you are Undone; one Step backward, and you are Safe. Your good, or bad Fortune, is in your own Hands: Have but the Courage to be Happy, and you will infallibly be ſo.

If you leave the World, as you ſeem reſolv'd, my Comfort is, that I ſhall not ſtay long in it: Nature, kinder than you, will ſoon put a Period to my Melancholy Life. In the mean time, Madam, your Commands will ſupercede hers, when you pleaſe; for the Right ſhe has over me, is Subordinate, to that I have Reſigned to you. There's no Voyage I ſhall not undertake to be in your Company; and if you ſhall ſtrain your Rigour ſo far, as even to deny me that Favour, I ſhall go and hide my ſelf in ſome Deſart, being utterly incapable to reliſh any Converſation but yours. In that ſupply all other Obje

from, and forget my ſelf, if I may ſo ſpeak, that I may Eternally think on you. There I ſhall learn to die; and my laſt Sighs, will Acquaint the whole World, with the Power of your Charms, and Merits, and the Depth of my Affliction.

A LETTER

To the ſame.

I was told you were going to leave England, and tho' yet uncertain where to fix your Reſidence, that you were reſolved to go out of the Country, where you ought to ſtay. In the Name of Wonder, Madam, what do you mean? What are you going to do? You will give your Enemies invincible Reaſons againſt your ſelf, and deprive your Friends of all Means to ſerve you. You will, by this new Ramble, revive the Dormant Fault of all the former; and ruine all your preſent and future Intereſt. But, ſay you, can one appear in Publick, after this ſtrange unlucky Adventure? But anſwer I, how can one hide one's ſelf without making a bare Misfortune a Crime. 'Tis certain our ill Conduct, often turns Misfortunes into Faults; and I am afraid, Madam, you will find it by experience. If you continue any longer in your obſcure Retreat, every one will reproach you, with what you ſeem to reproach your ſelf; and you'll be condemn'd by Thouſands, who are now diſpos'd to Pity you.

But

But after all, Madam, is the Accident, that has befallen you, ſo very extraordinary? I could name to you, ſome Modern Beauties, who have born the loſs of their Lovers, with very Moderate Sorrow, but that I have a greater Example in ſtore for you. *Helena*, leſs Beautiful than you, but next to you, the moſt Beautiful Woman the World ever ſaw; *Helena*, cauſed both Gods and Men, to fight ten Years together, and was more Proud of what others did for her ſake, than aſham'd of what ſhe had done herſelf. Theſe, Madam, are the Heroin's, you ought to Imitate; and not the *Dido's* and *Thiſbe's*; thoſe Wretches who have diſgrac'd Love by the deſperate Extravagance of their Paſſion. But what mean you by your Sorrow? To lament a dead Man, is not to lament a Lover. Your Lover is now no more than a ſad and empty Object, form'd by your Imagination: 'Tis to be in love with your own Idea; and the Lady who is in love with *Alexander the Great* †, is as excuſable in her Chimerical Paſſion, as you are in yours; ſince a Man who died to day, has no more to do with this World, than that Famous Conqueror. —— Therefore your ſelf are the Subject-Matter of your Tears; whilſt being too faithful to your Affliction, you vainly endeavour to reſtore what Nature has deſtroy'd.

Then talk of his diſaſtrous Fate no more;
All Grief, which on your Beauty preys; give o'er:
The Man you mourn for, is for ever gone,
And you're alone the Subject of your Moan.
Your raving Fancy, to your ſelf unkind,
Has form'd a Fantom to diſtract your Mind. I

† He alludes to the French Play, call'd Les Viſionaires, writ by Des Marets.

I give you the best Arguments in the World, both in Prose and Verse: But the more Pains I take to comfort you, the more I find you inconsolable. Since the Times of *Artemisia*, and the Dutchess of *Montmorenci*, both famous for their solemn Affliction, and celebrated by the *Mausoleums* they erected for their Husbands, no Sorrow like yours was ever seen. 'Tis true, it was, in a manner, enjoyn'd to you by the Directress of your Grief. No Moment passes, but *Dolorida* * approaches your Ears to tell you News of the other World; and there's no Secret she leaves untry'd, to entertain in your Soul the Love of the Dead, and the Hatred of the Living. Sometimes she makes use of a sad and mournful Countenance; sometimes of a woful Story, and sometimes, for Variety-sake, of a melancholy and lamentable Song. And those very Hymns which the (*Roman*) Church has instituted to celebrate the Death of our Saviour, are moanfully sung at his Nativity, when the same Church ordains us to rejoice. If one should observe in you the least Sign of your being restor'd to your gay Humour; if, by an Impulse of Nature you should break out into the least Sally of Joy, contrary to *Dolorida*'s Orders, a severe Look of hers makes you immediately return to the Duty of your Sorrow; and such Art of grieving and lamenting is employ'd to give you a Disgust to the World; that if the same melancholy Methods, and gloomy Application were to be used with Mr. *Talbot*, I don't in the least doubt that in a Fortnight one might make a good Hermit of the most jovi-

* *So Mr.* de St. Evremond *call'd Madam* de Rutz, *whom the Duke of* Mazarin *had sent to* London *with some young Ladies design'd for Nuns, in order to engage his Dutchess to retire into a Nunnery.*

jovial of all Men. Let therefore no body wonder at *Doloride's* ſucceſsful Machines of a ſtudied Deſolation: The Wonder is, you have preſerved ſo much Judgment as you have done. You have enough left, Madam, in ſpite of all the Endeavours that have been uſed to rob you of it entirely, in order to diſpoſe of you with more eaſe, to your Ruine: But nevertheleſs, do not take it ill of me, if I ſhew you the Difference, there is between you, and your ſelf.

What would formerly have ſaid, that Dutcheſs of *Mazarin*, whom we knew full of Wit, and Penetration; what would our Madam *Mazarin* have ſaid, if ſhe had ſeen a ſmall Religious Flock croſs the Sea, to ſettle their wandring Sanctity, in the Houſe of a Perſon of Quality? And what would ſhe not have ſaid of the Hoſpitable Lady, who would have entertain'd theſe Pious Siſters? What would Madam *Mazarin* have ſaid, if ſhe had ſeen the Reverend Mother Superior, divide her time, between the Exerciſes of Piety, and her Amorous Lectures; between the Fervency of Prayers, and the Eagerneſs of getting a Guinea; between the Pious Frauds of Religion, and the Cheats at Baſſet? What would ſhe have ſaid, if ſhe had ſeen thoſe Young Plants, that wanted Moiſture, bear Miraculouſly *Forward Fruit*, through the particular Bleſſing of that Houſe? Come on, little *Marote* *, you Proſelyte of their Holineſſes, come and learn us ſomething of the Myſtery, in which you have been initiated; Shew your ſelf *Marote*, and convince the Publick of the Efficacy of their wholeſome Inſtructions. The thing is too ſerious, and too Preſſing, to make a Jeſt of it any longer.

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* *One of the young Girls that came over with Madam* de *who bore the* Forward Fruit.

In the Name of GOD, Madam; That Name which is abuſed by the Hypocrites, who, in the Judgment of *Bacon*, are the great Atheiſts: In the Name of GOD, Rid your ſelf of a contagious Commerce with Wickedneſs and Folly. You will no ſooner have freed your ſelf from it, but you'll recover all your former Judgment, and retrieve your priſtine Reputation. Conſult ſolidly your Intereſt, and wiſely your Repoſe. This is all I beg of you: Make your ſelf happy, and you'll do more for me than 'twere in your power to do for a Lover, let your Favours be never ſo precious.

A

LETTER

To the ſame.

I Do my ſelf the Honour to write to you, Madam; not that I flatter my ſelf with the Hope of Regaining your Favour; but only to have the Satisfaction to tell you the greateſt Truth in the World; which is, Madam, that you never had, nor never will have, ſo faithful a Servant as I have been, and will ever be. 'Tis true, this Fidelity of mine had nothing in view, but your Intereſt. Leaving for others, to humour your Fancies, the Complaiſance they have at preſent, to entertain your Sorrows, I conſider'd what was conducing to your Good, and oppoſed what unfortunately pleaſed you to your Ruin. After ſo juſt an Aſſurance of my Zeal, I will tell you, that you have nothing to fear in *England*, but thoſe who endeavour to give you a Diſguſt of it: And would to God you were as truly perſwaded of the Civility of the *Engliſh*, as they are ready to give you Proofs of it on all Occaſions. Shew your ſelf, Madam: For you never can hurt your ſelf ſo much, as by hiding your ſelf. But when you become acceſſible, give us leave to come to you any other way, but that curſed Apartment, fitter to conjure up the Ghoſt of *Samuel*, than to lead to Madam *Mazarin*'s Chamber. If all thoſe diſmal Preparations are of

Ar-

Arcabonne's * providing, we pray God to preſerve us againſt the Inchantment. But if that black Melancholy proceeds from your own Humour; if you think on nothing but to hurt and torment your ſelf, learn, Madam, that the greateſt Cruelty is to torment ones ſelf. Who does not forgive himſelf, deſerves not to be forgiven by others: for he teaches them to be ſeyere and unrelenting. Let us come to the Point, for I begin to be weary of Generalities.

Suppoſe your Nephew † ſhould loſe his Benefice; I don't deny but it is Matter of Grief: But you have ſuſtained greater Loſſes without breaking your Heart for it. A Man who profeſs'd Love to you, has been kill'd. 'Tis an unfortunate Accident, I own it: But, baring your Affliction, there's nothing very extraordinary in this Adventure. Lovers are Mortal, like other Men. If you can make Love to be an Exemption from dying, the Ladies will be peſter'd with Lovers; and there will be as many as there are Men. I know 'tis decent to mourn for the Loſs of thoſe that love us; but to ſummon all that is direful to the Aſſiſtance of our Grief, and take thereupon deſtructive Reſolutions, is what the Dead do not require from us.

Give me leave to reproach you with ſomething that's mean, but which is neceſſary to animate you to ſhake off the Concernment you are in. In Times of Proſperity, I know, no body ſhews more Philoſophy than you. You talk more gravely than *Plutarch*; you ſpeak more Sentences than

* *A Famous Enchantreſs, Siſter to the Magician* Arcalaus, *in the Romance called* Amadis de Gaul.

† *Prince* Philip *of* Savoy. *See the Life of Mr* de St. Evremond, *Page* civ.

than *Seneca*; you make more Reflections than *Montaigne*: But upon the least Accident, upon the least Trouble that befals you, you are bewilder'd, and loſt to all Counſel; you renounce your own Reaſon, and reſign your ſelf to thoſe who love none, or whoſe Intereſt lies in your Ruin. 'Tis too much, Madam, 'tis too much in all conſcience to act the ſame Farce twice in one Family. And why, I pray, did you wonder ſo much at my Lady *Coleman*'s leaving *Paris*, where ſhe had nothing but the dry and bare Protection of the Duke of *Savoy*? Why, I ſay, did you ſo much wonder at it, if you can now be capable of leaving the King of *England*, as ſecure by his Power, as ſolid by his Beneficence?

Notwithſtanding all theſe clear and forcible Arguments, I am ſtill afraid leſt you overlook your Intereſt; unfortunate, not to ſee in *England* what ſuits beſt with you; yet more unfortunate in ſeeing it too well aſſoon as you are gone out of *England*! You ſhall then recover the Light when you want means to enjoy it. As long as you are in this Kingdom, either in Town or Country, you may mend your Affairs, as bad a Condition as they are in; But after you are once on board the Ship, here's no more Reſource. You muſt go to Places where you'll find neither Satisfaction nor Intereſt; where your Imaginations will be fruſtrated; and where, to torment you, you will find the Senſe of preſent Miſery, and the Remembrance of paſt Felicity.

I know, Madam, you don't care to hear of Examples. But without regarding your Averſion, I ſhall make bold to tell you, that the Queen of * *Bohemia*, upon her going out of *England*, dragg'd

* Elizabeth Stuart, *Daughter to* James I. *and Mother to the Princeſs* Sophia.

dragg'd about a wandring Neceſſity from one Nation to another; and that *Mary* of *Medicis*, Mother, or Mother-in-law to three great † Kings, went to ſtarve at *Cologne*. I look upon you, Madam, with Tears in my Eyes, as a Perſon ready to be ſacrificed, unleſs you have the Force to ſave your ſelf from the Altar. Do as much for your ſelf as *Racine* did for *Iphigenia*. Put an *Eriphile* in your Place, and come and comfort Men of Honour with your Safety, and her Ruin.

A

LETTER

To the ſame.

YOU doubt not, Madam, that I am ſenſibly touch'd to ſee you leave *England*; but I ſhould be inconſolable, if you deſign'd to go and live either with the Princes of *Germany*, or the Grandees of *Spain*. Nothing is more natural for you, than living in *France*. For my own Part, I would not deſire either a better Air, or a finer Country. *England*, however, has its Conveniencies: A great many Guineas, with the Liberty of enjoying them as one thinks fit. I cannot go on with this ſort of Diſcourſe: —— All Diverſions are neceſſary to amuſe my Sorrow; but it is very difficult to make uſe of any, when it comes into my Thoughts that I ſhall never ſee you again. I look upon you as a dead Perſon, with

† Viz. *Mother to* Lewis XIII, *and Mother-in-law to* Philip IV. *King of* Spain, *and* Charles I. *King of* England.

with reſpect to me. All your good Qualities appear before me to affect me; and I can fix my Eye on no Imperfection that can comfort me. Wou'd to God you had left me ſome Reaſon to complain, more provoking than the Abandoning me to my little Merit. A juſt Reſentment of an Injury would exaſperate me againſt you; but your Contempt obliges me to do my ſelf an irkſome Piece of Juſtice, without affording me any thing to reproach you with. Pray let this Letter ſerve for an Adieu: For I ſhall not have the Strength to bid it by Word of Mouth; and I ſhall weep in my Chamber, as I do already now, to ſpare my Age the Shame of ſhedding Tears in Publick. Remember now and then an old Servant. However, I fear what I ask: For you will not remember me, but when my Predictions come to paſs; and I had rather they ſhould prove falſe, and be forgotten. As for you, Madam, you will ever be remember'd by thoſe who had the Honour to know you. Thoſe you think the leaſt diſpoſed to regret you, will not forgive the Reſolution you have taken to leave us. Your only Enemy is your ſelf; and your ſad Ideas, and melancholy Attendants. If a Man could look into your Head, as well as on your Face, he would find your Brain blacken'd with the DEAD of *La Trape**, and your other diſmal Imaginations. Farewell, Madam. The bare mentioning your Affliction, would make me ſad, if I were not ſo already. Gueſs at my Sorrow and Zeal for your Service: For 'tis not in my power to expreſs it:

* *There is a Book of the Lives of ſome Perſons that died at the Monaſtery of* la Trape, *and left behind them the Reputation of being holy Men.*

For a long while, I have not taken upon me to give you Counſel. Let the laſt be, to reconcile your ſelf with the Duke of *Mazarin*, if you can do it with any Safety. If there be none, return to *England*, to paſs ſome time in the Country. I am perſwaded the King will not abandon you; and you will find more People ready to ſerve you than you imagine. As for Monaſteries, one lives wretchedly there, unleſs one becomes crazy. All things conſider'd, 'tis better for a married Woman to ſuffer with an Husband, than to ſuffer with an Abbeſs. There is more Honour and Virtue in it. Rid your ſelf, as faſt as you can, of the black Whims that proceed from the Spleen, and in which, even your Imagination has no ſhare.

SOME

SOME OBSERVATIONS UPON THE *Taſt* and *Judgment* OF THE FRENCH.

ALtho' the Genius of the *French* ſeems generally to be but mean, it is certain, that thoſe who diſtinguiſh themſelves amongſt us, are capable of the moſt noble Productions: But when they know how to perform them, we know not how to admire them; and if we have done Juſtice to ſome excellent Work, our Levity doth not ſuffer it to enjoy long the Reputation we have given it. I don't at all wonder, that there is no good Taſt of Things where Barbarity reigns, and no Judgment, where Letters, Arts, and Diſcipline are loſt; it would likewiſe be ridiculous to expect a Vein of fine Learning, in Times of Darkneſs and Ignorance: But that which is really ſurpriſing, is, to ſee in the moſt polite Court, a true and vicious Palate ſucceed by Turns, and become *A-la-mode*, like our Cloths.

I have known conſiderable Men ſometimes the Ornaments of the Court, and ſome-

times be thought ridiculous; to be liked again, then fall into Contempt; without any Alteration, either in their Persons, or their Conduct. A Man retires with the Applause of the whole World, who, the next Day finds himself the Subject of our Raillery, without knowing how he came to forfeit the good Opinion we had of him lately. The true Reason is, because we rarely judge of Men by solid Advantages, which good Sense discovers; but by the Fashion, whose Applause ends, as soon as the Fancy which had produced it.

The Works of Authors are subject to the same Inequality of our Taste. When I was young, *Theophile* was admired, in spite of his Irregularities and Negligence, which made a shift to escape through want of a nice Judgment, in the Courtiers of that Time. I have seen him since universally cried down by all the Versifiers, without any respect to fine Imagination, and the happy Graces of his Genius. I have known the Time, when the Poetry of *Malherbe* was thought admirable, for the Turn, the Exactness, and the Expression. Not long after, he was thrown aside, as the worst of Poets; when Riddles, Burlesque, *Bouts rimez**, carried all *France* before them. I have seen *Corneille* lose his Reputation, if it were possible for him to lose it, at the representation of one of his best Pieces†. I have seen two of the best *Comedians* of the World‡, exposed to all our Raillery; and when the Influence of this Prejudice was over, they were as much admired as before.

* *A set of Rhimes* [illegible] *in a Poet in order to his filling them up in a Sonnet* [illegible] *other piece of Poetry.*

† *The* Sophonisba.

‡ *Floridor and* Mon[illegible]

before. The Airs of *Boiſſet*, which formerly ſo juſtly charmed all the Court, were ſoon left for little Ballad-Tunes; and *Luigi*, the firſt Man of the Univerſe in his Art, muſt come from *Italy* to admire them, and make us repent of this our Folly, and reſtore them to that Reputation, which nothing but meer Whimſie had robbed them of. If you ask me the Reaſon of it, I muſt tell you, that Induſtry in *France*, ſupplies the Place of the greateſt Merit, and that the Art of making one's ſelf valued oftner gives us a Reputation, than our intrinſick Value.

Since good Judges are as rare as good Authors; ſince 'tis as difficult to find Judgment in one, as Genius in the other, every one aims to give a Reputation to that which pleaſes him, and it happens, that the Multitude values that which is agreeable to their ill Reliſh, or at moſt, to their indifferent Underſtanding. Beſides, Novelty is a Temptation from which our Minds cannot eaſily defend themſelves. The Merit which we are accuſtomed to, does not fail, in Time, to raiſe our Envy, and even Defects are capable of ſurprizing us agreeably, in Things that we never ſaw. The moſt valuable Things, after they have appeared ſome time amongſt us, no longer make an Impreſſion upon us as Good; but diſguſt us as Old: On the other ſide, Things that deſerve no Eſteem, are leſs often rejected as deſpicable, than deſired as new.

Not but that we have Men of ſound Judgment in *France*, who never diſlike any Thing that ought to pleaſe, and are never pleas'd with what is trifling: But the Multitude, either ignorant, or pre-poſſeſs'd, ſtill prevails over the ſmall Numbers of ng. Beſides, Perſons of the greateſt Value on every Thing according to and when a Perſon follows the

Mode, he may equally eſteem thoſe Things he knows, and thoſe he doth not.

There is no Country where Reaſon or Sence is ſcarcer, than in *France*; but when 'tis found there, none is purer, in the whole Univerſe. For the moſt part indeed, we are govern'd by Fancy; but a Fancy, ſo fine, and a Caprice ſo noble, as to what regards the outſide, that Foreigners, aſhamed of their good Sence, as of a groſs Quality, ſeek to make themſelves eſteemed at Home, by imitating our Modes; and renounce eſſential Qualities, to affect an Air and Manner, which it's hardly poſſible for them to attain. Thus that continual Alteration in our Cloaths and Houſhold-Goods, with which our Neighbours reproach us, but always imitate, is without our ſo deſigning it, a wiſe and politick Contrivance: For, beſides, thoſe infinite Sums of Money which it draws from Foreign Parts, 'tis an Intereſt, more ſolid than one would imagine, to have *French-men* diſperſed in all Places, who regulate the Garb of other Nations by our own; who begin by enſlaving their Eyes, when their Heart ſtill oppoſes our Laws, and gain the Senſes to favour our Empire, when in their Opinion they ſtill hold out for Liberty.

So advantageous and happy to us, is this noble and fine Fancy of ours, which makes it ſelf be received by our greateſt Enemies. However, it ought not to uſurp upon the Arts, nor pretend imperiouſly to paſs Sentence upon the Productions of the Mind, without conſulting either a good Taſte or Reaſon. When we are arrived to the perfection of any Thing, we ought to ſhew our Niceneſs by reliſhing, and our Juſtice by always eſteeming it: Unleſs we obſerve this Rule, we may with Reaſon be reproached. That Foreigners are more favourable to the Merit of our Works, than

than our ſelves. We ſhall find ſome of our good Pieces preſerve their Reputation abroad, when they have loſt it in *France*: We'll ſee our Foppe-ries elſewhere rejected by good Senſe, when we extol them to the Skies, out of a ridiculous Folly.

There is a Vice oppoſite to this, which is equally inſupportable; that is, our paſſionate Affection for what was done in the former, and our diſlike for every thing that's done in our own Time. Upon this Foundation *Horace* drew the Character of Old Age; and an Old Man is, indeed, admirably deſcribed by him:

Difficilis, querulus, laudator temporis acti.

In this melancholy Scene of Life, we impute the Defects which proceed purely from our Moroſeneſs to exterior Objects; and when a pleaſant Remembrance turns our Thoughts from what we are, to what we have been, we attribute Agreements to many Things, which really had none, becauſe they revive in our Minds the Idea of our Youth, when every thing pleaſed us by the Warmth of our Temper. But we ought not to impute this Humour to Old Age alone; there are ſome Perſons, who imagine, that Merit conſiſts in deſpiſing every thing that is new, and Solidity, in valuing every thing that is old. There are ſome, who, of their own Nature, are pleaſed with what they ſee, and fond of what they have ſeen. They will tell you wonders of an old Court, where there was nothing but what was ordinary, and endeavour to contemn the Grandeur and Magnificence which they have before their Eyes. They are profuſe of their Praiſes to deceaſed Perſons of but a common Virtue, and will hardly do Juſtice to the Glory of the greateſt Heroe, if he is living.

The firſt Obſtacle to their Eſteem, is to Live; as the moſt favourable Recommendation, is to have been. After a Man is dead, they will praiſe, what they blamed in him, whilſt alive; and then, diſengaged from the Moroſeneſs of their Humour, they will juſtly render to his Memory, what they unjuſtly denied to his Perſon.

As for me, 'twas always my Opinion, That to make a ſound Judgment of Men, and of their Works, it is neceſſary to conſider them by themſelves, and to have a Contempt, or a Reſpect for Things paſt, according to their intrinſick Worth, whatever it is. I am perſwaded, that we ought not to oppoſe all new Things merely out of a Spirit of Averſion; nor on the other hand, to hunt after them out of a love of Novelty; but to reject, or receive them, according to the true Opinion we ought to conceive of them. We muſt part with our Capricio's, and the Fantaſticalneſs of our Humour, which, after all, is a hindrance to know Things well. The moſt eſſential Point is to acquire a true Judgment, and a pure Underſtanding. Nature prepares us for it, but Experience and Converſation with polite Perſons, brings it to perfection.

A LETTER

To Mr. * * *,

Who could not endure that the Earl of St. Albans *ſhould be in love in his Old Age.*

WHY ſhould you wonder, that Old Men have an Inclination to ſtill Love? 'Tis not ridiculous for them to ſuffer themſelves to be moved; but 'tis vain in them to pretend that they are able to pleaſe. I muſt own to you, I love the Company of pretty Ladies, as much as ever I did; but I admire their Beauty without any Deſign, Heaven knows, of making any Impreſſion upon their Hearts. I only endeavour to pleaſe my ſelf, and ſtudy rather to find Tenderneſs in my own Breaſt, than in theirs. 'Tis by their Charms, and not by their Favours, that I pretend to be obliged; and if ever I complain of them, 'tis only of their Diſagreeableneſs, and not of their Rigour.

Let others call you Cruel and Severe,
I'll call you Kind for being Fair.
Thanks to your Eyes that far out-ſhine the Day,
They warm and animate my Clay.

The greateſt Pleaſure that old Men have left, is to live; and nothing ſecures their Life ſo

ſo effectually as Love. *I think therefore, I am,* is the Concluſion upon which the whole Philoſophy of *Deſcartes* turns; but 'tis cold and languiſhing for an Old Man. *I love, therefore I am,* is a Conſequence that has all Life and Spirit in it; It re-calls the Deſires of Youth, and ſometimes bribes my Imagination to believe I am Young.

You will tell me, that 'tis a double Errour, not to believe we are what we are, and to fancy we are what we are not. But what Truths can be ſo advantageous as theſe pleaſing Errours, that take away from us all Thoughts of the Evils we ſuffer; and in return, give us the Sence of a Happineſs we don't poſſeſs. But for want of conſidering things with due Attention, we pretend that Love is only calculated for the Meridian of Youth, when Reaſon ſhould reſtrain the Violence of its Inclinations; And we call thoſe old People Fools who have the Courage to love; tho' the wiſeſt thing they can do, is to animate and awaken the Lethargy of Nature, by flattering Images of Love. What are we the better for Life, if we are not ſenſible that we are alive? We purely owe our Life to our Love, if it is able to reanimate it, when the Decays of Age have made us loſe all Senſe of it.

At this Age all the Springs of Ambition leave us, the Deſire of Glory no longer fires us, our Strength fails us, our Courage is extinguiſh'd, or at leaſt weaken'd; Love, Love alone ſupplies the place of every Virtue; it averts all Thoughts of thoſe Evils that ſurround us, and the Fear of thoſe that threaten us. It turns aſide the Image of Death, which otherwiſe wou'd continually preſent it ſelf to our Eyes: It diſſipates the terrours of the Imagination, and the troubles of the Soul, and makes us the Wiſeſt Men in the World, in re-

reſpect of our ſelves, when it makes us paſs for Mad-men in the common Opinion of others.

A

Funeral Oration

OF THE

Dutcheſs of MAZARIN.

I Have undertaken to day a Thing without Precedent; I have undertaken to make the FUNERAL ORATION of a Perſon, who is in better Health than her Orator. This will ſurprize you, Gentlemen; but if we are permitted to take care of our Tombs, to order Inſcriptions for them, and to give a greater Extent to our Vanity, than Nature has been willing to give to our Lives: If thoſe that are alive, may appoint the Place where they are to lye, when they ſhall be no longer in the number of the Living: If *Charles the Fifth* cauſed his own Funerals to be celebrated, and for two Years aſſiſted at the Prayers made on that occaſion; can you think it ſtrange, Gentlemen, that a Beauty more illuſtrious by her Charms, than that Emperor was by his Conqueſts, is willing to enjoy the Happineſs of her Memory, and hear whilſt ſhe is alive, what may be ſaid of her after her Death. Let others endeavour to excite your Sorrows for one

one that is dead, I will command your Tears for one that is living; for a Perſon who is to die one Day, by the neceſſary Misfortune of Humane Condition, and who ought to live for ever, for the ſake of her admirable Qualities.

Weep, Gentlemen; and not tarrying to bewail a Beauty till ſhe is loſt, afford your Tears to the melancholy Conſideration that we muſt one Day loſe her. Weep, weep. Whoever expects a certain and unavoidable Misfortune, may already ſtile himſelf unfortunate. *Hortenſia* will die; that Miracle of the World will one Day die; the Idea of ſo great a Calamity, deſerves your Tears.

Yes, Charming Goddeſs, you muſt leave us,
Death will remove the Heavenly Prize;
And of thoſe num'rous Charms bereave us,
That now employ our Hearts and Eyes.

Let us turn our Imaginations from her Death to her Birth; that we may ſteal one Moment from our Grief.

HORTENSIA MANCINI was born at *Rome* of an illuſtrious Family; her Anceſtors were always conſiderable; but tho' they had all of them governed Empires, as her Uncle *, neither they, nor that Maſter of *France*, had brought her ſo much Glory as ſhe reflects back upon them. Heaven form'd this great Maſterpiece by a Model unknown to the Age we live in. To the ſhame of our time, it beſtow'd upon *Hortenſia* the Beauty of ancient *Greece*, and the Virtue of Old *Rome*. Let us paſs over her Infancy; you'll find ſome Account of it in her *Me-*

* Cardinal Mazarin.

Memoirs ||. Her Infancy was attended with a Thouſand pretty Simplicities, but had nothing of Importance enough for our Subject. Gentlemen, I demand your Tears, I demand your Admiration. To obtain them, I have both Virtues and Misfortunes to repreſent to you.

It was not long before Cardinal *Mazarin* was ſenſible of the Advantages of his Beautiful Niece, and therefore to do Juſtice to the Gifts of Nature, he deſtin'd *Hortenſia* to carry his Name, and to poſſeſs his Wealth after his Death. She had Charms that might engage even Kings to Court her out of Love; and a Fortune capable to oblige them to do it out of Intereſt. Thoſe great Inducements happening to be attended with a favourable Conjuncture, the King of *Great-Britain* * ſought her in Marriage: But the Cardinal, who was fitter to govern than to make Sovereigns, loſt an Opportunity, which he afterwards endeavour-to find in vain. The Queen, Mother to the King of *England*, negociated that Affair her ſelf †; but a Reſtored King, remembered the ſmall Reſpect that was ſhewn to a baniſhed King; and ſo the Propoſitions which could not be obtain'd at *St. Jean de Luz*, were rejected at *London*.

But why did not you come your ſelf, Madam? For if you had, every thing would have yielded to your Charms; and this Day you would have made a powerful Nation as happy as you ſhould have been your ſelf. However, Heaven has in ſome ſort

|| *See the* Memoirs *of the Dutcheſs of* Mazarin, *at the end of this Volume.*

* Charles II.

† *This was the true Reaſon of her coming to* England, *in* 1661.

ſort obtain'd its End; for it had ordained you to be the Delight of *England*, which accordingly you are.

This great Affair having miſcarried; the next thing to be done, was to enquire into the Merits of our Courtiers, to the end you might be match'd with a Husband that was worthy of you. The Cardinal was tempted to make choice of the moſt accompliſhed; but he ſoon overcame the Temptation: For a falſe Intereſt prevailing over his Mind, he gave you to him who appeared to have the greateſt Fortune. Let us therefore lay the firſt Fault of this Marriage at his Eminency's Door: For Monſieur *Mazarin* is not to blame for having made his utmoſt Efforts in order to obtain the moſt beautiful Lady, and the greateſt Heireſs in *Europe*.

Madam *Mazarin* reckon'd that Obedience was her firſt Duty, and for that Reaſon, ſurrender'd her ſelf to the Inclination of her Uncle, as well from a Principle of Gratitude, as of Submiſſion. The Cardinal, who ought to have been ſenſible of the natural Averſion which Heaven had inſpired into their Hearts, and of the invincible Contrariety that was in the Tempers of thoſe two Perſons; the Cardinal, I ſay, neither underſtood nor foreſaw any thing of this; or, if he did, preferr'd a little Wealth, a ſmall Intereſt, and ſome apparent Advantage, to the Quiet of a Niece whom he was ſo fond of. He is the firſt Perſon to be blam'd for theſe ill-match'd Knotts, thoſe unfortunate Chains, thoſe Bonds that were ſo unſuitably contriv'd, and ſo juſtly broken. Here all the Cardinal's Reputation is blown up at once. He govern'd Cardinal *Richelieu*, who governed the Kingdom; but he married his Niece to Monſieur *Mazarin*; he loſt his Reputation. He govern'd *Lewis* XIII. after the Death of his Great

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Miniſter, and the Queen Regent, after that of the King her Husband; but he married his Niece to Monſieur *Mazarin*; all his Reputation is loſt. If any Allowance can be made to his Eminency upon this Score, we ſhould throw the Fault upon the Weakneſs of a dying Man: For to expect a Man ſhould be wiſe and prudent at the point of Death, would be to expect too much.

I remember the Day after this unhappy Marriage, the Phyſicians aſſured the Mareſchal of *Clerembaut*, that the Cardinal was better. But the Marſchal anſwer'd, *He is a dead Man, he has married his Niece to Monſieur* Mazarin; *his Brain is diſorder'd, his Head is affected; he is a dead Man.* Let us pardon this great Cardinal then, upon the Account of his Illneſs; let us pardon him on the Account of the Miſery of our State: There's no Man alive, who may not ſome time or other ſtand in need of ſuch an Apology. Let us weep then, Gentlemen, both out of Compaſſion, and out of Intereſt; for we have but too much Reaſon to ſhed Tears. I find my Compaſſion reaches even to Monſieur *Mazarin*; he who is the Cauſe of the Misfortune of others, is really to be pitied himſelf. Do but conſider what a Condition he has brought himſelf to, Gentlemen; and then I'm ſure you will be as much diſpos'd to bewail him as I am. Monſieur *Mazarin* groans under the Load of Riches and Honours, that have been heap'd upon him; that Fortune which in appearance raiſes him, does in reality only depreſs and overwhelm him: Grandeur is a Puniſhment to him, and Wealth is his Miſery. He has reaſon to hate a Marriage, which has ingag'd him in the Affairs of the World; nor has he leſs reaſon to repent his having obtain'd that which he deſired with ſo much Ardour. He might have led a happy Life in the Monaſtery of *La Trape*, or

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in ſome other holy and retired Society, but for this Marriage, which has been ſo fatal to both Parties. The Intereſts of this World have made him fall a Prey to the Devotionaries of the Age; thoſe Spiritual Cheats, who make their Court with great Artifice, who lay Snares for the Good-Nature of ſimple and innocent Souls; who from a Spirit of holy Uſury, ruin themſelves by lending to the People who promiſe *Cent per Cent* Intereſt in the next World.

But the greateſt Evil does not lie in giving, even ſuppoſing one gives very unſeaſonably; but in ſuffering Things to be taken away, or to be loſt. A prepoſterous Godlineſs makes him cover the Nudities of Pictures: A Scruple of a like Nature, is the occaſion of maiming and diſfiguring Statues. One Day the Pictures are carried off; another Day the Hangings are taken away: Governments are ſold, Money is ſquander'd away; every Thing is waſted, and Nothing left to be enjoyed. This, Gentlemen, is the miſerable Condition of Monſieur *Mazarin*: And ought not he then to have a ſhare in the Tears which we ſhed?

But, Madam *Mazarin* is to be a thouſand times more lamented: 'Tis to her Griefs that we owe the largeſt ſhare of our Pity. That Husband being ſenſible how unworthy he was of his Wife, debars her the ſight of every Body: He drags her from *Paris*, where ſhe was brought up, in order to carry her from Province to Province, from Town to Town, from one Country place to another; always ſure of a Journey, never certain of an Abode. He gives her all the Diſguſt that Aſſiduity can produce, and all the Diſcontent that Conſtraint can create: He omits nothing that may render himſelf hateful; tho' he might have ſpar'd the Pains which Nature had already taken

to

to make him ſo. As they who offend never forgive, ſo Monſieur *Mazarin*, the more his Wife ſuffered, the worſt he uſed her; and by degrees came to be a great Tyrant to that Perſon, to whom all Men of Honour and Breeding would have choſen to become Slaves. One would have thought that Madam *Mazarin* had no more Hardſhips to dread, after what ſhe had ſuffered; but this was a Miſtake, Gentlemen, for the greateſt of all was yet to come. Madam *Mazarin*, who was more jealous of her Reaſon than of her Beauty or her Fortune, finds her ſelf ſubjected to a Man who looks upon all the Advantages of Reaſon and good Senſe as Crimes, and all the Viſions of Fancy, as the extraordinary Graces of Heaven. He is full of Revelations and Prophecies. He admoniſhes and fore-warns, as having a Commiſſion from Angels; he commands and threatens, as being Authorized by God. There is no further occaſion for ſeeking the Will of Heaven either in SCRIPTURE or TRADITION; for that is framed in the Imagination, and explained by the Mouth of Monſieur *Mazarin*. You have ſuffered yourſelf to be ruined by an Extravagant, to be treated as a Slave by a Tyrant: Behold you are at the Mercy of a Prophet, *Hortenſia*, who is on the ſearch for new Inventions to torment you, in the Impoſture of Hypocrites, and the Viſions of Fanaticks. The Artifices of Knaves, and the Silline ſs of Fools, every thing combines in order to perſecute you.

Look out, Gentlemen, for the moſt docible, the moſt ſubmiſſive Woman in Nature, and put her to ſuch-like Trials: You'll find ſhe will not bear with her Husband Eight Days, what Madam *Mazarin* has bore with hers Five Years. We have reaſon to be aſtoniſhed that ſhe would not ſeparate from her Husband ſooner; we have rea-

ſon to wonder at her Patience. If there is any thing to be charged upon her, it is not that ſhe left him, but that ſhe liv'd with him ſo long as ſhe did. What was your Glory a doing, Madam, in the Time of ſo ſhameful a Slavery? You made your ſelf unworthy of the Favours of the Cardinal; you betrayed his Pretenſions by a mean Compliance, which ſuffered that Fortune to go to ruin, which was given to maintain you. You render'd your ſelf unworthy the Favours of Heaven, which had beſtowed ſo great Perfection upon you, by venturing to loſe your Reaſon in the long and contagious Commerce you had with Monſieur *Mazarin*. Return Thanks to God for the good and wiſe Reſolution which he put in your Heart; your Liberty is his Work; if he had not inſpired into you his Intentions, a natural Timidity, a ſcrupulous Conduct, a miſtaken Shame would have ſtill kept you with your Huſband, and you ſhould have yet remained ſubject to his extravagant Inſpirations. Return Thanks to God, Madam, for he has delivered you. 'Tis true, this Deliverance has coſt you all your Riches, but you have ſtill preſerv'd your Reaſon: Your Condition is not unhappy. You are diveſted of every Thing that you owed to Fortune; but you could never be robb'd of the Advantages which Nature beſtowed upon you. The Greatneſs of your Soul, the Strength of your Reaſon, and the Charms of your Face, continue with you: Your Condition is not unhappy. When Monſieur *Mazarin* ſuffers the Cardinal's Name to be forgotten in *France*, you enlarge the Glory of it among Strangers: Your Condition is not unhappy. There is no Nation that does not pay a voluntary Homage to the Power of your Charms. There is no Queen, who hath not a greater Ambition for your Beauty, than you can poſſibly have

have for her Grandeur: Your Condition is not unhappy.

All Climes and Countries do adore her,
Freſh Triumphs on her Beauties wait.
The World unjuſtly calls her Rover,
She only views the Limits of her State.

What Country is there which Madam *Mazarin* has not ſeen? What Nation has ſeen her that has not Admir'd her? *Rome* beheld her with as great Admiration as *Paris* did. That City, in all Ages of the World ſo Glorious, boaſts more of giving her to the World, than producing ſuch a Number of Heroes. She believes that ſo extraordinary a Beauty is preferable to the greateſt Valour, and that more Conqueſts were to be gained by her Eyes, than by the Arms of her great Men.

Italy, Madam, will be everlaſtingly obliged to you for aboliſhing thoſe importunate Rules, that bring a greater Conſtraint than Regularity with them: For freeing her from a Science of Formalities, Ceremonies, and affected Civilities; from the Tyranny of premeditated Reſpects, that render Men unſociable, even in Society it ſelf. 'Tis Madam *Mazarin*, who has baniſh'd all Grimace, and all Affectation; who has deſtroy'd that Art of an outward Behaviour, which only regulates Appearances; that Study of Exterior Things, that only compoſes Mens Countenances: 'Tis ſhe, who has rendered ridiculous a ſtiff aukward Gravity, which ſupply'd the place of Prudence, and Politicks without Affairs and without Intereſt, buſied only to conceal one's unſerviceableneſs: 'Tis ſhe, who has introduced a ſweet and innocent Liberty; who has rendered Converſation more agreeable, and the Pleaſure more pure and delicate.

A Fatality cauſed her to come to *Rome*, and a Fatality cauſed her to leave it. My Lady, the Conſtable *Colonna*, had a mind to leave her Huſband, and imparted this Reſolution to her Siſter. Her Siſter, as young as ſhe was, repreſented to her, upon this Occaſion, all that a Mother could have done to hinder it. But ſeeing her unalterably fix'd to execute her Deſign, ſhe follow'd her out of Love and Affection, whom ſhe could not diſſuade by Prudence; and ſhared with her all the Dangers of Flight, the Fears, the Inquietudes, and the Inconveniencies, that always attend ſuch Reſolutions. Fortune, who has a great Power in our Enterprizes, but a greater in our Adventures, made my Lady, the Conſtable, wander from Nation to Nation, and threw her at laſt into a Convent at *Madrid*. Right Reaſon adviſed Madam *Mazarin* to ſeek her Repoſe; and a deſire of Retirement oblig'd her to ſettle her Abode at *Chambery*. There ſhe found in her ſelf, by her Reflexions; in the Commerce with the Learned Men, by their Converſations; in Books, by Reading; and in Nature, by her Obſervations; all that ſolid Satisfaction which a Court does not give to Courtiers, who are either too much taken up with Buſineſs, or too much diſſolved in Pleaſure.

Three whole Years did Madam *Mazarin* live at *Chambery*, always in a ſtate of Tranquility, but never Obſcure. Whatever Inclinations ſhe might have to conceal her ſelf, her Merit eſtabliſh'd for her a ſmall Empire in ſpight of her; and in effect, ſhe reign'd over that City, and over the Nation. Every one acknowledged with Pleaſure, that Superiority which Nature had given her; even He who enjoy'd it over all the reſt by virtue of his Birth, forgot it freely, and entered into the ſame ſubjection with his People.

Thoſe

Thoſe of the greateſt Merit and Quality quitted the Court, and neglected the Service of their Prince, to apply themſelves particularly to that of Madam *Mazarin*: and conſiderable Perſons of remote Countries pretended a Voyage to *Italy*, to furniſh themſelves with an opportunity to ſee her. 'Twas an extraordinary Thing to be able to eſtabliſh a Court at *Chambery*: 'Twas, as it were, a Prodigy, that a Beauty, which had a mind to conceal it ſelf in Places almoſt inacceſſible, ſhould make a greater Noiſe in *Europe*, than all the other Ladies together.

The moſt beautiful Perſons of every Nation had the Diſpleaſure to hear continual mention made of an abſent Fair. The moſt lovely Creatures had a ſecret Enemy that ruined all the Impreſſions they could make. It was the Idea of Madam *Mazarin*, which was preciouſly preſerved after ſhe had been ſeen; and was formed with pleaſure where ſhe had never been.

Such was the Conduct of Madam *Mazarin*, ſuch was her Condition, when the Dutcheſs of *York*, her Relation, paſſed through *Chambery*, as ſhe was coming to the Duke her Husband.

The ſingular Merit of the Dutcheſs, her Beauty, her Wit, and her Virtue inſpir'd Madam *Mazarin* with a Deſire to accompany her; but her Affairs did not permit her: So ſhe was obliged to delay that Voyage till a more favourable Opportunity. The Curioſity to ſee one of the greateſt Courts in the World, which ſhe had never beheld, fortified her in this Reſolution: the Death of the Duke of *Savoy* * determin'd it. This Prince had the ſame Sentiments of her, as all People that had the Happineſs to behold her.

* Charles Emanuel, *Duke of* Savoy, died on the 12th of *June*, 1675.

He had admir'd her at *Turin*, and this Admiration the Dutcheſs of *Savoy* interpreted to be Love. An Impreſſion of Jealouſie produced a Behaviour very little obliging towards the Perſon who had cauſed it. There needed no more than this, to oblige Madam *Mazarin* to depart out of a Country, where the new Regent was in a manner Abſolute. To ſeparate her ſelf from the Dutcheſs of *Savoy*, and approach the Dutcheſs of *York*, was but one and the ſame Reſolution. *Hortenſia* acquainted her Friends with this Determination, who employed all their Arguments to diſſuade her from it, but 'twas in vain. Never was ſeen ſo great a profuſion of Tears. As for her own part, ſhe was not inſenſible of the general Grief that was occaſioned by the Thoughts of her Departure. Perſons ſo lively Affected as they were, did Affect her: But this Reſolution was taken up; and in ſpite of all their Regrets, ſhe concludes to depart.

What other Courage but that of Madam *Mazarin*, would have undertaken ſo long, ſo difficult, and ſo dangerous a Voyage? Before ſhe could accompliſh it, ſhe muſt traverſe Savage Nations, and Nations that were up in Arms; ſhe muſt ſweeten the one, and make her ſelf be reſpected by the other. She underſtood not the Language of any of theſe People, but they underſtood her. Her Eyes ſpeak an Univerſal Language, which cauſes her to be underſtood by all Mankind. What Mountains, what Foreſts, what Rivers had ſhe not to paſs? What did ſhe not ſuffer from the Wind, the Snow, and the Rains? What Difficulties of the Ways, what Rigour of the Seaſon, what mighty Inconveniences had ſhe not to ſtruggle with, which yet did but little Injury to her Beauty? Never did *Helena* appear ſo charming as *Hortenſia* was! but *Hortenſia*, that beautiful

inno-

innocent Fugitive, did fly from an unjuſt Huſband, and did not follow a Lover. With the Face of *Helena*, Madam *Mazarin* had the Air, the Habit, and the Equipage of a Queen of the *Amazons!* She ſeem'd equally fit to Charm, and to Fight. One might ſay, ſhe went to give Love to all the Princes, whom ſhe was to meet in her Paſſage, and to Command all the Troops which they Commanded. The firſt ſhe had in her Power, but it was not her Deſign: She made ſome Eſſay of the Second; for the Troops receiv'd her Orders more voluntarily than thoſe of their Generals. After ſhe had Travell'd more than Three Hundred Leagues, ſhe arriv'd in *Holland*, and made no longer a ſtay at *Amſterdam* than was neceſſary to view the Rarities of ſo Remarkable and Famous a City. After ſhe had ſatisfied her Curioſity, ſhe came to the *Brill*, where ſhe Embarqued for *England*. A Storm ſeemed to be wanting in this Voyage; and there happened one, which laſted Five Days. The Storm was as furious as it was long; and made the Seamen loſe all their Conduct and Reſolution, and the Paſſengers all their Hopes. Madam *Mazarin* alone, was exempt from Lamentation; leſs importunate with Heaven to preſerve her, than Submitting and Reſigning her ſelf to its Will. But it had been Decreed ſhe ſhould viſit *England*. She Landed there, and in a ſhort time came ſafe to *London* †. All People had a great Curioſity to ſee her: But the Ladies had the greateſt Alarm at her arrival. The *Engliſh*, who were in poſſeſſion of the Empire of Beauty ſaw it loſt, not without great Regret, to a Stranger; and 'tis

† *Madam* Mazarin *came into* England *in the Month of* December, 1675.

natural to be ſenſibly concerned for the loſs of the ſweeteſt of all Vanities. So conſiderable an Intereſt, was the only thing in the World that could unite them. Old Enemies were then reconciled; thoſe that were indifferent, now began to viſit one another, and Friends link'd themſelves more ſtrictly together than before. Theſe Confederates very well foreſaw their Misfortune; but being willing to delay it, they prepared to defend an Intereſt, which was dearer to them than their Lives. Madam *Mazarin* had nothing to defend her ſelf but her Charms and her Virtues: This was enough to make her apprehenſive of Nothing. After ſhe had kept her Chamber for ſome time, leſs to recover the Fatigues of her Journey, than to prepare her Equipage, ſhe appear'd at *Whitehall.*

Fair Beauties of Whitehall *give way,*
Hortenſia *does her Charms diſplay.*
She comes, ſhe comes! Reſign the Day,
She muſt Reign, and you Obey.

From that Day they never diſputed the Prize with her in Publick: But they carried on a ſecret War againſt her within Doors; where all ended either in private Injuries, which never arrived to her Knowledge; or in vain Murmurs, which ſhe deſpiſed. The World now beheld an extraordinary Turn. Thoſe that were the moſt violently tranſported againſt her, were the firſt that imitated her. They would dreſs themſelves like her: but this was neither her Dreſs nor Habit. For her Perſon gave a new Grace to every thing ſhe wore, and thoſe that endeavoured to imitate her Air and Dreſs, wanted the principal Thing, her Perſon. One might ſay of her, what was ſaid of the late Dutcheſs of *Orleans, That all the World imitates her, and no one reſembles her.*

As for the Men, ſhe made all that pretended

to

to Nicety and Judgment, her Subjects, that beheld her. They are only Men of a bad Taſte, and worſe Wit, that can defend the Remainder of their Liberty againſt her. Happy in the Conqueſt ſhe makes! More Happy in thoſe ſhe doth not make! Madam *Mazarin* no ſooner arives to any Place, but ſhe eſtabliſhes a Houſe there, which cauſes the reſt to be abandoned: The greateſt Freedom in the World is to be ſeen there, and an equal Diſcretion: Every one is more commodiouſly uſed there than at Home; and more reſpectfully than at Court. 'Tis true there are frequent Diſputes there, but then it is with more Knowledge than Heat: 'Tis not done out of a Spirit of Contradiction, but fully to diſcover the Matters in Agitation: rather to animate Converſation than to inflame it. The Play there is very inconſiderable; 'tis the Diverſion only that makes the Play. You can neither diſcover in their Faces the Fear of loſing, nor a a Concern for what is loſt. Some of them are ſo far diſintereſted, that they are reproach'd for rejoycing at their own Loſing, and afflicting themſelves when they are Winning. Play is follow'd by the beſt Repaſts in the World. One may there ſee every thing that comes from *France* for the Delicate; and all that comes from the *Indies* for the Curious; Even the Common Meats become rare by the exquiſite Reliſh, which is beſtowed upon them. 'Tis not ſuch a Plenty as may make us fear a Diſſipation; 'tis not a Frugality that ſhews either Avarice or Penury. The Management of her Houſe is not ſo nigard and ſullen, as to content it ſelf meerly with ſatisfying the Neceſſities of Life, and afford nothing to the Pleaſures of it. She loves a good Order that furniſhes every thing that can be deſired, and that wiſely manages the Uſe of it, ſo that nothing may be wanting

wanting. There is certainly nothing ſo well regulated as this Family: But Madam *Mazarin* diffuſe throughout the whole, I do not know what ſort of an eaſie Air; ſomething free and natural that conceals the Admiration of it. One would conclude, that Things moved of themſelves, ſo ſecret is the ordering of them, and ſo difficult to be perceived.

Let Madam *Mazarin* change her Lodgings, the Difference of Places is inſenſible: Wherever ſhe goes, we ſee nothing but her; and if we ſee her, we ſee every Thing. They never come ſoon enough, and never depart late enough: They go to Bed, with regret to have left her, and they Riſe, with deſire to behold her afreſh.

But how great is the Uncertainty of our Human Condition! at the Time when ſhe innocently enjoy'd all the Pleaſures which Inclination deſires, and Reaſon does not prohibit; that ſhe had the Satisfaction to ſee her ſelf Beloved and Eſteemed by all the World; that thoſe Ladies who had oppoſed themſelves to her at firſt, were charmed by her Converſation; that ſhe had, as it were, extinguiſhed Self-Love in the Soul of her Friends, every one expreſſing the ſame kind Sentiments for her, which it is natural to have for ones ſelf: At the time when the vaineſt and the greateſt Admirers of themſelves forbore to contend with her Beauty; that Envy had concealed it ſelf in the bottom of their Hearts; that all Repining againſt her was private, or appeared Ridiculous as ſoon as it began to be perceiv'd. At this happy Time, an extraordinary Indiſpoſition ſeizes her, and we were upon the point to loſe her, in ſpight of all her Charms, in ſpight of all our Admiration, and Love. You were juſt a periſhing, *Hortenſia*, and ſo were we: You, by the violence of your Pain; we, by *that of* our Concern for you. But it was more

than

A LETTER

TO THE

Count *de Grammont.*

I Am inform'd by the Mareſchal *de Crequy*, that you are become one of the richeſt Noblemen at Court *. If Riches, which uſe to ſoften the Courage, and lay Induſtry aſleep, have done no Injury to the good Qualities of my Hero, I rejoyce with all my Heart, at the Alteration of your Fortune: But if they have ruined the Virtues of the *Chevalier*, and the Merit of the *Count*, I repent me for not having executed the Deſign I have had ſo often of killing you, to ſecure the Honour of your Memory. What a Vexation will it be to me, to ſee you renounce Play, and abandon the Ladies! To ſee you heap up filthy *Mammon* for the Marriage of your Daughter, to deſire dirty Acres, and talk of Lands and Tenements as neceſſary things for the Eſtabliſhment of a Family! What a ſtrange Alteration will it be in you to make ſuch a Buſtle for Land, vile paltry Land, after you have ſo often deſpiſed it as unworthy of you, and abandon'd it to the Rooks, the Crows and the Magpies! What a ſtrange Alteration, if nothing will ſerve your turn, but to be made my *Lord Baron of St. Meat*, to

* *The Eſtate of the Count* de Toulongeon, *his elder Brother, had fallen to him.*

o have the Nobility of *Bigorre* every Morning at your Levee, and to entertain your Neighbours with that pretty winning way which gains all the Hearts of *Gaſcony*.

So much admir'd, and follow'd by ſo few,
Will you your former Glories then undo?

What will become of all thoſe Advantages which I gave you, in Preference even to *Solomon*?

That mighty Prince, who knew the hidden Power
Of every verdant Plant, and ſmiling Flower;
While he had Vigour left, ſhot Pleaſure flying,
And ſhow'd his heavenly Wiſdom by Enjoying.

A very fine Commendation truly, my Lord, for you to be effaced out of the Memory of your old Friends; while all the Satisfaction you can expect, will be to hear your truſty *Gaſcons* and the good People of *Bearn* cry, *My Lord the Count keeps a moſt Noble Houſe; they eat all in the Plate of Monſieur* de Toulongeon; *every thing is managed in excellent Order. If things go on at this rate, Mademoiſelle* de Grammont *will be the greateſt Fortune at Court.* Let not, my Lord, any wicked Diſcourſes of this nature tempt you. He that has promiſed to take care of the Larks, will take care of your Children. You have nothing to do, but conſult your Reputation and Pleaſure.

Be rich, my Lord, and let both Indies *meet*
To lay their brighteſt Treaſures at your Feet:
Be rich; but why ſhould Wealth alone employ
Your precious Hours, and rob your Soul of Joy?
Take my Advice, Love's better Game purſue,
And Love will find you ſomething ſtill to do.

Still

Still you have Charms enough to pleaſe the Fair;
Vigour to win, and Rhet'rick to enſnare.
Nay, from the Root tho' all the Sap were gone;
Be govern'd by your Friend, and ſtill love on.

King Solomon, *almoſt as Wiſe as you,*
With conſtant Homage to Love's Altars flew.
His Vows were anſwer'd, and his ſetting Sun
Shin'd with a fiercer Luſtre than his Noon.

Waller, *in whom no ſigns of Age appear,*
Who rivals all our Youth in Wit and Air;
Derives new Life from Cælia, *while he ſips*
Eternal Youth on her Ambroſial Lips.
Dull Sots may call it Weakneſs, if they pleaſe;
But is't a Weakneſs to conſult ones Eaſe?
Love all Defects with generous Care ſupplies,
And Beauty gives what envious Age denies.

Me too, who hourly with Time's Malice ſtrive,
The fair, the kind Hortenſia *keeps alive,*
Her Heavenly Rays the drooping Plant revive.
No ſullen Damps of Heavineſs and Care,
No black Reflections, fraught with wild Deſpair,
Approach my Breaſt, while my Hortenſia's *there.*
Her charming Looks, while they vouchſafe a Smile,
Into Life's glimmering Lamp pour vital Oil;
Her ſovereign Glances ſilently impart
Joy to my Soul, and Tranſports to my Heart.
Devouring Time whets his ſharp Teeth in vain;
While ſhe the tottering Fabrick does ſuſtain.
Thus I, preſerv'd by a reflecting Fire,
Live by the Warmth Hortenſia's *Rays inſpire.*
Youth from her Eyes ſhoots down into my Blood,
And with its Beams unthaws the Icy Flood.
Like Clock-work, by her winding up I move,
And owe my Motions to Almighty Love.

Blame

Blame me not then, if I ſuch helps employ
To ſooth my pains, and flatter me with Joy.
In vain, Alas! from Books we ſeek relief,
Books, that can ſcarce oppoſe a common Grief.
In vain Philoſophers our Ills engage:
Love is the beſt Elixir *for Old-age.*

I wou'd wiſh you the Age of a Patriarch, did not I know that extraordinary Perſons like you, have a greater Regard for their Glory, than length of life.

To the laſt Scene your glorious Courſe maintain,
The Women's Joy, and Envy of the Men.
In you let all united Talents ſhine,
The Courtier, Heroe, and the Stateſman joyn.
Your blooming Youth did the great Richelieu *pleaſe,*
You knew his haughty ſtubborn Heart to ſeize.
Through Groves of Pikes, through Sieges, and
(Alarms,
Your Manly vigour follow'd Conde's *Arms.*
Happy, thrice Happy now, near Lewis *plac'd,*
You flouriſh, with your Prince's Favours bleſt.
While Europe *trembling at his awful Nod,*
With ſecret Horror does confeſs the God.
But I muſt this inſpiring Theme give o're,
And what I can't deſcribe, muſt ſilently adore.

A

LETTER

To young DERY*,

My Dear Boy,

I Don't wonder at your having an invincible Averſion hitherto againſt a thing, which of all others, concerns you the moſt nearly. You have been adviſed by Ruſtical and Clowniſh People, to get your ſelf *Gelt:* An Expreſſion ſo baſe and odious, that it would have ſhock'd a far leſs delicate Mind, than yours. As for my own part, my dear Boy; I ſhall endeavour to promote your Advantage, in a more agreeable way; and I will tell you with all the Terms of Inſinuation, that you muſt be Sweetned by a gentle Operation, which will ſecure to you the fineneſs of your Complexion a long time, and preſerve the Tunefulneſs of your Voice all your Life.

Thoſe Guineas, thoſe red Cloaths, thoſe little Horſes which you get, are not given to Mr *Dery*'s Son for his noble Birth; 'tis your Face and your Voice, that procure you them. In three or four years, alas! you will loſe the Charms of both, if you

* *The Dutcheſs of* Mazarin's Page, who Sung well.

you have not the Wit to prevent that loſs; and the Source of all thoſe Allurements will be dried up. Now you talk familiarly with Kings, you are careſſed by Dutcheſſes, and praiſed by all the Perſons of Quality; but when the Charms of your Voice are gone, you will only be a fit Companion for *Pompey* *, and perhaps be deſpiſed by Mr. *Stourton* †.

But you are afraid, you ſay, that you will be leſs in the Ladies favour. Lay aſide all ſuch Apprehenſions; the Age in which we live, is not an Age of Simpletons; the Merit which follows the Operation is well known; and for one Miſtreſs that Mr. *Dery*, as he was made by Nature, might have had, Mr. *Dery* ſoftened by Art, ſhall have a Hundred. You are ſure then of having Miſtreſſes enow, which is a great Happineſs; you will have no Wife, which is being free of a great Evil: Happy in being without a Wife, but more Happy in being without Children. Mr. *Dery*'s Daughter would be got with Child, his Son would be hanged; and what is yet more certain, his Wife would make him a Cuckold. Secure your ſelf againſt thoſe Misfortunes, by a ſpeedy Operation; thus you will be devoted purely to your ſelf; proud of ſo ſmall a Merit, which will make your Fortune, and procure you the Friendſhip of all the World. If I live long enough to ſee you when your Voice becomes rough, and your Beard grows, you will be much blamed by every Body. I deſire you to prevent this, and believe me to be your moſt ſincere Friend.

* *The Dutcheſs of* Mazarin's *Negro.*

† *The Dutcheſs of* Mazarin's *Page.*

Reflections upon Religion.

If we only conſider the Repoſe of this Life, 'twere well if Religion had more or leſs Influence upon Mankind. It conſtrains, but doth not ſubject enough; like ſome Governments, that take away the ſweetneſs of Liberty, and yet don't carry with them the Advantages of Subjection. The Will makes us aſpire but weakly after thoſe good things that are promiſed, becauſe it is not excited enough by the Underſtanding, which is not enough convinced. We ſay, out of Compliance, that *we believe*, whatever Authority enjoyns us to believe: But without a particular Grace, we are rather perplext than perſwaded of a thing that doth not fall under the Evidence of our Senſes, and which affords no manner of Demonſtration to our Minds.

This, in ſhort, is the Effect of Religion, with reſpect to ordinary Men; let us now ſee the Advantages of it in the truly and perfectly Religious Man. The truly Devout Perſon breaks off with Nature, if we may be allowed to ſo ſpeak, to take pleaſure in abſtaining from Pleaſures; and while he ſubjects the Body to the Mind, he makes, in ſome Meaſure, even Mortification and Pain delightful to himſelf. Paſſion goes no further than to teach us to endure Misfortunes: The Chriſtian Religion makes us enjoy them as Bleſſings; and we may ſay ſeriouſly of

of it, what has been gallantly ſaid * of Love,

All other Pleaſures are not worth its Pains.

A true Chriſtian knows how to make his Advantage of every thing. The Evils which he ſuffers, are the good Things which God ſends him: The good things which he wants, are Evils, from which Providence has ſecured him. Every thing is a Benefit to him, every thing in this World is a Mercy; and when, by the Neceſſity of his mortal Condition, he muſt die, he looks upon the End of Life, as a paſſage to one more happy, which is to laſt for ever.

Such is the Felicity of a true Chriſtian, whilſt Uncertainty makes the Condition of all others unhappy. To ſay the truth, moſt of us are unreſolved; and not fully determined either to Good or Evil. We find in our ſelves a continual Turn and Return from Nature to Religion, and from Religion to Nature. If we abandon the Care of our Salvation to ſatisfy our Inclinations, thoſe very Inclinations ſoon riſe up againſt our Pleaſures; and a Diſguſt for thoſe Objects, which flatter'd us moſt of all, makes us return to the Care of our Salvation. If on the other hand, we renounce our Pleaſures out of a Principle of Conſcience, the ſame thing happens to us in our ſearch after Salvation; for either Habitude or Tediouſneſs makes us return to the Objects of our firſt Inclinations.

I have ſhown how it ſucceeds with us, as to Religion within our ſelves: Let us now obſerve

* *Mr. de* Charleval.

what Judgment the Publick makes of it. If we forſake God for the World, we are looked upon as impious Perſons. If we forſake the World for God, we are thought to be weak, and decayed in our Underſtanding; and we are as little pardoned for Sacrificing Fortune to Religion, as Religion to Fortune. The ſingle Example of the Cardinal de *Rets* *, will ſuffice to juſtify my Aſſertion. When he was made *Cardinal* by Intrigues, Factions, and Tumults, the World exclaimed againſt him as an Ambitious Man, who ſacrificed, not only the Publick, but his Conſcience, and Religion, to his Fortune (as they ſaid.) When he left the Cares of Earth for thoſe of Heaven; when the Perſuaſion of another Life made him conſider the Grandeur of this as a Chimæra, then they ſaid his Head was turned, and made that to paſs for a ſcandalous Weakneſs in him, which is propoſed to us in Chriſtianity, as the greateſt Vertue.

Men of mean Qualities ſhow but little Favour to great Vertues; a lofty Wiſdom offends an ordinary Reaſon. Mine, as ordinary as it is, admires a Perſon who is throughly perſuaded, and would admire him ſtill more, could I find him inſenſible to all the Temptations of Fortune. I ſomewhat queſtion the Sincerity of thoſe Preachers, who offer us the Kingdom of Heaven in Publick, and yet ſollicit a ſmall Benefice in private, with all the Vigour and Application imaginable.

The ſole Idea of eternal Happineſs renders the Poſſeſſion of every thing elſe contemptible to a Man of true Belief: But becauſe few of us have Faith

* John-Francis-Paul de Gondi, *Cardinal* de *Rets*, and *Arch-Biſhop of Paris*. *He died in the Year* 1679

Faith, few of us are able to defend this Idea againſt real Objects; the Hope of what is promiſed to us, naturally yielding to the Enjoyment of what is before us. With the greateſt part of Chriſtians, the deſire of Believing ſerves inſtead of Belief: The Will gives them a ſort of Faith by its Deſires, which the Underſtanding with all its Light refuſes. I have known ſome devout Men, that in a ſtrange ſort of a Contrariety between their Affection and their Reaſon, loved God truly without having any great Belief in him. When they abandoned themſelves to the Affection of their Heart, there was nothing but Zeal for Religion; 'twas all Fervency and Love: When they examined their Reaſon, they were amazed to ſee that they could not comprehend what they lov'd; and were at a Loſs how to anſwer themſelves upon the Subject of their Love. Then, to deliver my ſelf in Spiritual Terms, *they wanted Conſolations*; and fell into that ſad ſtate of Devotion, which is called *Aridity* and *Dryneſs* in the Language of the Monaſteries.

God alone is able to give us a ſteddy, firm and real Faith. All that we can do of our ſelves, is to humble our Underſtanding in Oppoſition to the Light of Nature, and to execute with Submiſſion what is preſcribed to us. Humanity eaſily mingles its Errors in matters of Faith; but it ſeldom miſtakes in the Practice of Vertues: For it is leſs in our power to think juſtly of the things of Heaven, than to do well. A Man can never be miſtaken in Actions of Juſtice and Charity: Sometimes Heaven ordains, and Nature makes an Oppoſition: Sometimes Nature demands what Reaſon forbids. But in Matters of Charity all Debates are ſilenced, and there is, as it were, a general Agreement betwen Heaven, Nature and Reaſon.

That Devotion *is our laſt Love.*

DEvotion is our laſt Love, in which the Soul, that thinks it aſpires only after the Felicity of another Life, endeavours, without thinking of it, to procure ſome new Comfort in this. The Habit of Sinning is an old Paſſion or Inclination, which now affords nothing but Diſguſts; from whence it commonly falls out, that we turn to God out of a Fondneſs for Change, in order to form in our Soul new Deſires, and raiſe in it the Motions of a growing Paſſion. Devotion will ſometimes reſtore to an Old Woman, that Delicacy of Sentiment, and that Tenderneſs of Heart, which the moſt Youthful could not find in Marriage, or in an old Intrigue. A new Devotion is every way pleaſing; nay, we are even pleaſed with talking of the old Sins which we repent of; for there is a ſecret Satisfaction in deteſting that which has been offenſive, and in calling to mind what was formerly agreeable.

If we carefully examine a converted *Debauchee*, we will often find that he left off ſinning only out Wearineſs and Vexation for his paſt Life. In Effect, whom do we ſee quitting his Vice at the Time that it ſooths his Imagination, at the Time when it appears with its Allurements, and gives a Taſte for Pleaſures? We leave it off, when its Charms are worn out, and a tireſome Habit has ſunk us inſenſibly into Languiſhment. It is not therefore that which pleas'd us

that

that we quit, when we change our Courſe of Life; but 'tis that which we could not bear any longer: And then, the Sacrifice which we offer up to God, is that of Diſguſts, which we endeavour to get rid of at any rate.

There are two very different Impreſſions of Vice upon us. That which is irkſome and languiſhing in the End, makes us deteſt the Offence againſt God; that which in its Beginnings was delightful, makes us regret the Pleaſure without perceiving it; and this is the Reaſon why there are but few Converſions wherein is not felt a ſecret Mixture of the Pleaſure of Remembrance, and the Sorrow of Repentance. 'Tis true, we weep for an odious Crime, with full Bitterneſs; but our Repentance for the Vices, which were dear to us, always leaves ſome ſmall Tenderneſs for them, which is mingled with our Tears. There is ſomething of the amorous Kind in our repenting of an amorous Paſſion; and this Paſſion is ſo natural in us, that we never repent having loved, without Love. In effect, if a converted Soul remembers its having ſighed for Love; it either comes to love God, and thereof makes to its ſelf a new Subject of Sighs and Pantings; or it fixes its Remembrance very agreeably upon the Object of its paſt Pleaſures. The fear of Damnation, the Image of Hell, with all its Fires, will never be able to remove out of that Mind the Idea of a Lover; for it is not in the power of Fear, but of Love only, thoroughly to efface Love. I will ſay more: A Perſon ſeriouſly touch'd, has no Thoughts of ſaving himſelf, but of loving, when he unites himſelf to God. Salvation, which was the firſt of his Cares, is ſwallowed up in Love, which ſuffers no other Cares in his Mind, nor no other Deſires in his Soul, but purely its own. If in this State we have our Thoughts fixed on

Eternity, this is not in order to apprehend the Evils with which we are threatned, or hope for the Glory that is promiſed us; but 'tis ſolely in order to love eternally, that we are pleaſed with contemplating an eternal Duration. Where Love has once got the upper Hand, there is no other Paſſion that can ſubſiſt of it ſelf: 'Tis by it that we both Hope and Fear; 'tis by it that both our Joys and our Griefs are formed; Suſpicion, Jealouſy, and even Hatred do inſenſibly take their Riſe from it; and all thoſe Paſſions, which before were Diſtinct and Particular, are now only its Movements, if we take the Thing right. I hate an old Libertine as a wicked Wretch, and deſpiſe him as a Senſeleſs Creature, who underſtands not wherein his Happineſs conſiſts. So long as he ſets up to give every Thing to Nature, he reſiſts his laſt Propenſion towards God, and denies Nature the only Comfort which it requires of him. He abandon'd himſelf to its Motions, ſo long as they are Vicious; he oppoſes its Pleaſure ſo ſoon as it becomes a Virtue. *All the Virtues*, ſays one, *are loſt in Heaven, except Charity*, that is to ſay, *Love*. So that God, who preſerves it in us after Death, would never have us to diveſt our ſelves of it as long as we live.

ON THE

POEMS

OF THE

ANTIENTS.

NO Man pays a greater Veneration to the Works of the Antients than my ſelf. I admire the Deſign, the Oeconomy, the Elevation of Spirit, the Extent of Knowledge, which are ſo viſible in their Compoſitions; but the Difference of Religion, Government, Cuſtoms and Manners, have introduced ſo great a Change in the World, that we muſt go, as it were, upon a new Syſtem, to ſuit with the Inclination and Genius of the preſent Age. And certainly my Opinion muſt be accounted reaſonable, by all thoſe who will examine it. For if we give quite oppoſite Characters, when we ſpeak of the God of the *Iſraelites*, and of the God of the *Chriſtians*; tho' it be the ſame Deity: if we ſpeak otherwiſe of the Lord of Hoſts, of that terrible God, who commanded to deſtroy the Enemy to the very laſt Man; than we do of that God Patient, Meek, Merciful, who enjoyns to Love them: if the tion of the World is deſcrib'd with one Genius

nius, and the Redemption of Men, with another; If we want one Kind of Eloquence to ſet forth the Greatneſs of the Father, who hath made all things; and another Kind to Expreſs the Love of the Son, who was pleaſed to ſuffer all: why ſhould there not be a new Art, a new Genius to paſs from the falſe Gods, to the true one; from *Jupiter*, *Cybele*, *Mercury*, *Mars*, *Apollo*, to *JESUS CHRIST*, the Virgin *Mary*, our *Angels*, and our *Saints*?

Take away the Gods from the Antients, and you take from them all their POEMS: The Conſtitution of the Fable is in Diſorder; and the Deſign of it turned upſide down. Without the Prayer of *Thetis*, to *Jupiter*, and the Dream which *Jupiter* ſends to *Agamemnon*, there will be no ILIAS; without *Minerva*, no ODYSSEA; without the Protection of *Jupiter*, and the Aſſiſtance of *Venus*, no ÆNEIS. The Gods aſſembled in Heaven, and there debated what was to be done upon Earth: They formed Reſolutions, and were no leſs neceſſary to ſee them executed, than to take them. Theſe Immortal Leaders of Parties among Men contrived all, gave Life to all; inſpired Force and Courage; engaged themſelves in Fight; and if we except *Ajax*, who asked nothing of them but Light, there was no conſiderable Warrior, that had not his God upon his Chariot, as well as his Squire; the God to conduct his Spear; the Squire to direct his Horſes. Men were pure Machines, whom ſecret Springs put in Motion; and thoſe Springs were nothing elſe but the Inſpiration of their Gods and Goddeſſes.

The Divinity we ſerve, is more favourable to the Liberty of Men. We are in his Hands, like the reſt of the Univerſe, by way of Dependance; but in our own to deliberate and to act. I confeſs we ought always to beg his Protection. *Lu-*

cretius

cretius himſelf asks it, and in that very Book, where he attacks Povidence with all the Force of his Wit, he falls a Praying, and implores that Power which governs us, to be ſo gracious as to avert all Misfortunes from him,

Quod procul à nobis flectat Natura gubernans †.

However, we ſhou'd not introduce this Formidable Majeſty upon every trifling Occaſion, whoſe very Name ought never to be uſed in vain. If the falſe Divinities are mixed in Fictions, 'tis no great matter; thoſe are downright Fables, and vain Effects of the Poet's Imagination. As for Chriſtians, they ought to give nothing but Truth to Him, who is Truth it ſelf; and they ſhould adapt all their Diſcourſes to His Wiſdom, and to His Goodneſs.

This great Change is followed by that of Manners, which by Reaſon of their being civilized, and ſoften'd at preſent, can't ſuffer that wild and unbecoming Freedom that was aſſumed in former times. 'Tis this Change, that makes us diſlike and nauſeat the vile and brutal Scolding between *Achilles* and *Agamemnon*. Upon this Score *Agamemnon* appears odious to us, when I ſee him take away that *Trojan*'s Life, whom *Menelaus*, upon whoſe account the War was made, had generouſly pardon'd. *Agamemnon* the *King of Kings* *, who ought to have ſhown an example of Vertue to all the Princes, and the People; the baſe *Agamemnon* kills this miſerable Wretch with his own Hand. 'Tis on the ſame Account that *Achilles* fills us with Horror, when he butchers young *Lycaon*, who entreated him ſo tenderly for his Life.

† Lucret. Lib. 1. *See Mr.* Bayle's Dictionary *in the Article of* Lucretius.

* *So Homer calls him.*

Life. 'Tis then we hate him even to his Vertues, when he ties the Body of *Hector* to his Charriot, and drags him inhumanely to the Camp of the *Greeks*. I loved him as a valiant Man, and as the Friend of *Patroclus*: The Cruelty of this Action makes me abhor his Valour, and his Friendſhip: 'Tis quite otherwiſe with *Hector*: His good Qualities return into our Minds: we pity and lament him the more for his Sufferings; his Idea on the ſudden becomes very dear, and raiſes all our Thoughts in his Favour. Let it not be ſaid in the behalf of *Achilles*, that *Hector* had kill'd his dear *Patroclus*. The Reſentment of his Death doth not excuſe him to us. An Affliction that cou'd permit him to ſuſpend his Revenge, and to tarry till his Arms were made, before he went to the Combat; an Affliction ſo patient ought not to have carried him to this unuſual Barbarity, after the Fight was over. But let us acquit Friendſhip of an Imputation ſo odious. The ſweeteſt, the tendereſt of all Vertues, does not uſe to produce Effects ſo contrary to its Nature. *Achilles* had really this Cruelty in the Bottom of his Nature. It is not to the Friend of *Patroclus*, but to the inhumane and inexorable *Achilles*, that it belongs.

This all the World will eaſily agree to. However, the Vices of the Hero are no Faults in the Poet. *Homer*'s Deſign was to paint Nature ſuch as he ſaw it, and not to improve it in his Heroes. He has deſcribed them with more Paſſions, than Vertues: Now Paſſion has its Foundation in Nature, and Vertue is a thing acquired by the Improvement of our Reaſon.

Politicks had not yet united Men, by the Bonds of a Rational Society; nor poliſhed them enough for others: Morality had not yet accompliſhed them for themſelves. Good Qualities were *not* ſufficiently diſtinguiſhed from the bad.

Uſſer.

Ulyſſes was prudent, and fearful; provident againſt Dangers; induſtrious to get out of them; valiant ſometimes, when there was leſs Danger to be ſo, than otherwiſe. *Achilles* was valiant and fierce; and (what *Horace* would not ſet down in his Character of him) condeſcending ſometimes to Puerile Follies. As his Nature was uncertain, and irregular; hence it came to paſs that his Behaviour was ſometimes fierce, and ſometimes childiſh. One while he drags the Body of *Hector* in a barbarous Manner; now he whines to the Goddeſs his Mother, like a Child, to drive away the Flies from that of *Patroclus*, his dear Friend.

Their Cuſtoms differ no leſs from ours, than their Morals. Two Heroes ready for the Combat would not amuſe themſelves now a-days in ſetting forth their Genealogy: But it is eaſy to obſerve in the ILIAS, nay in the ODYSSEA, and the ÆNEIS too, that ſuch a Method was then practiſed. Men harangued before they fought, juſt as they make Speeches in *England*, before they are hanged.

As for Compariſons, Diſcretion will teach us to uſe them more ſparingly than the Ancients: Good Senſe, will render them juſt; Invention, new. The *Sun*, the *Moon*, the *Stars*, the *Elements*, will lend us no more a worn-out Magnificence. *Wolves*, *Shepherds*, and *Flocks*, will not afford us a Simplicity too much known and threadbare.

I am of Opinion, there is an infinite Number of Compariſons, that are more like one another than the things they are compared to. A Goſ-Hawk, that ſtrikes a Pigeon; a Spar Hawk that dares the little Birds; a Falcon that makes a ſtoop; are liker one another in the ſwiftneſs of their Flight, than the Men to whom they are compared for their Impetuoſity. Take away the Diſtinction of the Names of *Goſ-Hawk*, *Spar-Hawk* and

and *Falcon*, you'll find the very ſame thing. The Violence of a *Whirle-Wind*, that roots up Trees, more reſembles that of a *Storm*, which raiſes Diſorders of another kind, than the Objects to which it is compared. A *Lion*, whom Hunger drives from his Den; a *Lion* purſued by Hunters; a *Lioneſs* furious and jealous of her Whelps; a *Lion* againſt whom a whole Village aſſembles; and who for all that retires with Pride and Indignation: All this is a *Lion* differently repreſented, but ſtill a *Lion*, which doth not afford us Ideas different enough.

Sometimes Compariſons take us from Objects that employ us moſt, by ſhowing us another Object, that makes an unſeaſonable Diverſion. I am ready to conſider two Armies, that are drawn out to engage, and I employ all my Thoughts to obſerve the Behaviour, Order and Diſpoſition of the Troops: On a ſudden, I am tranſported to the *Shores of a Sea, which is ſwell'd by the Fury of the Winds*, and I am in more danger to behold Ship-wreck'd Veſſels, than broken Battalions. Theſe vaſt Thoughts which the Sea affords me, efface the former. Another repreſents to me a *Mountain* or a *Foreſt all on fire*. Whither doth not the Idea of ſuch a Burning carry one? If I were not a perfect Maſter of my own Thoughts, I might inſenſibly be led to the laſt Univerſal Conflagration. From this terrible Burning, I am hurried to an Image of *Lightning*; and theſe Diverſions ſo much take me off from the firſt Image that employed me, that I loſe entirely that of the Battle.

We think to imbelliſh Objects by comparing them to eternal, immenſe, infinite Beings; but in truth we leſſen inſtead of advancing them. To ſay that a Woman is *as handſome as Madam* Mazarin; is to praiſe her more, than if you compar'd her to the *Sun*; for the Sublime and Wonderful

create

create Eſteem; the Impoſſible and the Fabulous deſtroy that very Commendation, which they pretend to beſtow.

Truth was not the Inclination of the firſt Ages; an uſeful Lye, and a lucky Falſhood gave Reputation to Impoſtors, and Pleaſure to the credulous. 'Twas the Secret of the Great and the Wiſe, to govern the ſimple ignorant Herd. The Vulgar, who paid a profound Reſpect to myſterious Errors, wou'd have deſpiſed naked Truth, and 'twas thought a piece of Prudence to cheat them. All their Diſcourſes were fitted to ſo advantageous a Deſign; in which there was nothing to be ſeen but Fictions, Allegories, and Similitudes; nothing appeared as it was in it ſelf. Specious and rhetorical Out-ſides hid the Truth of Things; and Compariſons too frequently uſed, hinder'd the Reader from minding the true Objects, by amuſing him with Reſemblances.

The Genius of our Age is quite oppoſite to this Spirit of Fables and falſe Myſteries. We love plain Truth; good Senſe has gain'd Ground upon the Illuſions of Fancy; and nothing ſatisfies us now-a-days, but ſolid Reaſon. To this Alteration of Humour, we may add that of Knowledge; we have other Notions of Nature, than the Ancients had. The Heavens, that eternal Manſion of ſo many Divinities, are nothing elſe with us, but an immenſe and fluid Space. The ſame Sun ſhines ſtill upon us; but we aſſign it another Courſe; and inſtead of haſtening to ſet in the Sea, it goes to enlighten another World. The Earth, which was immoveable in the Opinion of the Ancients, now turns round in ours, and is not to be equal'd for the Swiftneſs of its Motion. In ſhort, every thing is changed, Gods, Nature, Politicks, Manners, Humours, and Cuſtoms. Now is it to be ſuppoſed, that ſo many Alterations ſhould not produce a mighty Change in our Writings? N

If *Homer* were now alive, he would undoubtedly write admirable Poems; but then he would fit them to the preſent Age. Our Poets make bad ones, becauſe they model them by thoſe of the Antients, and order them according to Rules, which are changed with things that time hath altered.

I know there are certain Eternal Rules, grounded upon good Senſe, built upon firm and ſolid Reaſon, that will always laſt: Yet there are but few that bear this Character. Thoſe that relate to the Manners, Affairs and Cuſtoms of the antient *Greeks*, make but a weak Impreſſion upon us at preſent. We may ſay of them as *Horace* has ſaid of Words, they have their certain Period and Duration. Some die with old age; *Ita verborum interit ætas:* Others periſh with their Nation, as well as their Maxims of Government, which ſubſiſt not after the Empire is diſſolved. So 'tis plain, there are but very few, that have a Right to prevail at all Times; and it would be ridiculous to regulate Matters wholly new by Laws that are extinct. Poetry would do ill to exact from us, what Religion and Juſtice do not obtain.

To this ſervile and too much affected Imitation, is owing the ill Succeſs of all our Poems. Our Poets had not Genius enough to pleaſe without employing the Gods; nor Addreſs to make a good Uſe of what Materials our Religion could afford them. Tied to the Humour of Antiquity, but confined to the Doctrines of this Age, they give the Air of *Mercury* to our Angels, and that of the fabulous Wonders of *Paganiſm* to our Miracles. This mixture of Antient and Modern, has made them ſucceed very ill. And we may ſay, that they neither knew how to draw any Advantage from their Fictions, nor make a right Uſe of our Truths.

To conclude, the Poems of *Homer* will always be a Maſter-piece, but they are not a Model always to be followed. They will form our Judgment; and our Judgment will regulate the preſent Diſpoſition of Things.

OF THE WONDERFUL

That is found in the POEMS

OF THE

ANTIENTS.

IF we conſider the *Wonderful* in the Poems of Antiquity, diveſted of the fine Thoughts, the ſtrong Paſſions, and the Noble Expreſſions with which the Works of the Poets are adorn'd; If we conſider it, I ſay, deſtitute of all Ornament, and come to examine it purely by it ſelf, I am perſuaded that to a Man of good Senſe, it will appear no leſs ridiculous, than that of Knight-Errantry. Nay, the Latter is in this regard the Diſcreeter of the Two, becauſe it ſuppoſes all Pernicious, Diſhoneſt, and baſe Things done by the Miniſtry of Devils and Magicians; whereas the Poets have left the moſt Infamous Exploits to the Management of their Gods and Goddeſſes. Yet this hinders not but that Poems have been always admired, and Books of Chivalry ridiculed. The firſt are admired for the Wit and Knowledge we find in them; and the other deſpiſed for the Abſurdities they are fill'd with. The *Wonderful* in

the Poems ſupports its Fabulous extravagance by the Beauty of the Diſcourſe, and by an infinite Number of uſeful Diſcoveries that accompany it. That of Chivalry diſcredits even the fooliſh Invention of its Fable, by the Ridiculouſneſs of the Stile in which it is written.

Be it how it will, the *Wonderful* in the Poems has begotten that of Knight-Errantry; and certain it is, that the Devils and Conjurers cauſe much leſs Harm in this Way of Writing, than the Gods and their Miniſters did in the Former. The Goddeſs of Arts, of Knowledge, and Wiſdom, inſpires the Braveſt of all the *Greeks* * with an ungovernable Fury, and ſuffers him not to recover his Senſes ſhe had taken from him, but only to make him capable of perceiving his Folly, and by this means to kill himſelf out of meer Shame and Deſpair. The Greateſt and moſt Prudent of the Goddeſſes † Favours ſcandalous Paſſions, and lends her Aſſiſtance to carry on a Criminal Amour. The ſame Goddeſs employs all ſorts of Artifices to deſtroy a handful of Innocent People, who by no means deſerved her Indignation. She thought it not enough to exhauſt her own Power, and that of the other Gods, whom ſhe ſollicited to Ruin *Æneas*, but even corrupts the God of Sleep to caſt *Palinurus* into a Slumber, and ſo to order Matters that he might drop into the Sea; this piece of Treachery ſucceeded, and the poor Pilot periſh'd in the Waves.

There is not one of the Gods in theſe Poems, that does not bring the greateſt Misfortunes upon Men, or hurry them on to the blackeſt Actions. Nothing is ſo Villanous here Below, which is not executed

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* Ajax *the Son of* Telamon.

† Juno *in the* Æneis.

executed by their Order, or authoriz'd by their Example: And this it was, that principally contributed to give Birth to the Sect of the *Epicureans*, and afterwards to ſupport it. *Epicurus*, *Lucretius*, and *Petronius*, would rather make their Gods idle, and enjoy their Immortal Nature in an uninterrupted Tranquillity, than ſee them active, and cruelly employ'd in ruining ours. Nay, *Epicurus* by doing ſo, pretended he ſhew'd his great Reſpect to the Gods; and from hence proceeded that Saying which my Lord *Bacon* ſo much admires: *Non Deos vulgi negare profanum, ſed vulgi Opinionem Diis applicare profanum**.

Now I don't mean by this, that we are oblig'd to diſcard the Gods out of our Works, and much leſs from thoſe of Poetry, where they ſeem to enter more Naturally than any where elſe;

Ab Jove principium Muſæ;

I am for introducing them as much as any Man: but then I would have them bring their Wiſdom, Juſtice, and Clemency along with them, and not appear, as we generally make them, like a pack of Impoſtors and Aſſaſſins. I would have them come with a Conduct to Regulate, and not with a Diſorder to Confound every Thing.

Perhaps it may be reply'd, that theſe Extravagancies ought only to paſs for Fables and Fictions, which belong to the Juriſdiction of Poetry. But I wou'd fain know, what Art and Science in the World has the Power to exclude good Senſe? If we need only write in Verſe to be privileged in all Extravagancies; for my part, I would never

* *See my Lord* Bacon's *SERM. Fidel. Cap.* xvi. *and* Diogenes Laertius, *Lib.* x. §. 123.

never adviſe any Man to meddle with Proſe, where he muſt immediately be pointed at for a Coxcomb, if he leaves good Senſe and Reaſon never ſo little behind him.

I wonder extreamly, that the Ancient Poets were ſo ſcrupulous to preſerve Probability in the Actions of Men; and violated it after ſo abominable a manner, when they come to recount the Actions of the Gods. Even thoſe who have ſpoken of their Nature more ſoberly than the reſt, could not forbear to ſpeak extravagantly of their Conduct. When they eſtabliſh their Being, and their Attributes, they make them Immortal, Infinite, Almighty, perfectly Wiſe, and perfectly Good. But at the very Moment they ſet them a working, there is no Weakneſs to which they don't make them ſtoop; there is no Folly or Wickedneſs which they don't make them commit.

We have two common Sayings, which appear to be directly oppoſite to one another, and yet I look upon both to be very probable. The one is, That *Poetry is the Language of the Gods*; the other, That *there is not ſuch a Fool in Nature, as a Poet*. Poetry, that expreſſes with Force and Vigour, thoſe impetuous Paſſions that diſturb Mankind; that paints the Wonders of the Univerſe, in lively Expreſſions, does elevate Things purely Natural, as it were above Nature, by the Sublimity of its Thoughts, and the Magnificence of its Diſcourſe, which may juſtly enough be called *the Language of the Gods*. But when Poets come once to quit this noble Field of Paſſions and Wonders, to ſpeak of the Gods, they abandon themſelves to the Caprice of their own Imagination, in Matters which they do not underſtand; and their Heat having no juſt Idea's to govern it, inſtead of making themſelves, as they vainly believe, wholly Divine,

vine, they are in truth *the moſt Extravagant Sots in the World.* It will be no difficult Matter to be convinced of this Truth, if we conſider that this abſurd and fabulous Theology, is equally contrary to all Notions of Religion, and all Principles of good Senſe. There have been ſome Philoſophers that have founded Religion upon that Knowledge which Men may have of the Deity by their Natural Reaſon. There have been Law-givers too that have ſtiled themſelves the Interpreters of the Will of Heaven, to eſtabliſh a Religious Worſhip, which has not had Reaſon to ſupport it. But to make, as the Poets have done, a perpetual Commerce, a familiar Society, and if I may uſe the Expreſſion, a Mixture, or Hotch-potch of Men and Gods, againſt Religion and Reaſon, is certainly the Boldeſt, and perhaps the moſt Senſeleſs Thing that ever was.

It remains now to conſider, whether the Character of a Poem has Virtue to rectifie that of Impiety and Folly. Now, as I take it, we don't aſcribe ſo much Power to the ſecret Force of any Charm. That which is bad, is bad for good and all; That which is Extravagant, can be made good Senſe in no reſpect. As for the Reputation of the Poet, it rectifies nothing any more than the Character of the Poem does. Diſcernment is a Slave to no Body. That which is effectually Bad, is not at all the Better for being found in the moſt celebrated Author: And that which is Juſt and Solid, is never the worſe for coming from an indifferent Hand.

Amongſt a hundred fine and lofty Thoughts, a good Judge will ſoon diſcover an Extravagant one, which one's Genius threw out when it was warm, and which too ſtrong an Imagination was able to maintain againſt unfixt Reflexions. On the other Hand, in the courſe of an infinite

Number of extraxagant Things, this ſame Judge will admire certain Beauties, where the Mind, in ſpight of its Impetuoſity, was Juſt and Regular.

The Elevation of *Homer*, and his other Noble Qualities, don't hinder me from taking Notice of the falſe Character of his Gods: And that agreeable and judicious Equality of *Virgil*, that pleaſes all true Judges, does not conceal from me the little Merit of his *Æneas*. If among ſo many Noble Things which affect me in *Homer* and *Virgil*, I cannot forbear to remark what is defective in them; ſo amongſt thoſe Paſſages that diſpleaſe me in *Lucan*, either for being too flat, or weary me for being too far carried on; I cannot forbear to pleaſe my ſelf in conſidering the juſt and True Grandeur of his Heroes. I endeavour to reliſh every Word in him, when he expreſſes the ſecret Movements of *Cæſar* at the Sight of *Pompey*'s Head; and nothing eſcapes me in that inimitable Diſcourſe of *Labienus* and *Cato**, where they Debate whether they ſhall conſult the Oracle of *Jupiter Ammon*, to know the Deſtiny of the Common-Wealth.

If all the Antient Poets had ſpoken as worthily of the Oracles of their Gods, I ſhould make no ſcruple to prefer them to the Divines and Philoſophers of our Time, and 'tis a Paſſage that may ſerve for an Example in this Matter, to all ſucceeding Poets. One may ſee in the Concourſe of ſo many People that came to conſult the Oracle of *Ammon*, what Effects a publick Opinion can produce, where Zeal and Superſtition mingle together. One may ſee in *Labienus*, a pious ſenſible Man, who to his Reſpect for the Gods, joins that Conſideration and Eſteem we ought

* *See* Lucan, PHARSAL. Lib. ix.

ought to preſerve for true Virtue in good Men. *Cato* is a Religious, ſevere Philoſopher, weaned from all vulgar Opinions, who entertains thoſe lofty Thoughts of the Gods, which pure undebauched Reaſon, and a truly elevated Wiſdom can give us of them. Every thing here is Poetical, every thing is Conſonant to Senſe and Truth; it is not Poetical upon the ſcore of any ridiculous Fiction, or for ſome extravagant Hyperbole, but for the daring Greatneſs and Majeſty of the Language, and for the Noble Elevation of the Diſcourſe. 'Tis thus, that Poetry is the Language of the Gods, and that Poets are Wiſe. And 'tis ſo much the greater wonder to find it in *Lucan*, becauſe it is neither to be met with in *Homer* or *Virgil*!

AN ELUCIDATION

Of what I ſaid of the *Italian* MUSICK*.

I Have met with ſo bad Treatment as to what concerns the *Italians*, that I am under a Neceſſity of vindicating my ſelf to Perſons whoſe Approbation I might deſire, and whoſe Cenſure I might fear. I declare then, that after having heard *Syphace*, *Ballarini*, and *Buzzolini* with attention, and examin'd their Singing with the ſmall Genius and Skill that I am Maſter of, I found they ſung *divinely well*; and if I could hit upon Terms that were beyond this Expreſſion, I would make uſe of them to add a greater Value to their Capacity.

I can make no certain Judgment of the *French*. They put the Paſſions in too great a Commotion; they diſorder our Affections ſo mightily, that we loſe the Liberty of judging, which others have left us, to find out the Certainty of their Merit in the Exactneſs of our Approbations.

The firſt Inſtitution of Muſick was made, to keep our Soul in a ſoft Repoſe; or to reſtore it to its due Situation, in Caſe it was out of it. They

* *See above, Page* 84, &c.

They, who from an equal Knowledge of Manners and Singing, follow Orders ſo uſefully eſtabliſhed, deſerve Praiſe. The *French* have no manner of Regard to thoſe Principles: They inſpire Fear, Pity, Sorrow; they diſquiet, agitate, and diſturb when they pleaſe; they excite the Paſſions which others allay; they win the Heart by a Charm which we might call a kind of Seduction. Is your Soul tender and ſenſible? Do you love to be touched? Hear *Rochouas*, *Baumaviel*, *Dumeſnil*, thoſe ſecret Maſters of the Heart, who likewiſe ſtudy the Grace and Beauty of Action, in order to make our Eyes declare in their Favour. But would you admire Capacity, Skill, and Profoundneſs in difficult Things; a Facility of ſinging every Thing without Study, the Art of adjuſting the Compoſition to one's Voice, inſtead of Accommodating one's Voice to the Intention of the Compoſer? Would you admire an incredible length of Breath for Quavering, a ſurpriſing glibneſs of the Throat in running Diviſions? Hear *Sypbace*, *Bellarini* and *Buzzolini*, who diſdaining the falſe Movements of the Heart, addreſs themſelves to your nobleſt Part, and conquer your moſt ſolid Reaſon.

A

LETTER

TO THE

Dutcheſs of *Mazarin.*

MADAM,

I Am not ſo vain as to ask your Approbation, and you have too much Judgment to give it me; but ſince Ill-nature accompanies Exactneſs of Judging, I intreat you, Madam, do not cenſure me generally upon every thing I ſay, nor condemn me for every thing I do. If I ſpeak, I expreſs my Meaning ill; if I hold my Tongue, I harbour a malicious Thought; if I refuſe to Diſpute, 'tis Ignorance; if I do Diſpute, 'tis Obſtinacy or Unfairneſs; if I agree to what is ſaid, no Body cares for my Complaiſance; if I am of a contrary Opinion, never was ſuch a contradictious Man ſeen. When I produce good Reaſons, Madam hates Arguers of the Caſe: When I allege Examples, that is her Averſion: *With* relation to what is paſt, I am a teller of old

Stories:

Stories; as to the preſent, ſhe ranks me among old Dotards; and as to the future, an *Iriſh* Prophet would be ſooner credited than I.

As all things have their Seaſons, Converſation ends, and Play begins, where, if I loſe, I am the Bubble; if I win, I am the Sharper; and if I leave off, a Clown. If I have a mind to walk, I have the Reſtleſneſs of Youth; and Reſt, to be ſure, is the Heavineſs and Drowſineſs of my old Age. If I am yet animated with Paſſion, I am call'd an old Fool; if Reaſon governs the Inclinations of my Mind, I am told that I am in love with Nothing, and that no Man's Indifference was ever equal to mine. Contraries are equally Diſadvantageous to me; when I intend to amend one Thing which you were diſpleaſed withal, I do another Thing quite contrary, and thereby diſpleaſe you as much as before. In the Condition I am now in, I dread, leſt I ſhould commit a Miſtake; and am afraid, leſt I ſhould do Right. You never forgive any of my Errors; you hate me when I am in the right; and I am ſo unhappy as to be often the Object of your Hatred.

This, Madam, is the ordinary Treatment I receive at your Hands; this is it, that makes me deſire your Abſence. But by thinking of your peeviſh Humours too much, I have not ſufficiently reflected on your Charms, nor conſidered that the greateſt of all Misfortunes muſt be that of not ſeeing you. I have been able to tell you the Pains I ſuffer when I am with you, but thoſe which I feel when I am abſent from you, are paſt Expreſſion. 'Tis not in the Power of Words to expreſs my Grief. I cannot ſpeak, Madam, but I die.

I have ended my Letter, *Dying*; but the Virtue of your Charms is able to revive thoſe whom your *Rigour* has ſtruck dead. The firſt thing I have

have to beg of you, Madam, is, that you would abate your Severity and Cruelty towards me, in the New Life that I am going to lead with you. Divide the Severity of your Juſtice; let part of it fall on Mr. *Villiers*; let not your Chaplain be without his ſhare of it; nor let honeſt *Charles* eſcape for all her Care about your Domeſtick Affairs; let the Princes and the Nobility ſometimes take part of the Burthen upon them, that the Gentry may have ſome Eaſe; and, in fine, Madam, let not me be the only Perſon pitch'd upon to bear your Anger and Paſſion, to make way for your Kindneſſes and Civilities to others.

ON

ON THE MORALS OF EPICURUS:

To the MODERN LEONTIUM,*

YOU deſire to be informed, whether I compoſed thoſe REFLECTIONS UPON THE DOCTRINE OF *EPICURUS*, which are attributed to me: I might honour my ſelf with them; but I don't love to give my ſelf a Merit which I have no Right to; for to deal ingenuouſly with you, it is not mine. I have a great Diſadvantage in theſe little Treatiſes, that are Printed, under my Name. There are ſome good Performances which I do not own, becauſe they don't belong to me; and amongſt my Writings, they have inſerted abundance of impertinent Things, which I don't take the

* Leontium, *was an* Athenian *Lady, who hath been celebrated for her Intrigues, and her Knowledge of Philoſophy, which ſhe learn'd from* Epicurus. *By the* MODERN LEONTIUM *mr.* de St. Evremond *here means Madam* L'Enclos. *See the* LIFE *of Mr.* de St. Evremond, page cxiii.

the trouble to diſown. At my Age one Hour of Life well managed is more conſiderable with me, than the Concern of an indifferent Reputation. With what Difficulty a Man parts with Self-love? I quit it as an Author; I reſume it as a Philoſopher, finding a ſecret Pleaſure in neglecting what others ſo earneſtly purſue.

The Word *PLEASURE* recalls *Epicurus* into my Mind; and makes me confeſs, that of all the Opinions of Philoſophers concerning the *ſummum bonum*, none appears to me ſo rational as his. It would be to no purpoſe to alledge here the Reaſons, that have been given a hundred times by the *Epicureans*; That the Love of Pleaſure, and the avoiding of Grief, are the firſt and moſt natural Motions, that are obſerved in Men; That Riches, Power, Honour and Vertue may contribute to our Happineſs; but that the ſole Enjoyment of Pleaſure or *Voluptuouſneſs*, is, to ſpeak all, the ſingle End to which our Actions tend. 'Tis a thing clear enough of it ſelf, and I am fully perſwaded of it. At the ſame time I don't well know what this *PLEASURE* of *Epicurus* was; for I never ſaw Learned Men ſo divided about any Point, as they have been about the Morals of this Philoſopher. Philoſophers, and even ſome of his own Scholars have exclaimed againſt him, as a ſenſual and lazy Perſon, that never quitted his Idleneſs but to make a Debauch. All Sects have oppoſed his: Magiſtrates have looked upon his Doctrine to be prejudicial to the Publick. *Cicero*, ſo Juſt, and ſo wiſe in his Opinions; and *Plutarch*, ſo much eſteemed for his Judgment, have not been favourable to him. And as for the *Chriſtians*, the ancient *Fathers* have made him paſs for the greateſt and moſt dangerous of impious Perſons. Thus I have ſhown you his Enemies; now let us ſee what his Friends were.

Metrodorus

Metrodorus, *Hermachus*, *Menœceus*, and many others that uſed to diſpute with him, had as much Veneration as Friendſhip, for his Perſon: *Diogenes Laertius* could not write his Life with more Advantage to his Reputation, than he has done: *Lucretius* was his Adorer: *Seneca*, as much an Enemy as he was to his Sect, hath mentioned him with Praiſe. If ſome Cities have expreſs'd an Averſion for him, others have erected Statues in his Honour: And among the Chriſtians, if the Fathers have cryed him down, *Gaſſendus* and Mr. *Berniers* do vindicate him.

In the midſt of all theſe Authorities, ſo oppoſite one to the other, what way is there to decide the Controverſy? Shall I ſay that *Epicurus* is a Corrupter of good Manners, upon the Credit of a jealous Philoſopher, or a diſcontented Diſciple, who perhaps ſuffer'd himſelf to be blindly led by his own Reſentments, for ſome imagined Injury? Beſides, ſince 'tis evident that *Epicurus* aimed to ruine the common receiv'd Opinion about Providence, and the Immortality of the Soul, cannot I eaſily perſuade my ſelf, that the World appear'd againſt a Doctrine that gave ſo much Scandal; and that they defamed the Life of the Philoſopher, on purpoſe to diſcredit his Opinions with more Authority? But if I am unwilling to receive all that his Enemies and his Rivals have publiſhed of him, ſo I do not eaſily believe what his Defenders dare ſay. I don't think that he had a Deſign to introduce a Pleaſure more ſevere than the Vertue of the *Stoicks*. This Jealouſy of Auſterity ſeems to me extravagant in a voluptuous Philoſopher, take his Pleaſure in what Senſe you pleaſe. A pretty Myſtery this, to declaim againſt a Vertue, that diveſts a Wiſe Man of his Senſes, to eſtabliſh a Pleaſure that affords him no Motion! The wiſe Man of the *Stoicks* is a Vertuous Inſenſible; that

that of the *Epicureans* a Voluptuous Immoveable. The firſt bears Afflictions without Afflictions; the ſecond taſtes Pleaſure without Pleaſure. What Reaſon had a Philoſopher, who did not believe the Immortality of the Soul, to mortify the Senſes? Why ſhould he put a Divorce between two Parts, compoſed of the ſame Matter, that ought to find their Advantage in the mutual Concord and Union of their Pleaſures? I pardon in our Religious Men the ſad Singularity of eating nothing but Herbs, ſince they think to obtain eternal Happineſs by theſe Auſterities: But that a Philoſopher, who knows no other good Things than thoſe of this World; that the Doctor of Pleaſure ſhould regale himſelf with Bread and Water to arrive at the ſovereign Happineſs of Life, is what my little Underſtanding cannot comprehend.

If *Epicurus* was ſuch a Man, I admire that they don't make his Pleaſure center in Death; for if we conſider the Miſery of Life, his chiefeſt Good ſhould have been to get rid of it. Believe me, if *Horace* and *Petronius* had imagined him to have been ſuch a one as he is deſcribed, they would not have choſen him to be their Maſter in the Science of Pleaſures. As for what ſome People pretend of his great Piety towards the Gods, 'tis no leſs ridiculous, than the Mortification of his Senſes; thoſe idle Gods from whom he had nothing to hope or fear. Thoſe impotent Beings did not merit the trouble of his Worſhip; and let not People ſay, that he went to the Temples, for fear of drawing the Magiſtrates upon him, and ſcandalizing his Citizens; for he had much leſs ſcandalized them by not aſſiſting at their Sacrifices, than he offended them by his Writings, which deſtroyed the Gods in the World, or at leaſt ruined that Confidence the People had in their Protection.

But now, ſome one will ſay to me, What think *you of Epicurus*? You believe neither his Friends,

nor

nor his Enemies; his Adverſaries nor his Defenders. What then is your Judgment of him? I'm of Opinion, that *Epicurus* was a very wiſe Philoſopher, who, according to different Times and Occaſions, loved Pleaſure in Repoſe, or Pleaſure in Motion; and that this different Pleaſure, has occaſion'd the different Reputation he has found in the World. *Timocrates* and his other Enemies have charged him with ſenſual Pleaſures; thoſe that have defended him, talk of nothing but of Spiritual Pleaſures. The former accuſe him of Expenſive Banquets, and I am perſuaded that the Accuſation is well grounded: When the latter value him for his eating ſome little Morſels of Cheeſe, in order to make better Cheer than uſual, I believe they don't want Reaſon. When one Side ſays, that he argued with *Leontium*, they ſay true: When the other affirms, that he diverted himſelf with her, they don't miſrepreſent him. *There is a time to laugh, and a time to weep*, according to *Solomon*; a time to be ſober, and a time to be ſenſual, according to *Epicurus*. Beſides, a Voluptuous Man is not equally ſo all his Life. In Religion, the greateſt Libertine becomes ſometimes the moſt devout. In the Study of Wiſdom, the moſt indulgent to Pleaſure, is ſometimes the moſt ſevere. As for me, I look otherwiſe upon *Epicurus* in Youth and Health, than in Old Age and Sickneſs.

Indolence and Tranquillity, that Happineſs of idle People and ſick Perſons, cannot be better expreſs'd, than they are in his Writings. Senſual Pleaſure is no leſs explained in that formal Paſſage, which *Cicero* expreſly alledges.* I know, indeed, that all imaginable Care has been taken to deſtroy

* *See Tully's TUSCULAN. Quæſtion. Lib. III. §. 18.*

its Credit, and to invalidate it: But are meer Conjectures to be compared with the Teſtimony of *Cicero*, who was ſo well acquainted with the Philoſophers of *Greece*, and their Opinions. It were much better to aſcribe to the Inconſtancy of Humane Nature, the Inequality of our Minds. Where is a Man ſo uniform, as to have nothing unequal, and contradictory in his Diſcourſe and Actions? *Solomon* deſerves the Name of *WISE*, at leaſt as much as *Epicurus*, and was equally miſtaken in his Opinions and Conduct. *Montagne*, when he was a young Man, believed that our Thoughts ought to be eternally fix'd upon Death, that we might be prepared for it: When he came to be Old, he tells us, he alter'd his Mind, and would have us ſuffer our ſelves to be ſweetly conducted by Nature, that will ſufficiently teach us to die.

Mr. *Bernier*, that great Favourer of *Epicurus*, doth now confeſs, that *after he has ſtudied Philoſophy Fifty Years, he doubts even of thoſe things, that he had believed to be the moſt certain* †. All Objects have different Faces, and our Mind, which is in a continual Motion, looks upon them differently as it does conſider them: So that, if I may be allowed the Expreſſion, we have nothing but new Aſpects, while we think we enjoy new Diſcoveries. Beſides, Age brings great Alterations in our Humour, and by the Alteration of Humour, is very often introduced that of our Opinions. To this we may add, that the Pleaſures of the Senſes ſometimes make us diſreliſh the Satisfaction of the Mind, as too jejune and naked; and that the nice and refined Satisfactions of the Mind, deſpiſe in their turn the Pleaſures of the Senſes, as too groſs. So we ought not to be ſurprized, that, in ſo great a diver-

† *See the* DOUTES *of Mr.* Bernier.

a diverſity of Proſpects, and Motions, *Epicurus*, who writ more than any Philoſopher, ſhould ſay the ſame thing in a different Manner, according as he might have different Thoughts and Notions of it. What Occaſion is there for this general Argument, to ſhew that he had no Averſion to all ſorts of Pleaſures? If you conſider his Commerce with the Ladies, you'll ſcarce believe that he ſpent ſo much Time with *Leontium* and *Themiſta*, to do nothing but talk of Philoſophy with them. But if he loved the Enjoyment of them, as a voluptuous Perſon, he managed himſelf prudently; and, as he was indulgent to the Motions of Nature, ſo he diſliked that any Violence ſhould be offer'd to it; not always reckoning Chaſtity for a Vertue, but always accounting Luxury a Vice. He would have Sobriety regulate the Appetite, and that the preſent Feaſts ſhould never hurt thoſe that were to ſucceed: *Sic præſentibus voluptatibus utaris, ut futuris non noceas.* He diſengaged Pleaſures from the Uneaſineſs that precede, and the Diſtaſte that follows them. When he fell into Infirmities and Pains, he fixed the *ſummum bonum* in Indolence: Wiſely, in my Opinion, if we conſider the Condition he was then in; for the Ceſſation of Pain is the Happineſs of thoſe that languiſh under it. As for the Tranquillity of Mind, which compoſed the other part of his Happineſs 'tis nothing but an Exemption from Trouble: But he who can no longer have agreeable Motions, is happy, if he can preſerve himſelf from the Vexations of Pain.

After all I have ſaid upon this Article, I conclude, that Indolence and Repoſe ought to make the chiefeſt Good of *Epicurus*, when he was infirm and languiſhing: But for a Man who is in a Condition to taſte Pleaſure, I'm of Opinion that Health ſhows it ſelf by ſomething more lively than a bare Indolence; as a good Diſpoſition of the Soul re-

quires ſomething more animated than a peaceable State. We live in the midſt of an infinite Number of Goods and Evils, and with Senſes capable of being affected with the one, and tormented with the other: Without very much Philoſophy, a little Reaſon will make us reliſh good things with all the Satisfaction, and inſtruct us to bear the bad with all the Patience we can.

A

LETTER

OF

Mr. *de la Fontaine*

TO THE

Dutcheſs of *BOUILLON* *.

MADAM,

WE begin here to murmur againſt the *Engliſh*, for detaining you ſo long among them. 'Tis my Propoſal, that they ſhall ſurrender you to *France*, before the End of *Autumn*; and that

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* *The Dutcheſs of* Bouillon *was Siſter to the Dutcheſs of* Mazarin.

that we give them, by way of Exchange, Two or Three Iſles in the Ocean. If nothing but my own private Satisfaction were concern'd in this Matter, I ſhould not grudge to give up the Ocean it ſelf to them: But after all, perhaps we have more Reaſon to complain of your Siſter, than of *England*. 'Tis not in our Power to part with Madam *Mazarin*, whenever we pleaſe. You are both of you encompaſs'd with every thing that makes the reſt of the World be eaſily forgotten; I mean with Enchantments and Graces of all kinds:

Love's Goddeſs look'd not half ſo gay,
On that important lucky day,
When Beauty's Prize ſhe bore away:
Tho' ſhe appear'd in all her Pride,
Wth Cupids *dancing by her Side.*
Now ſhould the ſame Diſpute ariſe,
The Univerſal Language of all Eyes,
To you wou'd ſoon adjudge the Prize.
The Paphian *Shepherds boaſt in vain,*
Of Venus, *and her gaudy Train,*
But who cou'd not in Paphos *Reign?*
Where e'er you pleaſe your Courſe to bend,
Pleaſure, Mirth, and Love attend.
To ſome Sarmatian *Quarter go,*
Cover'd with everlaſting Snow:
Where Balmy Zephires *never yet did blow:*
The Face of Nature ſtraight will Smile,
Unbidden Graſs will Cloath the wondring Soil:
And where your Steps the naked Surface greet,
Roſes ſpring up to kiſs your Feet.

I am informed that your Highneſs is admired by all *England* for your Wit, your Behaviour, and a Thouſand other Qualities that Charm them. This is ſo much the more glorious for you, be-

cauſe the *Engliſh* are not the readieſt People in the World to admire Foreigners. I have only obſerved that they know true Merit, and are pleas'd with it.

Your Philoſopher was exceedingly ſurpriz'd, when he was told that *Deſcartes* was not the Inventer of this Syſtem, which we call *The Machine of Animals*; but that a *Spaniard* had diſcovered it before him *. Tho' he had not receiv'd the leaſt Proof of this Matter of Fact, yet for all that I ſhould eaſily believe it; for I know of none but a *Spaniard*, that is able to build ſuch a Caſtle in the Air as this. So I diſcover every Day ſome Opinion or other of *Deſcartes* ſcatter'd up and down in the Writings of the Ancients; and particularly this, that there are no real Colours in the Univerſe; They are only ſo many different Effects of Light upon a different Superficies. Adieu now to the Lillies and Roſes of our *Amyntas*. There is no ſuch thing as a white Skin, or black Hair: Our Paſſion has nothing for its Foundation but a Body without Colours: And after all this, ſhall I make Verſes upon the Principal Beauty of Women?

Thoſe Gentlemen that don't ſufficiently know how far Your Highneſs's Knowledge reaches, and the Deſire you have to be capable of Underſtanding every thing, without any other Trouble, than only hearing it diſcours'd of at your Table; will perhaps call my Judgment in queſtion, for Entertaining you thus with Matters of Philoſophy: But I muſt inform them that every Subject ſuits with your Capacity, as doth every Book, provided it be a good one.

No

* *See Mr. Bayle's* DICTIONARY *in the Article of* PEREIRA.

No Writers are to you unknown,
Nor Subjects that they write upon.
You hear each Syllable they ſay,
While with your Birds and Dogs you play.
Than the fam'd Roman, *you do more,*
Who Dictated at once to Four.

This ſame worthy Perſon, as I take it, was *Julius Cæſar*, who, as we read, made Four ſeveral Diſpatches all at once, upon Four different Subjects. You are nothing inferior to him in this Reſpect; and I remember, that as I was Reading to you ſome Verſes one Morning, I found you very attentive at the ſame time, to what I read, and to Three Quarrels of your Dogs. 'Tis true, they were ready to ſtrangle one another: JUPITER *the Reconciler*, could not ſo happily have accommodated this Affair. Let People judge by this, Madam, what a comprehenſive Genius you have, and how far your Penetration may reach, when it is only employ'd upon one Subject. You paſs your Judgment upon a Thouſand ſorts of Works, and your Judgment is never in the wrong.

To you the Serious and the Gay,
To you the Tender and Sublime,
Their Humble Adorations pay,
The Sov'reign Judge of Proſe and Rhime.
Fable and Hiſt'ry to you ſue;
But what can Fable do for you?
The Rev'rend Bards of Ancient Rome,
With Joy to your Tribunal come:
And all that France *has ſeen of late,*
From your deciſive Vote receives its Fate.
You nothing want t'increaſe your Store,
And Phœbus *cannot give you more.*

Thus 'mong the numerous Crowds that ſue,
And preſs to make their Court to you:
Anacreon *ſhall in Perſon come,*
From your fair Lips to take his Doom.
Waller, St. Evremond *and I,*
Will joyn to keep you Company.
Who wou'd Anacreon *turn away,*
Always Youthful, always Gay?
Or who won'd e'er refuſe to ſee
Waller, St. Evremond, *and* Me?

Tho' his reſiſtleſs Power to ſhow,
Time *on their Heads has ſhow'r'd down Snow.*
What Bards, in great Apollo's *Quire,*
Can boaſt a more enliv'ning Fire?
What Muſe with eaſier Plenty flows
Than ours, or fewer Wrinkles ſhews?

Let Janſeniſts, *long uſed to Preach,*
Their dull and uſeleſs Maxims Teach;
You'll ſtill Anacreon's *Lyre eſteem,*
And ſuch as ſtrive to write like him.
You, to whoſe penetrating Wit
All Authors chearfully ſubmit.

Now I've mention'd *Anacreon*, I am almoſt in mind to invoke his Ghoſt; but upon Second Thoughts, I think it will be better to raiſe him up for good and all. To effect this, I will find out ſome *Gymnoſophiſt*, I mean one of thoſe Gentlemen whom *Apollonius Tyanæus* went to ſee. He learnt ſo many fine Things of them, that he Rais'd a young Woman from the Dead. I ſhall raiſe an old Poet. You, and Madam *Mazarin*, ſhall call us together. We will meet in *England*, Mr. *Waller*, Monſieur *de St. Evremond*, the merry old *Crack*, and my Self. Do you think, Madam,

'tis

'tis poſſible to find Four Poets better match'd together, or truer Friends to *Bacchus*, and another Divinity that ſhall be nameleſs? What a merry ſight will it be to ſee us Four Bards, who make up at leaſt Three hundred Years between us,

Our Heads with Roſie Chaplets Crown'd,
Dance and trip it on the Ground,
In grateful Hymns and Praiſes joyn,
To celebrate the God of Wine?

After ſuch a Meeting, and when I have ſent *Anacreon* back to the *Elyſian Fields*, I will demand of you my Audience of Leave. 'Tis convenient, that before this, I ſee five or ſix *Engliſh* Gentlemen, and as many *Engliſh* Ladies. (If Report ſpeaks true, the latter are richly worth the ſeeing.) I will put our Ambaſſadour * in mind of the new Street, *Des Petits-Champs*, and of the Devotion I have always had for him. I will deſire him, as alſo Monſieur *de Bonrepaux*†, to Honour me with a Diſpatch. Thus, Madam, I have told you almoſt all the Buſineſs that will take me up in *England*. I had alſo framed a Deſign to Convert Madam *Hervart*, Madam *de Gouvernet*, and my Lady *Eland*; becauſe they are Perſons I exceedingly Honour: But I am inform'd, that they are not yet in a Diſpoſition to be wrought upon; and I, Madam, like *Perrin Dandin* ‡, am juſt good for Nothing, till both Parties are weary of conteſting longer. There's one Thing indeed, I ſhould deſire above all

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* *Monſieur* de Barillon, *who was the* French *King's Ambaſſador in* England.

† *He had been ſent to King* James *to negotiate ſome Affairs with him.*

‡ *See RABELAIS*, Book iii, Chap. 39.

all Things in the World, which is, that you would procure me the Honour to pay my Devoirs to the King ||, but I dare not Flatter my ſelf of that Happineſs. He's ſo deſerving a Monarch, that it's worth any Man's while to croſs the Sea on purpoſe to ſee him; ſo great a Paſſion he expreſſes for Glory, and ſo many Royal Qualities is he Maſter of, which recommend a Prince. There are but few that poſſeſs the former of theſe Talents, tho' thoſe who are placed in ſo eminent a Poſt, ought never to be without it.

True Grandeur, and the Art to Reign,
Are no wild Phantoms of the Brain.
This Britain's *Active Monarch ſhows,*
Whoſe Life no lazy Moments knows,
And ſcorns inglorious Repoſe.
His buſy Genius, like the Soul,
Inſpires and Animates the whole.
While happy Albion, *by his Care,*
Does Wealth, and Peace, and Plenty ſhare.
Not Lovers run with haſtier Feet,
Their charming Miſtreſſes to meet,
Than condeſcending James *does ſtrive*
Safety to All, and Eaſe to give.
Thus his Renown he does advance,
But the fair Model took from France.
He traces Lewis, *whoſe vaſt Soul*
Has made him Fam'd from Pole to Pole:
Whoſe Conqueſts and Exploits Divine,
Will in all future Annals ſhine.
Let not my Muſe this Theme prophane,
But to her Sheep return again.

Theſe *Sheep*, Madam, under Favour, are your Highneſs and Madam *Mazarin*. And here I have a pro-

|| *King* James II.

a proper opportunity to make her Panegyrick in order to joyn it with yours; but as theſe ſorts of Parallels are dangerous Things, I am of Opinion, 'twill be much better to let it alone.

Like Siſters you Love, and the Sovereign Sway
Between you divide, while your Subjects obey:
But I'll no Diſpute about Preference raiſe,
Since nothing's ſo nice to be parted as Praiſe.
Were Tully *now living, whoſe eloquent Vein,*
Did the Hearts of the People and Senators gain,
His Rhet'rick wou'd fail in ſuch Matters as theſe,
Two Heroes, Two Wits, and Two Beauties to pleaſe.

I am,

With a profound Reſpect, *&c.*

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ANSWER

By Monſieur de St. Evremond, *to the LETTER of Monſieur* de la Fontaine, *to the Dutcheſs of* Bouillon.

IF you had been as ſenſibly touched with the Merits of Madam *de Bouillon*, as we are charm'd by them, you had certainly accompanied her into *England*, where you would have found ſeveral Ladies that know you as well by your Works, as Madam *de la Sabliere* knows you by your Converſation. They have not had the pleaſure of Seeing you, which they ſo earneſtly deſired; but then they have had the ſatisfaction of Reading your Letter, that has Gallantry and Wit enough to make even *Voiture* himſelf jealous, were he now alive. Madam *de Bouillon*, Madam *Mazarin*, and the Ambaſſador were reſolved that I ſhould make ſome ſort of an Anſwer to it. The Attempt is difficult, however, I will do my beſt to obey them.

Kings in Religious Silence I'll adore,
How can the Muſe increaſe their Store?
And in thoſe living Images of Jove,
What can ſhe elſe but Laughter move?

To

To think that we a Monarch raiſe
By ſtale Hyperbole's, and borrow'd Praiſe;
'Tis to depreſs the Sacred Theme,
'Tis not to Praiſe, but to Blaſpheme.
Their Laws I'll cheerfully obey,
And to their Wills ſubmiſſion pay;
But more than this, what need I ſay?
Their early Fame, without my Toil,
Has paſs'd the Ganges, *and the* Nile:
And viſited dull barb'rous Climes,
Unknown to Poetry and Rhimes:
Deaf to the Trifles we rehearſe,
They ſcorn the Tribute of our Verſe.

Madam de *Bouillon* may be very well without my Proſe, after ſhe has read the handſome Panegyrick which you ſent her. However, I cannot forbear to ſay, that there are inimitable Graces in every thing ſhe does, and in every thing ſhe ſays; that ſhe is no leſs happy in her acquired, than natural Endowments; and that her Knowledge, is equal to her other Charms. In her ordinary Converſation, ſhe always diſputes with Wit; and often (to my Shame I own it) with Reaſon; but a Reaſon ſo lively, that indifferent Judges take it for Paſſion, and even the niceſt would be hardly able to diſtinguiſh it from Anger in any Perſon leſs amiable than her ſelf. I will paſs over in ſilence the Chapter of Madam *Mazarin*, like that of the Kings, and content my ſelf to adore her in ſecret. Endeavour, Sir, for all you are ſo great a Poet, to form the brighteſt Idea of Beauty to your ſelf, and in ſpite of the utmoſt Efforts of your Wit, you will be aſhamed of the dulneſs of your Imagination, when you behold a Perſon ſo Admirable.

Give o'er ye Sons of Art give o'er,
The radiant Subject proſecute no more,
The moſt exalted Things you teach,
Cannot her leaſt Perfections reach.
Tall Metaphors in vain you chuſe,
In vain the gaudieſt Figures uſe:
You only flatter Titan's *Ray,*
When you compare it to her brighter Day.

Oh! Beauteous Helen, Sparta's *Pride!*
Quit not old Lethe's *peaceful Side,*
Where your Majeſtick Shade does Reign:
'Twou'd but, alas! increaſe your Pain,
If you the bright Hortenſia *ſaw,*
To all Mankind preſcribing Law.

Should Heaven your former Charms reſtore,
And ſend you to the World once more,
You'd curſe the Sun, and hate the Light,
That brought Hortenſia *to your Sight.*

In Ancient Night's dark Realms below,
Where the dull Streams forgot to flow,
You may beguile the lazy Hours,
With Fights, Adventures, and Amours:
And how great Hector *fought, may tell,*
And how the dire Achilles *fell.*
Thoſe old Romantick Tales of Troy,
May give Diverſion, tho' they give no Joy.

But what ſtrange Tempeſts in your Soul muſt riſe,
To ſee Hortenſia *bear the Prize!*
To ſee her glitt'ring on the Plain,
Command the Heart of every Swain!
While you poſſeſs'd by black Deſpair,
To Rev'rend Homer *muſt repair,*
And ſome Dutch *Author's Works turn o'er,*
To find thoſe Graces *that are now no more.*

Oh Beauteous Helen! Sparta's *Pride*!
Quit Old Lethe's *peaceful Side.*
Content near peaceful Lethe *dwell,*
Content, with Empire, tho' in Hell.

And ye fam'd Beauties of the Seine,
Who in Hortenſia's *Abſence Reign,*
Join to prevent her coming Home:
Whene'er ſhe touches Gallia's *Shore,*
Your Swains will viſit you no more,
But to her fairer Altar come.

" *What means this rambling Stuff, you cry,*
" Hellen *and* Lethe, Greece *and* Troy.
" *This frequent ſhifting of the Scene,*
" *Of Earth and Hell, What does it mean?*

Oh Fontaine! *if* Hortenſia's *Praiſe you'll ſing,*
The boldeſt Fable with you bring;
Low common Truths her Charms impair,
From vulgar Incenſe ſhe will fly.
For Godlike Heroes, and the Godlike Fair,
Fiction it ſelf can't ſoar too high.

The Solidity of my Lord Ambaſſador, has made him very indifferent to all Praiſes: but whatever Rigour he ſhews to his own Merit; however ſevere he is to himſelf, he cannot but be ſecretly pleaſed with what you have writ in his Favour. I could wiſh my Letter would be ſo happy, as to have the ſame Succeſs with you.

All the true Wiſdom you poſſeſs,
That helps to make Life's Burden leſs.
Join'd with the ſolid Force of Age,
The Fire of Youth, but not its Rage.

Having mention'd your Wit, I am obliged to ſay ſomething of your Morals.

With cheerful Steps to follow Fate,
And ſcorn the Tinſel Splendour of the Great:
That painted Meteor to deſpiſe,
Which only Sots call Wit, and Coxcombs prize;
In Verſe and Muſick, Wine and Play,
To paſs an inoffenſive Life away,
Makes you Death's bitter Draught defy;
By living thus, you learn with eaſe to die.

Mr. *Waller*, whoſe Loſs we ſo much Regret, preſerv'd the Flame and Vigour of his Wit, to the Eighty Second Year of his Age *.

While gloomy Damps my Soul oppreſt,
With ſcarce a glimpſe of Comfort bleſt,
Thus to my ſelf, I ſighing cry'd:
With Waller *every Muſe had dy'd,*
Had not Fontaine *his room ſupply'd.*

Oh Second Orpheus! *whoſe prevailing Art*
Can ſoften Pluto's *Iron Heart,*
Now all the Charms of Harmony employ,
Now all your Lyrick Forces try,
And from thoſe drery Manſions Waller *call,*
Whither reſiſtleſs Fate will ſend us all.

But we are allowed to ask theſe Sorts of Conſolations no where but in Poetry: We know to our Grief, that no Merit whatever can exempt Men from the fatal Neceſſity of Dying; and that no Charm, no Prayer, no Sorrow, has efficacy enough to reſtore them to the World, when once they are gone out of it.

Cou'd Virtue its Poſſeſſors ſave,
Or Wit exempt us from the Grave,

Waller

* *Mr.* Waller *died the* 31ſt of October 1687.

Waller *won'd ſtill enjoy the Light,*
And bleſs Brittannia *with his Sight:*
Waller, *in whom* Petronius *liv'd again,*
The niceſt Judge of Pleaſure and of Men.

I paſs now from my Regrets for Mr. *Waller's* Muſe, to my good Wiſhes for yours.

Long may your Muſe, enjoying happy Eaſe,
The wond'ring World Inſtruct and Pleaſe:
May ſhe ſee many rowling Years,
Freſh as the Laurel Wreath ſhe wears.

But 'tis not reaſonable that I ſhould make ſo many Vows for others, without putting up a ſhort Petition for my ſelf.

Since Beauty's Queen does not diſdain,
The Service of my ſlender Vein,
Let my ſubmiſſion to her Will,
The place of other Merits fill.
Let her bright Eyes that have ſo long
Preſerv'd my Life, inſpire my Song.
If ſhe'll vouchſafe on me to ſhine,
Good Night Apollo *and the* Nine.

Monſieur de la Fontaine's
ANSWER
TO
Monſieur de St. Evremond.

THO' all the Muſes ſhou'd combine,
And Evremond *thoſe Siſters join;*
They cou'd not with their ſofteſt Strains
Or eaſe my Grief, or charm my Pains.
A Rheumatiſm, *the Devil's Invention,*
Nurſt up in Hell with dire intention,
Does jade my Body, cramp my Soul,
And all its Faculties controul.
No intervals of Pain I know,
No flattering Thoughts deceive my Woe.
Sleep I invoke with mournful Cries,
But Sleep my wearied Eye-lids flies.

Two Nymphs, of different Charms poſſeſt,
With gay Idea's fill your Breaſt.
Hortenſia *chiefly does infuſe,*
New Life and Vigour in your Muſe.
Had Nature nothing for you done,
Hortenſia *wou'd ſuffice alone.*
While you the pleaſing Game purſue,
To Verſes I muſt bid Adieu,
Till the kind Spring, with Cowſlips crown'd,
Unthaws my Fancy and the Ground.

This

This it is, Sir, that has hindred me from returning you my Thanks, ſo ſoon as I ought to have done, for the Honour you did me in Writing to me. The leſs I deſerv'd ſo obliging a Letter, the more ſenſible I ought to be of the Favour. You commend me for my Poetry and my Morals, and that with ſo good a Grace, that my Morals have ſuffer'd by it, I ſhould have ſaid my Modeſty.

Not India *with its rich Perfumes,*
Its Spicy Stores, and boaſted Gummes,
That Prieſts in Sacred Temples uſe,
Equals the Incenſe of your Muſe.
Who, without Pride and Pleaſure too,
Can hear the Praiſe that comes from you,
To whom the ready World ſubmit,
Standard of Authors, Judge of Wit!
If any Taſte my Genius ſhews,
To your nice Rule that Taſte it owes.
I mean in part; for Voiture's *eaſe,*
Did next inſtruct me how to pleaſe:
Marot *too, juſtly claims a ſhare;*
You Three my Honoured Maſters are.

I forgot my Maſter *Francois*, whoſe Diſciple I ſtill profeſs my ſelf, as likewiſe Maſter *Vincent*'s and Maſter *Clement*'s *. I think here are Maſters enough in all Conſcience for a Scholar of my Age. As I have no extraordinary Talent at Raillery, wherein you excell, I'll come and learn Leſſons of you on the Banks of *Hippocrene*, (provided, Sir, we have plenty of Bottles there a cooling). We will be ſurrounded with Nymphs, and the young Sons of *Parnaſſus*, who ſhall ſet

* Francois Rabelais, Vincent Voiture, *and* Clement Marot.

down in their Table-Books the leaſt things you ſay. I ſee them from hence, learning in your School to judge of every Thing with Niceneſs and Penetration.

The Men of niceſt Taſt, and juſteſt Wit,
To your Tribunal readily ſubmit;
But I'll your Merits ſilently admire;
As you Hortenſia's *happy Charms and Fire,*

At the very ſame place, where you tell me that you will pay a ſecret Adoration to theſe Three Powers, Madam *Mazarin*, and the Two Kings; you make me her Portracture, by telling me 'tis impoſſible to do it, and by giving me leave to repreſent to my Imagination, all the Beauties and Graces I can think of. If I were ſo raſh as to attempt it, you defie, in her Name, both Truth and Fable, and all the moſt agreeable Ideas we can form in our Minds. I ſhould make my Court but ill to you, ſhould I ſuffer my ſelf to be beaten back and awed by ſuch Difficulties. We ought to repreſent your Heroine to you as well as we are able. This Enterprize is ſomewhat too large, for one of my narrow Genius to undertake, and wou'd be much fitter for you than my ſelf, whom the World has hitherto believed to be able to draw nothing but Animals*. However, in order to pleaſe you, and to make this Portraicture come up to the Life, as near as I can, I have run over the Country of the *Muſes*, but cou'd find nothing in effect, but old Expreſſions among them, which you ſay the World deſpiſes. From thence I Travell'd to the Land of the *Graces*, where I fell into the ſame Inconvenience. Jeſts and Smiles are

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Monſieur de la Fo[illegible] *hath admirably well tranſlated* Æſop's Fables *into* Fr[illegible]

are a ſort of Gallantry more Thread-bare than the other, and you are much better acquainted with them than I. Thus, the beſt I can do, is only to ſay, that in your Heroine nothing is wanting of that which pleaſes, and of that which pleaſes too much.

To bright Hortenſia, *Fate's indulgent Care,*
Has given a free, but winning Air:
The force of Wit, and blooming Beauty's Pride,
With Thouſand nameleſs Charms beſide:
Where e'er the buſie Sun enlightens Day,
Hortenſia's *Eyes have Sovereign ſway.*

Oh Evremond! *Chief Leader of the Train,*
That fair Hortenſia's *Crown maintain,*
In laſting Numbers, and harmonious Lays
Begin to celebrate her Praiſe.
Why ſhould I Phœbus, *or the* Muſes *name?*
You'll do more Juſtice to her Fame.

What will you ſay now to a Deſign, that is juſt come into my Head? Since you wiſh that the Glory of Madam *Mazarin* fill'd all the Univerſe, and I for my part deſire that the Fame of Madam *de Bouillon* might yet go farther, let neither of us Sleep till we have put ſo fine an Enterpriſe in execution. Let us make our ſelves *Knights of the round Table*; and it happens well enough that this ſort of Ghivalry began firſt in *England*. We will have two Magnificent Tents erected at our own Charges, and above theſe two Tents, the Portraictures of the two Divinities whom we Adore.

At the foot of ſome Bridge, or the ſide of a Wood,
The Heralds ſhall Publiſh this Chalenge aloud:

" Great MARIANA and HORTENSIA ſee,
" She without Equal, without Second She,
" Born high above their Sex, unrival'd Stand,
" And all the Hearts of all the World demand.

If your Opinion finds Belief,
Hortenſia *will be reckon'd Chief:*
But Mariana *'ll turn the Scale,*
If my ſmall Intereſt can prevail.
This is agreed on either Hand,
One of the Two, muſt every Heart Command.

But what, if to prevent all Jars,
And ill Effects of Civil Wars,
We choſe a Mediator ſtraight,
To reconcile this Grand Debate.
He that between Two Kings did Matters clear *
Will ſure be thought a proper Umpire here.

We will ſtay till the return of the Spring, and that of my Health; otherwiſe I ſhall be forced to ſeek out ſtrange Adventures in a Litter. People will call me *the Knight of the Rheumatiſm*; a Name, which, as I take it, doth not ſo well ſuit with a Knight Errant. Heretofore, when all Seaſons of the Year were alike to me, I wou'd have Embarqu'd without any more ado. But now the Caſe is altered:

Cupid, *who as the Story goes,*
Once prick'd his Fingers with a Roſe,
In a ſad Tone, and doleful Strain,
Did of the puny Smart complain.
How wou'd his little Godſhip Swear,
Did he my murd'ring Torments bear?

* *The* Fre

Ev'n Love, with all its boaſted Pain,
Is nothing to what I ſuſtain.

We have ſuffer'd a mighty Loſs in the Death of Mr. *VValler:* He ſhould have made one of our Company, had he been living. Perhaps I ought not to have introduced him into a Letter, ſo little ſerious as this is; however, I think my ſelf obliged to give you an Account of what has happen'd to him on the other ſide of the Lake of Oblivion. You will look upon this as a Dream, and perhaps 'tis no better: However, the Whim is got into my Head, and ſuch as it is, I leave it with you.

Between the VVits, the Lovers, and the VViſe,
A warm Diſpute did in Elyſium *riſe.*
Each ſide to Waller *did pretend,*
Each ſide wou'd Waller *have their Friend.*

" You well-bred Shades, *great* Pluto *ſaid,*
" I have your ſeveral Reaſons weigh'd:
" Four Talents did in WALLER ſhine,
" Wiſdom and Eloquence Divine,
" And charming Verſe, and Love's ſoft Flame:
" Which of you then does WALLER claim?

Oh Sovereign Pluto, *Miniſter of Fate,*
This Caſe admits of no Debate.
If theſe Four Gifts did Waller *Grace,*
Love ought to challenge the firſt Place.
For Love, when once it has inſpir'd the Breaſt,
Is the great Art that teaches all the reſt.

To return now to what you tell me of my Morals, I am very glad that you have ſo good an Opinion of 'em. I am no leſs an Enemy than you to that falſe Wit, upon which our Libertines value themſelves. Whoever affects it, I ſhall

make no ſcruple to yield him the better in Ridicule.

Since my Day's ſpent ſo near the Night,
Why ſhould I beat my Brains to write?
'Tis better far with buſie Look
To view the World's amazing Book:
And Nature's Myſtick Springs to know,
And the vaſt Mind that all controuls below.

When this is done, what ſhou'd deny
To take our fill of harmleſs Joy?
Joy we may taſte a Thouſand ways,
And ſtill find ſomething new to pleaſe.
Whether by ſome cool Rivers ſide,
We ſee the wanton Waters glide,
The Fiſhes ſport, and Sun-beams gay,
On the ſmooth liquid Surface play.
Or ſeek ſome lonely Sylvan *Shade,*
Or glimm'ring Bower, or ruſſet Glade,
Where the dark Horrors of the Wood
Solemn Thoughts Inſpire, and Good.
Sometimes at Table when we dine,
We may diſſolve our Cares in Wine,
And o'er the generous Nectar ſport,
And Laugh at City and at Court.
And ſometimes too, a new Amour,
May ſerve to paſs an idle Hour:
Long with the Fair we muſt not ſtay,
But from the Charmers part away.
Love does unſeen the Flame impart,
And finds an eaſie paſſage to the Heart.

But is't not, worthy Friend, high time,
To chaſe the Cælia's *from my Rhime,*
When the grave City is preparing,
To give our Damſels Indian *airing**. Ob

* *At the Time when Monſieur* de la Fontaine *writ this Letter, they took up, at* Paris, *as many Women of Pleaſure as they could find out, in order to ſend them to the* French *Colonies in the* Weſt-Indies.

Oh that my perſecuting Pain,
Won'd with theſe Laſſes croſs the Main.

Cruel Diſeaſe! Old Saturn's *Son,*
Quit this Abode, and get the gone.
Some lazy Prelate's Limbs invade,
Or Lawyer batt'ning on his Trade.
Or with thy dire Attendants wait,
On ſome dull Miniſter of State.
But why, thy Viſit's never Timing,
Should'ſt thou intrude to ſpoil my Rhiming?
The Devil a Verſe can from me creep,
But ſhews what Company I keep.

If this be thy Felonious aim,
To chill my Muſe, *and damp her Flame,*
Prithee to ſome new Hoſt repair,
And all this needleſs Trouble ſpare.
In few Months more, without thy Aid,
Old Age will ſpoil me for that Trade.

Madam *de la Sabliere* thinks her ſelf extreamly Honoured, that you have been pleas'd to remember her, and deſires me to thank you for it. I hope that this will ſupply the place of a Recommendation with you, and more readily obtain me the Honour of your Friendſhip. I requeſt and beg you, Sir, to believe that no Man in the World is more ſincerely Yours, than I, who am,

Your, &c.

Paris, December
18. 1687.

A JUDGMENT *on the Three Accounts of* SIAM.

To Mr. *Le FEVRE*, M. D.

I Have carefully read the *Three Accounts* of *SIAM*, which you ſent me; and my Opinion of the Authors is as follows. The Chevalier *de Chaumont* gives us but a lame Account of the Nations he ſaw: For being ſo taken up with his own Character, he could neither ſatisfie his own Curioſity in Travelling, nor anſwer our Expectations at his Return. But whoever aſpires at the Honour of an Embaſſy, cannot have a better Maſter than him, for learning the State and Nicety that are to be obſerv'd in the minuteſt Circumſtances.

Father *Tachard* has the Accompliſhments of a Miſſionary for all ſorts of Religions; is as capable of planting the Faith of the Eaſtern People in *Europe*, as that of the *Europeans* in the Eaſt; as fit to make *Talapoins* at *Paris*, as Jeſuits at *Siam*.

The Abbé *de Choiſi* tires me much with his Journal of Winds and Courſes; But the Letters wherein he ſpeaks of himſelf, divert me. I am overjoy'd to find him take Orders, that ſo he might be employ'd in ſaying of Maſs; he being otherwiſe unſerviceable on Shipboard. He writes naturally; and to do him Juſtice, no Traveller is leſs fond of the *Faux merveilleux*, or of preten-

ded

ded Wonders, than he. He is not diſpleas'd to ſhew himſelf upon a great Elephant, or to appear before the King with the Embaſſador and the Biſhop, nor to confer with Mr. *Conſtance* in private; But yet for all that, he does not think the Symphony of that Country the leſs deteſtable; nor is he a whit better pleas'd with the *Chineſe* Comedy, or the *Siameſe* Opera; nor does he like their Painting better than their Muſick. As to their Refreſhments and Entertainments, they conſiſt of Hens, Ducks, Hogs and Rice without End; a very afflicting thing to Monſieur the Abbé's Gout, notwithſtanding the Mortification to which his new State of Life ties him down.

Tonquin and *Cochinchine* are but very inconſiderable. Thoſe Kingdoms ſtand in need to be embelliſh'd by Imaginations that are in love with Foreign Wonders. I paſs'd from thoſe Accounts to *Confucius*'s Book, who is the moſt tireſome Moraliſt I ever read. His Sentences are below *Pibrac*'s QUATRAINS, where he is intelligible; and above the APOCALYPSE, where he is obſcure.

A LETTER

To Mr. JUSTELL.

ALtho' you have made a Resolution never to buy any Books, yet I advise you to purchase that of *Orobio*, a famous Jew, and Mr. *Limburgh*, a learned Christian *. Nothing ever appear'd on that Subject stronger, more ingenious, or more profound. Mr. *Gaumin* † would have said of *Limburgh*

Si Pergama dextrâ
Defendi possent, etiam hac defensa fuissent :

And I will say of *Orobio*,

Si Pergama dextrâ
Everti possent, etiam hac severa [illegible].

You will quickly see the Relatio[illegible] Father [illegible] *gaillans*, which is impatiently ex[illegible] the [illegible] vers of Foreign Wonders. T[illegible]

* *The Title of th*[illegible] De Veritate [illegible] amica Collatio cu[illegible] Judæo. *See* [illegible] UNIVERSELLE, [illegible] *pag.* 289.

† *Master of the* [illegible] *Mr.* B[illegible] DES SAVANS, *an*[illegible] *MARKS* [illegible] ANA.

who did not find their Account in the plain and rational Truths of Father *Couplet*, will have amends made them in the Exaggerations of this *Portugueze*, who is fonder of ſtrange things, than rigorouſly ty'd down to real Truth. They will find in this curious Book the *Twelve Excellencies* of *China*, in imitation of the *Twelve Excellencies* of *Portugal*, which the Author thought fit to preſent the *Chineſe* with *.

What ſort of Country is that *China*, according to the Account I have had from the ſincere and judicious Father *Couplet* †? No Corn at *Pekin*, no Wine in the whole Empire; no Oil of Olives, no Oyſters, no Butter! There you ſee Painting without Shade, Muſick without Parts, woodden Palaces without Architecture, many Sciences loſt, as they pretend; Ignorance of almoſt every thing, as we perceive; an Alphabet of Sixty thouſand Letters, and a Language conſiſting of nothing but Monoſyllables. There would have been no Geometry, no Aſtronomy there, if Zeal for Converſions had not prompted the Jeſuits to go thither; who owe the Toleration of our Religion, next to the Grace of God, to the Calendar and Almanacks. You ſee there are a great many things wanting to that renowned Countrey; But as a Recompence for this, their Morals are good, their Policy excellent, the People innumerable, the Subjects obedient, and the greateſt of Emperors moderate.

A

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* ...r Magaillans, a Portugueze *Jeſuit*, *entituled his* ...na, The Twelve Excellencies of *China*, *and* ...lve *Chapters*, *each of which treated of one* ..., *which he had taken notice of there*; *in* ... Rarities of his own Country, *which*

† ...*I ſeen Father* Couplet *in* England.

A LETTER

To Monſieur de la Baſtide.

Necquicquam deus abſcidit
Prudens Oceano diſſociabili
Terras, ſi tamen impiæ
Non tangenda rates tranſiliunt vada *.

IT is not poſſible, Sir, to ſtate the Queſtion better than you have done; but I am of Opinion that you decide it rather with an Eye to the Genius of *Horace*, than according to the true Notions which may be form'd of the Matter in hand. Do you believe that if *Malherbe* had wiſh'd any of his Friends a happy Paſſage from *Caen* to *London*, he would have had any other Object in view than the Sea which divides *France* from *England*? He might have enlarg'd Poetically upon Storms, Shallows, and Sand-Banks; and eſpecially upon Shelves and Rocks; but ſtill with a View to the Paſſage which his Friend had to make.

The Modern Genius which a Nature leſs exalted, hath left in a Dependance upon Order and Reaſon;

* *Horat. Odar.* Lib. 1. Od. 3.

Reaſon; this Genius, I ſay, would never have had the Boldneſs to raiſe it ſelf at one Daſh, to the Creation of the World, and the Separation of the Land from the Water. And indeed, there is no neceſſity of going to the *Indies* to drown one's ſelf; and Sixty Leagues of Sea would have been ſufficient to awaken *Malherbe* againſt the Inventor of Navigation.

I talk to you, like a Man who has only low and common Views: But as for you, Sir, who are perfectly well acquainted with *Horace* †; you may believe that his Enthuſiaſms gave him a right to quit *the half of his Soul* ſo ſuddenly *, and to paſs from the Tenderneſs of his Love to the Miracle of a Second *GENESIS*. But to ſpeak ſeriouſly, if any Thing makes me allow of your Opinion, it is that he who aſcends to the *War of the Giants* has but a ſtep farther to go, before he arrives at the Creation of the World.

All Things conſidered, I am miſtaken if both Opinions may not be defended: That of Monſieur *Barillon*, which is the more Natural of the Two, flows from good Senſe, which judges of Things as they are in themſelves; and yours perhaps agrees well enough to *Horace*'s Taſte, who is apt enough to go from his Subject. The Beauty of his Genius gives him a Privilege of advancing happy Boldneſſes, and noble Extravagancies, which our Imagination, ſtraitened by a Scruple of Juſtneſs, will not allow. But whatever Meaning we are pleas'd to put upon *Horace*'s Words, his *ODE* is equally Beautiful and Extraordinary: I am of Opinion, that no Poet ever had ſo tender a Heart, and ſo free a Mind at the ſame Time.

THE

† *Monſieur* de la Baſtide *had tranſlated into* French *ſome* Odes *of* Horace, *and among the reſt, that which is here mentioned.*

* *So* Horace *calls* Virgil.

THE

CHARACTER of the Mareſchal de Turenne.

I Should diſparage the Birth of Mareſchal *de Turenne*, if I pretended to inform the Publick of a Family ſo Illuſtrious and ſo Remarkable all over *Europe*, as his was. I ſhall not amuſe my ſelf with drawing all the Lineaments of his Face; the Characters of Great Men have nothing in common with the Portraitures of fair Ladies: But I may ſay in general, that there was in him ſomething auguſt and agreeable; ſomething in his Countenance which diſcovered I don't know what Greatneſs in his Soul and in his Genius. One might have perceived, by looking on him, that Nature had, by a particular Diſpoſition, fram'd him for doing every thing that he did.

Being the Off-ſpring of a Father in ſo much Authority among the Proteſtants, as the Duke *de Bouillon* was, he had from him his Sentiments about Religion, without an indiſcreet Zeal for his own, and without an Averſion againſt that of others; being guarded againſt a ſecret Deluſion, which makes us believe we have Charity for our Neighbour, where 'tis nothing but an Exceſs of Complaiſance for our own Opinion. As there is nothing Mean in the Poſts of the Army, he went thro' the very loweſt, and the middle ones, and was always thought worthy of greater ones than he had: And though he was ever diſtinguiſhed by his Birth, yet the Diſtinction of his Services alone,

alone, raiſed him by Degrees to the Command of Armies; and without exaggerating the Matter, we may ſay, That no Man ever owed ſo much to his own Merit, and ſo little to Fortune in arriving at the Employments to which he was raiſed.

I ſhall not take up much Time in giving an Account of his Actions, but confine my ſelf to ſome Particulars but little known, which will contribute towards forming his Character. All the while he ſerv'd with the Prince of *Condé* in *Germany*, his Highneſs gave him the chief Glory of all that was done in that Country; and he carried the Eſteem he had for him ſo far, that in diſcourſing with a certain Perſon of all the Generals of his Time, *If I was to be chang'd*, ſaid he, *I would be changed into Monſieur* de Turenne; *and he is the only Man who could make me wiſh for a Change.* You cannot imagine with what Care the Prince applied himſelf to obſerve him, with a deſign to reap Benefit not only from his Actions, but likewiſe from his Diſcourſes.

I remember he ask'd him one Day, *What Conduct he would obſerve in the War of* FLANDERS? 'The beſt way, *anſwered Monſieur* de TURENNE, 'is to make few Sieges, and give many Battels. 'When you have once made your Army ſuperior 'to that of the Enemy, by the Number and 'Goodneſs of your Troops, (which you have very 'near done already by the Battle of *Rocroi*;) 'when you are become Maſter of the open Coun-'try, Villages will be of as much Service as the for-'tified Towns: But it is thought much more 'Honourable to take a Fortreſs, than to conquer 'a Province with eaſe. If the King of *Spain* had 'laid out ſo much in forming Armies as it coſt 'him in Men and Money to make Sieges, and 'fortify Places; he would by this Time be the 'moſt potent King upon Earth."

Monsieur *de Turenne*'s first Maxim in War, was that which is attributed to *Cæsar*, *That we ought to reckon we have done Nothing, so long as any Thing remains to be done.* Scarce had *Philipsburgh* Catipulated, but he march'd away with his Troops to fall upon the small Body, commanded by *Savelli* and *Coloredo*: He fell upon them, Defeated them; March'd to *Spire*, *Worms*, and *Mentz*, which yielded to him; and all this was done in six or seven Days. He look'd more to the Consequences of Actions, than to the Actions themselves: He valued a General more who preserved a Country after losing a Battel, than one who had gain'd a Battle, and did not understand how to make an Advantage of it.

Let us now come to our Civil Wars; 'twas there that Monsieur *de Turenne* was best known, by being most expos'd to the Observation of the Courtiers. 'Tis well known, he sav'd the Court at *Gergeau*, and that he prevented its falling into the Prince's Hands at *Gien*. He preserv'd the State, when every Body thought it was lost; he augmented the Glory and Grandeur of it, at a Time when People durst scarce hope for its Preservation.

But one of the most considerable Services Monsieur *de Turenne* did, was doubtless that which he did at *Gien*. The Court thought they were in the utmost Safety in that Place, when the Prince had ventur'd to pass through the greatest part of the Kingdom with Six Persons only, in order to come and join the Dukes of *Beaufort* and *Nemours*; when the Prince had no so[illegible]'d them, bu[illegible] march'd up to the Ma[illegible] *Mecquincou*[illegible] falling into the Mid[illegible] [illegible]arters [illegible] ed them all away, one [illegible] not imagine the Const[illegible] at this unfortunate N[illegible] abide in that T[illegible]

being able to think of a Place where they could be in any Safety. All their Hopes were plac'd in Monſieur *de Turenne*, who was reduced to a very great Perplexity. *Never*, ſaid he afterwards, *did ſo many frightful Proſpects preſent themſelves to any Man's Imagination, as did then appear to mine. I had not been long in good Terms with the Court, and received the Command of the Army, which was to ſecure it from Danger. Let one have ever ſo little Eſteem or Merit, one is ſure to meet with Enemies and envious People; I was not without ſome of that Sort, who gave out every where, That I had ſtill a ſecret Correſpondence with the Prince. 'Tis true, the Cardinal did not believe this; but perhaps he might have entertain'd the Suſpicion that others did, on the very firſt Misfortune that ſhould have happen'd to me. Beſides, I knew Monſieur* d' Hocquincourt *would not fail to ſay, that I had expos'd him, and not ſuccour'd him. All theſe Thoughts were very afflicting; but the greateſt Evil of all was, That the Prince came up with me when he was moſt powerful and victorious.*

In this wretched Condition which Monſieur *de Turenne* deſcribes himſelf, he aſſembled his Troops as well as he could and marched, more by Conjecture, than Certainty, towards that Part where he thought the Prince might come. The Night was extreamly Dark, and he had no other Guides but Deſerters, who were more likely to frighten his Troops, than to conduct them. In the Morning he luckily found himſelf at the Head of a Defile, which the Prince muſt neceſſarily paſs, before he could go to *Gien*. Monſieur *de Navailles* propos'd to throw the Infantry into a Wood which [illegible]order'd on the Defile. Monſieur *de Turenne* re[illegible]ed the Propoſition, as well knowing that the [illegible] were ſuperior in Strength, would [illegible]out of it, and that in the Diſorder [illegible]uld be reduced, he ſhould be

obliged to retire to *Gien* only with the Cavalry. The Courſe which he took, was to place all his Troops in a Line, and remove them five or ſix Hundred Paces from the Defile. The Prince believing that he retired in good-earneſt, cauſed Fourteen Squadrons to paſs the Defile, who were to be follow'd by the whole Army. Then Monſieur *de Turenne* turning upon them with all his Troops, charg'd and broke thoſe Squadrons, and made them repaſs the Defile with incredible Diſorder. The Prince ſeeing him in this Poſture, believed the Paſſage of the Defile to be impracticable, as it really was; and the reſt of the Day was ſpent only in Cannonading one another. Monſieur *de Turenne* receiving an additional Strength from the Remains of Monſieur *d' Hocquincourt*'s Army, and ſome other freſh Troops, retired in the Evening to *Gien*, where he received the ſincere Applauſes which are given by a Court, that is not yet perfectly heartened after the Danger it has been in.

A particular Detail of his Services, would make the Character become languid; and therefore one Inſtance ſhall ſerve for all. He found the Court ſo much abandon'd, that no City would receive it: The Parliaments had declared againſt it; and the People, prepoſſeſs'd with a falſe Opinion of the Publick Good, blindly followed their Declarations. The Duke of *Orleans* was at the Head of the Parliaments; the Prince at that of the Troops: *Fuenſaldagne* was advanced as far as *Chauny* with twenty Thouſand Men; and the Duke *de Lorraine* was not far diſtant from him. Such was the Condition of this unhappy Court, when Monſieur *de Turenne*, after ſome Sieges and Battles, (an Account of which I leave to the Hiſtorians,) brought it back against its Will to *Paris*, where the King was no [illegible] come, but his Reſtoration in the Capit[illegible] Authority to be ac-

acknowledged all over the Kingdom. The Safety of the King being ſufficiently confirmed within; Monſieur *de Turenne* made his Power to be felt without, and reduc'd *Spain* to ſue for a Peace, which was her Preſervation; ſhe not being able to continue a War, which muſt have prov'd her Ruin.

From the Exploits of Monſieur *Turenne*, let us return to a more particular Obſervation of his Conduct, his Accompliſhments, and his Genius. When he had good Succeſs, he puſh'd the Advantages as far as they could well be carried; when he had bad Succeſs, he found out all the Remedies that could be found out by any one. He always preferr'd Solidity to a Blaze; was always leſs affected with the Glory that accrued to his great Actions, than with the Advantage which the State reaped from them. The good Succeſs of Affairs was what he had moſt at Heart: He was known to bear with the ill Offices of thoſe that envied him, the Wrongs of his Enemies, the Diſcontents of thoſe whom he ſerved, in order to perform real Service. Being modeſt in the moſt glorious Exploits he ever did, he made the Miniſters reign ſo imperious over him, through the Advantage they drew from what he had done: Severe to himſelf, he reckon'd all his Misfortunes as Errors; indulgent to ſuch as made a Slip, he made their Miſtakes to paſs for Misfortunes.

It ſeems, he attributed too little to Fortune, as to the Succeſs of Events; and being willing to make this appear by his own Example, from the Power that it has on certain Occaſions, one ſaid to him, *That he had perhaps never behaved himſelf better than at* Mariandal *and* Rhetel; *and that he had loſt thoſe two Battels, by having had ill Fortune.* 'I 'am well enough ſatisfied with my ſelf (*anſwer'd* 'he) in the Action; but if I ſhould do Juſtice on

'my ſelf ſomewhat ſeverely, I would ſay that the 'Affair of *Mariandal* happen'd, for having yielded 'unſeaſonably to the Importunity of the *Germans*, 'who demanded Winter-Quarters; and that that 'of *Rhetel* fell out, by having truſted too much to 'the Governor's Letter, who promiſed to hold 'out Four Days, that very Day he ſurrender'd: And he added, *When a Man boaſts that he has been guilty of no Errors in War, he convinces me that he has not made VVar long.* He always remembred the Importunity of *Roſen.* in begging Winter-Quarters, and his too eaſy Compliance in granting it. This Reflexion made him alter his Conduct with regard to the Officers; he continued his wonted good Treatment of them, but he would never after ſuffer himſelf to be over-ruled by them in the Service.

The firſt Difficulty he got rid of, was that of the Diſputes that happened in the Infantry: This old Cuſtom, founded upon an Appearance of Honour, was a ſort of Right which all the Corps were reſolved to Maintain: The Oppoſition was great, but the General gain'd his Point, and *Puyſegur*, the moſt Intelligent, and the greateſt Stickler for Rank among the Officers; *Puyſegur*, I ſay, who was an Enemy to all Generals whom he did not govern, was obliged to ſell his Regiment, and retire to his own Houſe, with his troubleſome Capacity. The ordinary Roll of Officers in Detachments, their Rank in the Order of Battle, were no longer obſerved: This was ſeen at the Battle of *Dunkirk*, where Monſieur *de Turenne* pitch'd upon the Marquis *de Crequi* to command the Wing oppoſite to the Prince, without any regard to the Priority of the Lieutenant-Generals.

After having changed thoſe old Cuſtoms, he changed, to ſpeak ſo, the Genius of Nations; he made

made Foreigners take up an Activity which was not Natural to them; he made the *French* throw off that Lightneſs and Impatience which had been always Natural to that Nation; he made them bear Fatigue without Murmuring; he made Courtiers who ſerv'd in the Army, forget the Court, as if there had been no other Trade but that of War. This was the Conduct of Monſieur *de Turenne*, with Regard to the Officers; let us ſee what was his Behaviour towards Cardinal *Mazarin*.

At the Time when the Cardinal was the moſt Unfortunate; when his Friends ſought Pretexts to deſert him, and his Enemies Occaſions to Ruin him, Monſieur *de Turenne* paid him the ſame Deference, the ſame Reſpect he had done when Fortune ſmil'd moſt upon him. When his Eminency had recovered his Power, and Reigned rather than Governed, he obſerved greater State towards him than he had done in his Misfortunes. He was the firſt who ventur'd to make his Court to the King; all the Perſons of Note making their Applications entirely to the Cardinal. He ſollicited for no Favours, and the Advantages he obtain'd, appear'd to be the Effects of his Services to the State, without any Dependance upon the Miniſtry.

Never were the Virtues of Private Perſons ſo well united with the Qualities of Heroes, as in the Perſon of Monſieur *de Turenne*. He was eaſy of Acceſs, delicate in Converſation, and faithful in Friendſhip. He was accuſed of not having uſed his Intereſt enough at Court for his Friends: but he did not make Advantage of that Intereſt even in his own behalf; a ſecret Pride hindering him from asking what he was not ſure to obtain; he did by himſelf all the kind and obliging Things he could do. There is nothing more common than to think our Friends have more Intereſt than they really have, and that we are Entitled to more than is our due.

Monſieur *de Turenne* was not incapable of loving; his Virtue was not of that rough and dry Kind, which is not ſweetned by any tender Sentiment. He lov'd more than he thought he did, hiding as much as poſſible, a Paſſion which others might eaſily diſcover.

If Singularities are a ſort of Failings in Society, Monſieur *de Turenne* had Two, which but few People are charged with; a too great Diſintereſtedneſs, when a Spirit of Intereſt reign'd univerſally; and too pure a Probity, when Corruption generally prevail'd.

His changing his Religion, touch'd all the Proteſtants very ſenſibly: They who knew him, did not attribute it either to Ambition or Intereſt. He ever lov'd to talk of Religion, particularly with the Lord *d'Aubigny*, and was wont to ſay, *That the Doctrine of the Reformed was ſoundeſt, but that they ought not to have ſeparated from the* Roman-Catholicks, *in order to engage them to embrace their Religion inſenſibly.* 'When One owns, he was in the 'wrong to ſeparate from a Church, *replied my* 'Lord d'AUBIGNY, one is in a fair way to re-'turn to it again; and if I ſurvive Madam *de Tu-'renne*, I ſhall ſee you in ours.' Monſieur *de Turenne* ſmil'd; but that Smile did not ſufficiently diſcover, whether he laugh'd at my Lord *d'Aubigny*'s Prediction, or approved it. In both Religions, he always acted for the beſt: When he was a *Huguenot*, he did nothing contrary to the Intereſt of the *Catholicks*; and when he became a *Convert*, he had no Zeal that was prejudicial to the Safety of the *Huguenots*. Conſidering the Deference the King had for his great Senſe, 'tis likely enough he would have complied with it; and that the *Huguenot* Miniſters ſhould have no reaſon to complain of their Ruin, nor the *Catholick* Clergy to repent of their Zeal.

They

They who followed him in his laſt Campaigns, ſay, that his Valour was more quick and lively than in the preceding ones; that he was more adventurous in Undertaking and Engaging than formerly. A Cannon-Ball put an End to ſo glorious a Life *, a deſirable Death (ſince we muſt die) to ſo Great a Man. His Loſs was lamented by all the *French*, and regretted by all indifferent People; his Perſon was praiſed by his Enemies, and his Virtue admired by all the World. The King, whom he had ſerved ſo well, would needs have him Interr'd at *St. Denis*, among the Kings, his Predeceſſors, as thinking he was as much obliged to him who had preſerved his Kingdom, as thoſe who left it to him.

* *The* 27th *of* July 1675.

A PARALLEL

Between the

Prince of Conde

AND

Monſieur de Turenne,

As to what relates to WAR.

YOU will find in the Prince of *Condé*, ſtrength of Genius, heighth of Courage, a quick, diſtinct, and ready, Judgment. Monſieur *de Turenne* has the Advantages of cool Blood, great Capacity, long Experience, and confirmed Valour.

The former is never at a loſs in Council, never irreſolute in his Deſigns, nor embaraſs'd in his Orders; always taking his Meaſures better than any Man in the World: The latter forms a Plan of his Conduct in the War, diſpoſes every Thing to the beſt Advantage, and manages them with a Dexterity equally removed from Slowneſs and Prec

The Activity of [illegible] carries him farther than is neceſſary any Thing that r active as he ought

of Uſe, and does Nothing that is ſuperfluous; being Maſter of Fatigue and Reſt, endeavours to ruin the Enemy's Army, and ſtudies the Preſervation of his own.

The Prince is ſevere in Command, is equally fear'd, and eſteem'd: Monſieur *de Turenne* is more indulgent, and obey'd not ſo much from the Authority he takes, as from the Veneration that the Soldiers have for him.

The Prince is more Agreeable to thoſe who know how to pleaſe him, and more Vexatious to thoſe who diſpleaſe him; more ſevere when Perſons fail of their Duty, and more ſenſibly affected when they have done well: Monſieur *de Turenne*, who is better compoſed, excuſes Faults, by reckoning them Misfortunes, and often reduces the greateſt Merit to the ſimple Praiſe of having done one's Duty well; ſatisfied with the Service that is done him, he is not always pleaſed with the Value that People ſet upon themſelves; and improving, with Pleaſure, the Merit of the moſt Submiſſive, he looks with Diſpleaſure on thoſe induſtrious Perſons who endeavours to gain a Reputation under him, and to be raiſed by the Miniſtry.

The Prince animates himſelf with Ardour to great Things, enjoys Glory without Vanity, receives Flattery with Diſdain. If he takes Pleaſure in being praiſed, 'tis not the Praiſe of his Actions, but the Delicacy of the Praiſe that Affects him agreeably. Monſieur *de Turenne* goes naturally to great and ſmall Things, according to the Relation they have to his Deſign; he is never elevated in good, never caſt down in bad Fortune.

No Precautions are ſufficient againſt the Attempter; his Boldneſs and his Vigor the ſtrongeſt Enterpriſe that can be

be formed. The latter extricates himſelf out of all Danger, and finds Means to preſerve himſelf when his Ruin ſeems to be unavoidable. Whatever Troops you give to the Prince, old or new, known or unknown, he has ever the ſame Boldneſs in Battle; one would believe that he knew how to inſpire his own Qualities into the whole Army; his Valour, his Ability, his Action, ſeem to him to anſwer for that of others. If Monſieur *de Turenne* has many Troops, whom he cannot truſt, he ſtudies his own Safety; if he has but a few good ones, whom he can confide in, he undertakes what appears to be impoſſible, as a Thing eaſy to be done.

How great ſoever may be the Prince's Eagerneſs for fighting, Monſieur *de Turenne* will fight more Battles than he, becauſe he takes better Meaſures to bring the Enemy to an Engagement; but in the time of Action, he does not ſo well take thoſe unforeſeen Opportunities, which produce an abſolute Victory; and this is the Reaſon why his Advantages are not compleat. When the Matter is diſputed, the Plan of his War comes freſh into his Mind, and he commits what he ſees Doubtful and Difficult, to a more ſecure Conduct. The Prince has a greater Preſence of Mind, and is more brisk in Action; he ſets every Thing right himſelf, recovers his Diſorders, and puſhes on his Advantages. He makes all the uſe of the Troops that any one can make of them; he expoſes himſelf to the utmoſt Danger, and ſeems reſolved either to overc[illegible] or not to ſurvive [illegible] Defeat. He thinks [illegible]ough that he is [illegible] worſted, but reckon[illegible]ace to him not [illegible] overcome.

Monſieur *de Turenne* [illegible]e Publick Go[illegible] to every Thing elſe; [illegible]th the Murmu[illegible] of the Envious, the i[illegible]f his Enemi[illegible]

nd the Diſlike of thoſe whom he ſerves, that he nay thereby do real Service. The Prince has nore Regard for the Orders of the Court; but vhen a favourable Opportunity offers it ſelf, then ıe hearkens to nothing but his Valour, and thinks ıe is anſwerable for his Actions only to his Glory.

The Prince arrives at the higheſt pitch of Glory by his Victories, and never falls under Diſcredit upon the Account of his Misfortunes; which may perhaps be a Prejudice to the Publick, but never can be ſuch to his Reputation. The Reputation of Monſieur *de Turenne* is always inſeparable from the Publick Welfare. His Actions are not diſtinguiſhed by any Singularity, becauſe they are always equal, and of a piece: His whole Conduct has leſs Luſtre to beget the Applauſes of the Populace, than Solidity to employ the Reflexions of the Judicious. All that Monſieur *de Turenne* ſays, writes, or does, has ſomething in it too Secret to be div'd into by any but ſuch as have a good ſhare of Penetration. People loſe a great deal by not underſtanding him diſtinctly enough; and he loſes no leſs by not explaining himſelf ſufficiently to others. Nature has beſtowed on him as much Senſe, Capacity and Merit, as on any Man living; and has denied him that Fire of Genius, that Openneſs and Freedom of Mind, which makes it appear bright and agreeable. He muſt be deſtroyed before we can know his Value, and it will coſt him his Life, before he has compleat Juſtice done to his Reputation. The Prince's Virtue is as bright as it is powerful; [illegible] is fatal to his Enemies, who feel the Effects of it, and comfortable to thoſe who reap the Advantages of it: But to tell the Truth, it has [illegible] much Coherence and Conſiſtency as ſieur *de Turenne*; which made me

ſay

ſay a long Time ago, That the one was fitteſt to bring Actions to a glorious Iſſue, and the other to put an advantagious Period to a War. In the Courſe of an Affair, the Prince's Conduct is ſpoke of with moſt Advantage; but when the Affair is over, the Fruits of what Monſieur *de Turenne* hath done, are of a longer Duration.

I ſhall add this one Difference more: Monſieur *de Turenne* is fitteſt to ſerve a King who will truſt him with his Army; the Prince to command his own, and get Reputation by his own Means.

A LETTER

TO

Monſieur ***.

'n the Name of the Dutcheſs of MAZARIN.

[Am not conſiderable enough in the World, to think I am obliged to give him an Account of my Affairs; but I am grateful enough or the Part you take in my Concerns, to ſatisfy our Curioſity as to my preſent Circumſtances. ll that I fear is, leſt the Length of my Letter may ive you too much Trouble; for I cannot pre- nd to give you an Account of my preſent, with- ut reminding you of my paſt Condition in many Inſtances. I ſhall, out of Modeſty, forbear) ſay any thing of the Advantages which I had; nd ſhall, out of Diſcretion, abſtain from men- oning the Qualities of Monſieur *Mazarin*: But aving the Publick to make a Judgment of our erſons, I ſhall be bold to ſay, that I did not in e leaſt contribute towards the ſquandering away the Eſtate I brought him; and that the loweſt of Domeſticks enrich'd themſelves out of it, at the [redacted] hat he denied me the mere Neceſſaries

han I ought to have done, and as without an Husband that was ſo

God-

contrary to my Temper: At laſt I diſengag'd my ſelf out of Reaſon, from a Man with whom I ſuffer'd my ſelf to be join'd out of Obedience. 5. Juſt a Diſengagement coſt me thoſe Riches which have made ſo much Noiſe in the World: But Liberty can never be too dear bought, by one who delivers one's ſelf from Tyranny. However that be, I find my ſelf diveſted of every Thing: I found my ſelf without any Means of ſubſiſting, 'till ſuch time as the King, out of a Principle of Juſtice, was pleas'd to give me a Penſion without Monſieur *Mazarin*'s Conſent, which Monſieur *Mazarin* took from me Ten Years ago, with his Majeſty's Conſent. This Change of the King's Bounty, muſt not be imputed to the Change of my Conduct; for I never was guilty of any thing that could diſpleaſe him. But it is hard for the greateſt of Kings to diſtinguiſh well betwixt the Impoſture of bad Offices, and thoſe Truths which they have need to be informed of. Reaſon would do too much Violence to our Inclination and Humour, if we were always to diſtruſt thoſe whom we love, or who pleaſe us; and naturally we don't lay our ſelves under the Reſtraint of thoſe Precautions againſt agreeable Perſons, for the Sake of indifferent Perſons whom we don't converſe withal. For this Reaſon, I am not ſurpriſed that I have been believed to be ſuch an one as I have been painted: It would have been Juſtice in the King to have augmented the Penſion that has been taken from me, if I had been ſo happy as to have been known to him, ſuch as I really am.

In the mean while, notwithſtanding this Retrenchment, and the Debts which have followed upon it, I have continued to live honourably by the Favours and Benefits of the Kings of *England*: But on this extraordinary Revolution, which will be the Wonder of [illegible] Ages, I found my ſelf forſaken;

ſaken; reduc'd to the Neceſſity of ſeeking Help only from my ſelf, where I found none; expos'd to the Fury of the Mobb; having no Correſpondence but with People who were as much amazed as my ſelf, who endeavour'd to hearten one another; or with unfortunate People, who were fitter to mourn together, than to comfort one another. After ſo many Troubles, Tranquillity was again reſtor'd; but the ceaſing of the Troubles, ſet my Mind more at eaſe, only the better to ſhew me the ſad State of my Affairs. I have now Nothing of my own, no Aſſiſtance where I am, no hopes of any elſewhere; receiving Nothing but Compliments inſtead of Aſſiſtance from the few Friends I have with you, and Reproaches from all others, for having liv'd in a Place, from whence I do not know how to depart, and finding my ſelf yet more at a Loſs where I can go.

Till now, Faults have been condemned, and Misfortunes lamented; but I make all Things change their Nature: Miſery, that melancholy Work of my Fortune, brings me Enemies; excites the Bitterneſs and Wrath of thoſe who ought to be moſt favourable to me. I don't exaggerate the Unhappineſs of my Condition, which I am the more ſenſible of, becauſe I meet with Reproaches, when I expected Conſolations. You have more Reaſon, Sir, than to approve ſo unjuſt a Behaviour, and you have Conſtancy enough in Friendſhip, ſtill to continue yours towards me. If it cannot Succour me as much as you could wiſh, yet it is as ſincere as I could deſire it to be. My Stars beget Good-will towards me, where there is no Power, and Oppoſition where there is: But, in fine, the Malignity of the Influence is not compleat, ſince amidſt all the Misfortunes it cauſes, it ſtill leaves me ſome Friends, who uſe their utmoſt Endeavours to give me Conſolation.

A LETTER TO *Monsieur* ***.

In the Name of the Dutchess of MAZARIN.

I Don't wonder that Monsieur *Mazarin* gives out that I only was to blame for my not returning to *France*; but I should wonder very much if People of Sense should suffer themselves to be cheated with his Artifices, and could be won over by his Lyes. As we never agreed in any one Thing, so I shall take a Course quite contrary to his, by telling Nothing but Truth. 'Tis Ten Years since Monsieur *Mazarin* took from me a Pension of twenty four Thousand Livers, which were given me for my Subsistence: This Retrenchment brought on me considerable Debts, which hinder'd my Departure out of *England*, where I was teaz'd by my Creditors, but not persecuted to that degree I have been since.

All Things are changed; the Revolution has happened; I found my self without Relief, without any Means of paying my old Debts, and very happy to be able to contract new ones for my Subsistence.

Subſiſtence. Not a Day went over my Head, but I was threatened to be thrown in Priſon; I was not ſafe even in Privileg'd Places; and when I went from my Lodgings, I was not ſure of returning to them. Being reduc'd to this hard Neceſſity, ſome of my Friends, and even ſome Merchants, oblig'd themſelves for part of my Debts to thoſe Tyrants, and were ſoon forc'd to pay them. But by this means I only chang'd my Creditors; for theſe new ones take as great Precaution how to be paid, as others would have done: However, I am oblig'd to them for the ſmall Liberty I enjoy; and for the Subſiſtence which I have hitherto found, which I find every Day more hard to get.

This is the true State of my paſt Circumſtances, and the real Condition of my preſent; certainly it cannot be worſe. I deſerve to be aſſiſted by my Friends, and pitied by indifferent Perſons. A fuller Detail of my Affairs, would be troubleſome to others, and uſeleſs to my ſelf; and therefore I ſhall ſay no more.

A LETTER

TO

Monſieur * * *.

In the Name of the Dutcheſs of MAZARIN.

NO Body can have a deeper Senſe than I have of the Declaration of your Friendſhip to me; but allow me, Sir, to complain of the Injuſtice of thoſe Conjectures which are made of my Intention. If I had been in a Condition to depart, and yet had ſtaid after this, ſomething might have been objected; but People will needs have me to return to *France*, and yet leave me at an impoſſibility of going out of *England*. There is not a greater Truth in the whole World, than what I tell you. I have wrote a Letter to the Dutcheſs of *Nevers*, which is ſomewhat longer than this, wherein I declar'd my Mind more at large. I beg of you, Sir, to believe me truly ſincere, particularly when I proteſt that I ſhall maintain my Friendſhip for you all the Days of my Life.

A LETTER TO THE Dutcheſs of *Nevers*.

In the Name of the Dutcheſs of MAZARIN.

I Never doubted, Madam, of your having all the Concern that any one could have for my Intereſts: I expected from your Friendſhip, all that you could expect from mine. It is not neceſſary to give one another new Aſſurances hereof in our Letters, ſince we can firmly depend upon one another in ever thing that regards us. I thought that nothing in Monſieur *Mazarin's* Conduct ought to ſurpriſe me; and yet I cannot help wondering, that after having taken my Penſion from me, for theſe Ten or Twelve Years, reduc'd me to the Neceſſity of begging my Subſiſtance, as I do, endeavoured to deprive me of my Rights, not ſatisfied to ſee me in Want during his Life, unleſs he could be ſure I ſhould be Miſerable after his Death; after ſo handſome a Proceeding, ſo obliging a Conduct, and ſo generous Actions, I cannot but wonder, I ſay, that he ſhould be ſo kind as to deſire I ſhould come and live with him. But firſt of all, my Debts muſt be paid, my Subſiſtance ſecured, and I ſet at Liberty to go out of *England*. This I expect from the Juſtice of the Gentlemen of the Great Council; and from yours, Madam, that you will believe me to be, as I really am, *&c.*

A LETTER TO *Monſieur* * * *. *In the Name of the Dutcheſs of* MAZARIN.

I Always believed that, which you were ſo kind as to write to me, about my Affairs, and am over-joy'd, that my Sentiments agree with yours. Monſieur *Mazarin* did never ſincerely intend to ſee me again. He had a mind, as you ſay very well, to deprive me of my Rights, and after having made me unhappy during his Life, like a good Chriſtian, to put it out of all doubt, that I ſhould be Miſerable after his Death. This, Sir, is the holy Joy which he intended to give me. I conjure you, to continue your Cares and Aſſiſtance towards me in the Courſe of an Affair, which in all likelihood will not have a ſpeedy Iſſue. In ſpite of Monſieur *Mazarin*'s Application, who expects the Succeſs of his Perſecutions not ſo much from Providence as from his own Induſtry, I don't believe the Gentlemen of the Great Council will deprive me of my Rights; but if Monſieur *Mazarin* is not obliged to pay my Debts, how ſhall I come off with my Creditors, and whence can I expect the Means of ſubſiſting, till ſuch Time as they are ſatisfied? The Merchants have given me Credit, and People of Condition have obliged me with Money; but they will

will not loſe their Money; What ſhall I do? I do what Monſieur *Mazarin* ſays, but practiſes not; and that is, commit my ſelf entirely to Providence. To this I ſhall add the Care and Concern of my Relations and Friends, and particularly yours, Sir, which lay an Obligation upon me, which I ſhall never forget.

A JUDGMENT ON SOME *French* AUTHORS:

To the Dutcheſs of MAZARIN.

ACcording to your Deſire, Madam, I here offer you my Thoughts on ſome of our Authors.

Malherbe has always been reckoned the moſt excellent of our Poets; but more for his Turn and Expreſſion, than for his Invention and Thoughts.

We cannot deny *Voiture* the firſt Rank in every Thing relating to Ingenuity and Gallantry; 'tis enough for *Sarraſin* to have the Second Place to be on a Level with the moſt eſteemed of the Antients in that Kind.

Benſerade has ſo particular a Character, and ſo agreeable a Manner of ſaying Things, that the niceſt Criticks can bear with his Points and Alluſions.

In Tragedy, *Corneille* admits of no Equal, *Racine* of no Superior; the Diverſity of Characters allowing a Concurrence, if it cannot eſtabliſh an Equality. *Corneille* is admired for the Expreſſion of an Heroick Grandeur of Soul, for the Force of Paſſions, and the Sublimity of Diſcourſe: *Racine's* Merit conſiſts in Sentiments which are more Natural, in Thoughts that are more clear, and in a Diction that is more pure and more eaſy. The former Raviſhes the Soul, the latter makes a Conqueſt of the Mind; the latter gives no room for the Reader to Cenſure, the former does not leave the Spectator in a Condition to examin. In the Conduct of the Work. *Racine* more Circumſpect, or diſtruſting himſelf, ſticks cloſe to the *Greeks*, whom he is a perfect Maſter of; *Corneille* improving the Advantages which Time affords, finds out Beauties which *Ariſtotle* knew nothing of.

Moliere has taken the Antients for his Model, and would be inimitable to thoſe whom he imitates, if they were yet alive.

There is no Author who has done greater Honour to our Age than *Deſpreaux*; to make a larger Panegyrick upon him, would be to aſſume the Province of his Works, which make it themſelves.

La Fontaine embelliſhes the FABLES of the Antients; the Antients would have ſpoiled *La Fontaine's* TALES.

Perrault has found out the Defects of the Antients, better than he he has made out the Advantage of the Moderns. To take it altogether, his Book* ſeems to me, to be very good, curious, uſeful, and capable of curing us of abundance of Errors.

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* *Parallele des Anciens & des Modernes.*

rors. I could wiſh the *Chevalier* had told fewer Stories, that the *Preſident* had enlarg'd his Reaſons a little more, and the Abbé confin'd his within a narrower Compaſs.

You would have me ſpeak of my ſelf, Madam; but I ſhall ſpeak of you to your ſelf. If any of thoſe Gentlemen had been in my Place, had the benefit of ſeeing you every Day, and receiving the bright Hints which you inſpire, he had ſurpaſs'd both the Antiens and Moderns. But I have improv'd this Advantage ſo little, that I don't deſerve a Place amongſt thoſe Illuſtrious Perſons.

A LETTER

TO THE

Dutcheſs of Mazarin.

I Hope you will be ſo good as to excuſe me, Madam, if I do not perfectly give into the generous Frankneſs of your Sentiments, which is oppoſite to the natural Circumſpection of my Country-men, who are Enemies to Truths that are clear, and boldly declar'd. My Reaſons againſt a full Declaration of your Intentions, are theſe:

I am perſuaded that all your Acquaintance (for your Friends have not yet ſhewn themſelves) deſire nothing more than to have a Pretence to cry out againſt your Humour and your Conduct, tho'

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the one be very agreeable, and the other very blameleſs. Never give them any handle to wreak themſelves upon you; tie them down, whether they will or no, at leaſt to a decent ſhew of Friendſhip which they ought to have for you, with more Warmth than they have. Always ask Money; and if none comes, 'tis you who will have cauſe to complain; if you can get it, I engage to furniſh you with Ten or Twelve Reaſons for not leaving *England*, each of which will be better than another. In fine, give no Body any Cauſe or Pretext of abandoning you, and be convinced, that a too open Declaration of your Intentions would be very prejudicial to you there, and would not be of any Uſe to you here. I have heard you ſay, Madam, that the Counteſs of *Soiſſons* never *gave People any opportunity of finding out her Secrets*: Don't diſcover your Sentiments your ſelf. If you are reſolved to proceed with leſs Precaution, the NORMAND quits his, and is ready to enter into your Sentiments.

A LETTER

FROM

Madam de L'Enclos

TO

Monſieur de St. Evremond.

MOnſieur *de Charleval* is juſt dead*; at which I am ſo much afflicted, that I endeavour to comfort my ſelf by conſidering the ſhare you will have in my Grief. I viſited him every Day. His Mind had all the Charms of Youth, and his Heart had all the Goodneſs and Tenderneſs that could be deſired in a true Friend. We often ſpoke of you, and of all the original Wits of our Time: His Life, and that which I lead at preſent, had a great deal of Reſemblance. In fine, ſuch a Loſs is worſe than Death it ſelf. Pray ſend me ſome News. I am as much concerned about your paſſing your Time at *London*, as if you were here. Old Friends have Charms, which are never ſo well known as when we are deprived of them.

* *Monſieur* de Charleval *died on the* 8th *Day of* March 1693, *in the* 73d *Year of his Age.*

A LETTER

From the same,

To Monsieur de St. EVREMOND.

I Was all alone in my Chamber, and very weary with reading, when one came and told me, *There is a Gentleman who comes from Monsieur* de St. EVREMOND. Judge you if all my Weariness was not shaken off that Moment. I had the Pleasure of Talking of you, and was thereby informed of Particulars, which Letters cannot express, *viz.* Your perfect Health, and your Occupations. The Joy of the Mind shews the Force of it; and your Letters persuades me, that *England* promises you Forty Years more of Life: For, I think, that it is in *England* only that they talk of People who have liv'd beyond the Age of Man. I could have wish'd to have pass'd the Remainder of my Life with you; had you thought the same way that I do, you would be in this Country now. However, it is very agreeable to remember those Persons whom we have loved; and perhaps this Separation of our Bodies, [illegible] made on purpose to embellish my Epit[illegible] [illegible] have wish'd the young Divine* ha[illegible]

* *Monsieur* Turretin, [illegible] *Historical History in the* [illegible]

of *Niquée* †, where People never ſuffer any Change; for I believe you think me one of the firſt Perſons enchanted in it. Don't change your Ideas in this Matter; which have always been favourable to me; and let this Communication, which ſome Philoſophers think better than Preſence, endure always.

I told Monſieur *Turretin* how glad I ſhould be if I could do him any Service: He has met with ſome of my Friends here, who have thought him worthy of the Praiſes you have given of him. If he has a mind to improve by the Converſation of the honeſt Abbots, who remain here in the Abſence of the Court, he ſhall be treated as a Man whom you Eſteem. I read your Letter before him with Spectacles; but they do not ill become me; for I had always a grave Mein. If he is in love with *Merit*, which they call here *diſtinguiſhed*, perhaps your Wiſh may be accompliſhed; for People endeavour to comfort me every Day for my Loſſes, by this fine Word. I underſtood that you wiſh'd *La Fontaine* in *England*: We have but little of his Company at *Paris*; his Head is very much weakened. This is the Fate of Poets: *Taſſo* and *Lucretius* felt it. I Doubt no Love-Powder has been laid for *La Fontaine*; for he did not much court Women, who could be at the Expence of it.

† *See the Romance of* Amadis de Gaule.

Monſieur de St. Evremond's ANSWER *To Madam* de L'Enclos.

MOnſieur *Turretin* is extreamly obliged to me for making him acquainted with you; and I am not a little obliged to him for giving Occaſion to the fine Letter which I have juſt received. I don't queſtion but he found you with the ſame Eyes that I beheld you formerly: Thoſe Eyes by which I always knew the new Conqueſt of a Lover, when they ſparkl'd a little more than ordinary, and which made us ſay,

Citherea *ne'er was ſuch*, &c. *.

You are ſtill the ſame to me; and tho' Nature, which never ſpar'd any Body, ſhould have ſpent its utmoſt Power to produce ſome Alteration in the Features of your Face, yet my Imagination will ſtill be for you, that *Glory of* NIQUEE, in which you know People underwent no Change. I am very ſure, that as to your Eyes and your Teeth, you have no occaſion for it: What you ſtand moſt in need of, is my Judgment, to underſtand thoroughly the Advantages of your Wit, which improves every Day. You are more witty than ever the young and ſprightly NINON was.

A

* *Taken from*

A BILLET

TO THE

Dutcheſs of Mazarin.

I Beg of you, Madam, to tell the Dutcheſs of *Bouillon* that no Perſon can be more ſenſible than I am of the Honour that ſhe does me by remembring me. I don't much pity *La Fontaine*'s Condition, fearing leſt my own may ſtand in need of Pity. At his and my Age, no Body ought to wonder that we loſe our Reaſon, but that we keep it. The Preſervation of it is no great Advantage; 'tis an Obſtacle to the Quiet of old People; and a Barr to the Pleaſures of young Perſons. *La Fontaine* feels not that Diſorder which it gives, and perhaps he is the happier on that Score. It is not a Misfortune to be a Fool, but to have ſo little Time to be ſo*.

* *Monſieur* de La Fontaine *died the* 13th *of* March, 1695.

A LETTER TO THE *Dutcheſs of* Bouillon, *In the Name of the Dutcheſs of* MAZARIN.

My Dear Sister,

I Think I have explain'd my ſelf ſo often and ſo clearly, on the Demand that has been made me to declare my Intentions, that there was no occaſion of requiring a new Declaration. I proteſt to you then, my Dear Siſter, that I have no Deſign to eternize my ſelf in *England*; all my Aim and Wiſh is, to return to *France* to my Family; but I declare to you, with the utmoſt Sincerity, that it were as impoſſible for me to depart hence without paying my Debts, as to fly. I am every Day forced to contract new Debts, when I expected to receive wherewithal to pay off my old ones. There are perhaps one or two Perſons of Quality among my Creditors, who would not hinder my Departure; but the reſt would no more ſuffer my Bankrupcy than the Merchants. You may believe, if you pleaſe, that I am more deſirous of being at Liberty, than others can be grieved to ſee me in a kind of Captivity in Foreign Countries. Nothing but the want of Means hinders me from going to ſpend the reſt of my Days with thoſe Perſons whom I love

love above all the reſt of the World. You are convinced, my Dear Siſter, that my Brother and your ſelf are the chief of them. Theſe are my true and real Intentions; I don't diſguiſe them in the leaſt. 'Tis very true, I would rather chuſe Death, than return to Monſieur *Mazarin*; and would as ſoon paſs the reſt of my Life in a Nunnery as with him: In effect, theſe are two Extremes which are both equally to be avoided. You will make ſuch uſe of my Letter as you ſhall think will be moſt for my Advantage. *Adieu*, my Dear Siſter; love me always, and continue your Endeavours to ſerve that Perſon in the World, who is moſt Yours.

A BILLET TO THE *Dutcheſs of* MAZARIN.

IF you have a mind to underſtand how neceſſary you are to the World, you may ſatisfy your Curioſity in your ſhort Abſence. There is a *Spaniſh Concetto* which I would apply to you, if I was not too much an Enemy to a figurative Stile. *When the Sun is under an Eclipſe*, ſays the Author of the *Concetto*, *'tis to let the World know how difficult it is to be without its Light.* Your Eclipſe makes my Lords *Montaigue*, *Godolphin*, *Arran*, and others, feel how hard it is to live without your Light. I defy all the *Spaniards* and *Italians* together, to carry a Figure further. Every thing lowres at at *London* ſince your Departure. It is not ſo at

Chelſey, where your Philoſophy makes you taſte a very delicious Retreat. Manage the Grief of your Friends by Intervals of Preſence:

Upon the Wings of Time, Grief flies away.

Show your ſelf from Time to Time, or at leaſt let your Friends ſee you at *Chelſea*. TUYO *haſta la Muerte.*

A LETTER

To the ſame.

NO Letter had ever given me more Pleaſure than yours, Madam, provided it had been written to any other but my ſelf. The Thoughts in it are lively, and the Applications happy: To my Misfortune, all that Wit is exercis'd at my Expence. My *moſt humble and moſt obedient Servant*, ſhows an ingenious Diſpleaſure, which puts your *moſt humble and moſt obedient Servant* in Deſpair. I could have bore up under a ſudden and impetuous Anger: My Patience has often been tried with thoſe kind of Movements; but an ingenious and meditated Anger quite confounds me, and puts me to fruitleſs Pain to gueſs the Cauſe of it. I examin my ſelf, and the more I ſtudy to diſcover my Fault, the more Reaſons do I find to hope for your good Graces. If *Parmeno* was guilty of a ſlip, who can be truſted? If he be innocent, what can we do, what Behaviour can ſhel-

ter

ter us ? I will anſwer for it, Madam, *Parmeno* is not faulty in the leaſt.

From *Parmeno* one eaſily paſſes to the Generals : I do not blame thoſe who are alive ; but I have hitherto praiſed none but the Dead ; and it already appears, that they were Praiſe-worthy. The taking of *Namur* * would have excited me to ſome fine Production ; but ever ſince my Star has hid her ſelf, and I have been without her Influences, my Talents are buried. Here is abundance of Idle Diſcourſe. If I yet ſaw one of your Letters ſigned DULCINEA, and I was allowed to ſign mine as formerly, *El Cavallero de la triſte figura* ; what Joy ſhould I be in !

Haſta la muerte cannot be forbid me ; for it depends upon me to be always, as I ſhall certainly be, either the *Knight with the diſmal Countenance*, or, *Your moſt humble and moſt obedient Servant.*

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* Namure *was taken by King* William, *on the* 8th *Day of September* 1695.

To the ſame.

THE fine Air of Chelſea, *and the Repoſe of Solitude, leave no room to doubt, either of your Health, or of the Tranquillity of your Mind.* This is the beginning of a Philoſopher's Letter, written to a greater Philoſopher than himſelf. He cannot maintain his Philoſophy any longer: The Remembrance of your Diſpleaſure againſt him has confounded him. He hopes nevertheleſs, that his Innocence and your Equity, will allow him to end with TUYO HASTA LA MUERTE, *Ell Cavallero de la triſte figura.*

I was told of a Sparrow, the King of all Sparrows: They ſay it Whiſtles, is tamer than any that ever was ſeen, and that it plays a thouſand pretty Tricks, which Sparrows are not wont to do. This great Merit gave me a Curioſity to ſee it. I found in it all that had been ſaid of it, except that rare Quality of Whiſtling, which was put off to another Time, when it would be in better Humour. The loweſt Farthing was Eight Shillings: too little for a Nightingale Sparrow; too much for a Common Sparrow, let it be ever ſo Tame.

TO

A FRAGMENT
UPON THE
Diſcovery of a Conſpiracy *againſt the* KING *in* 1696.

IN order to underſtand well the Importance of the King's Life, we muſt conſider, that *Spain* founded on him the firſt Hopes of Deliverance from her Misfortunes; That the STATES gave him the Power he has in *Holland* for having ſav'd them; That the Confederates have ſet him up as an Umpire in the Confederacy from the need they had of his Forces, and the Confidence they plac'd in his Virtue. They ſaw a Prince always ready to execute; capable of ſucceeding in the greateſt Deſigns by his Conduct, in overcoming the greateſt Difficulties by his Vigour; as moderate in Proſperity, as firm and conſtant in Diſgraces; lov'd and eſteem'd in his own Army, eſteem'd and fear'd in that of the Enemy; more affected with Glory, than with his own particular Intereſt; more touch'd with the Intereſt of the Publick, than with Glory.

A LETTER

To Mr. BARBIN †.

I Am very much obliged to you, Sir, for your good Opinion of the Trifles that have drop'd from my Pen, which People are ſo kind as to call WORKS. If I was of an Age in which my Imagination could furniſh me with new ones, ſuch as they might be, I ſhould not fail to ſend them to you: The Beauty of the Impreſſion would recommend them. But the little Genius I once had, is ſo worn out, that I find it very hard to make any Uſe of it, even for Things that are neceſſary to Life. It is not for me now to mind my Pleaſure and Diverſion; my only Intereſt is, to Live. You deſire I would inform you what belongs to me in the ſmall Pieces which have been printed under my Name. There is ſcarce any of them in which I have not the largeſt ſhare; but I find them either qu[illegible] alter'd or enlarg'd. The *Great Bells of St. Ger[illegible] Prez*, wh[illegible] LUIGI *admir'd* *, do by no [illegible] belong to [illegible] This is the

† Mr. Barbin, *Bookſeller* [illegible] St. Evremo[illegible] *leaſt to mar*[illegible] *under his N*[illegible]

* *This N*[illegible] OPERA's [illegible] *the great Bell*[illegible]

the firſt Addition I can think of: THE CHARMS OF FRIENDSHIP; the long LETTER OF CONSOLATION to a Lady; THE REFLEXIONS ON THE DOCTRINE OF EPICURUS; OF ELOQUENCE, FROM PETRONIUS, and ſome others which I do not remember, do not belong to me in the leaſt. If I were young and handſome, I ſhould not be ill pleaſed to ſee my Picture at the beginning of a Book: But it would be making a ſcurvy Preſent to the Reader, to give him an old and ugly Pourtraiture of a Man of Eighty Five Years of Age. My Eyes fail me; I can neither read nor write, but with much Pain. You will excuſe me that I cannot give you a more exact Account of that which you enquire of me.

A LETTER

TO

Madam De L'ENCLOS,

I Have received the Second Letter which you writ me, which is obliging, agreeable and witty, and in which I find the Humour of *Ninon**, the good Senſe of Madam *de L'Enclos*. I know the former lived, and I learn from her what manner the other lives. Every

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* *chriſten'd Name, by which ſhe went*

Thing contributes to make me regret the happy Time which I have ſpent in your Company, and to deſire in vain to ſee you once more. I have not Strength enough to tranſport my ſelf over to *France*, and you have Allurements there, which will hinder you from coming to *England*. The Dutcheſs of *Bouillon* can tell you that *England* has its Charms, and I ſhould be ungrateful my ſelf, if I did not own that I have met with Pleaſures and Comforts in it. I am not a little pleaſed to hear that the Count *de Grammont* has recover'd his former Health, and acquired a new Devotion. Hitherto I have been contented with being a good plain honeſt Man; but I muſt do ſomething more; and I only wait for your Example to become Godly. You live in a Country where People have wonderful Advantages of ſaving their Souls. There Vice is almoſt as much againſt the Faſhion, as againſt Virtue: Sinning paſſes for Ill-Breeding, and ſhocks Decency and Good Manners as much as Religion: Formerly it was enough to be wicked, but now one muſt be withal a Scoundrel, to be damn'd in *France*. They who have not regard enough for another Life, are led to Salvation by the Conſiderations and Duties of this. But there is enough upon a Subject, in which the Converſion of the Count *de Grammont* has engag'd me: I believe it to be ſincere and honeſt. It well becomes a Man who is not young, to forget that he has been ſo. This is what I could never yet arrive to; on the contrary, from the Remembrance of my [illegible] Years, and the Memory of my paſt [illegible], I endeavour to animate and enli[illegible] Sluggiſhneſs of my Old Age. [illegible]
ſome at this Age,
which is the ſw

t which contributes moſt to make us paſs
Time agreeably. That which gives me the
ateſt Pain, is, my deſpairing ever to ſee
1: I muſt ſit down ſatisfied with writing
you ſometimes, in order to keep up a Friend-
p, which has reſiſted the Length of Time,
Diſtance of Place, and the uſual Coldneſs
Old Age. This laſt Word regards me;
ture will begin with you, to ſhow, that it
poſſible not to grow Old. Pray let the
ke of *Lauzun* know that I am his moſt
mble Servant; and enquire whether Madam
Mareſchale *de Crequi* has paid him the five
ndred Crowns that he lent me: I have been
d by Letter a long Time ago that ſhe has,
I am not very ſure of it.

A LETTER

TO THE

Marquis of *SAISSAC*,

In the Name of the Dutcheſs of MAZARIN.

I Muſt begin my Letter with Thanks, and tell you in few Words, that I am extreamly obliged to you for the Care you take of my Intereſts. This well deſerves that I ſhould frankly declare to you my real Sentiments about my Return. They are the ſame that I have always had; and that is, that I muſt firſt pay my Debts, e'er I can have the liberty of departing from *England*. Theſe are my Intentions as to my Return. If you had had the Curioſity to know the State of my Affairs, I ſhould have told you that it was never worſe than it is at preſent. I continue to live by borrowing; but the greateſt Evil is, that I know not how to borrow any more. I am well ſatisfied that it is not owing to the want of your Endeavours, that I am not relieved. It was not poſſible for you to do more than you have done; you leave an Obligation upon me, without my reaping any Benefit from it.

Monſieur *Mazarin*'s Advocate * wants good Reaſons; but he makes amends for the weakneſs of his Reaſoning by the good Turn he gives it. It muſt be owned, he is very nice at Raillery. Our common Friend, Monſieur *de St. Evremond*, is ſo in love with Ridicule, that he is even pleas'd with that Gentleman's Ridicule upon him. He ſays, *He knows not whether the Advocate had greater pleaſure in beſtowing, than he had in receiving it; it being ſo very ingeniouſly turned.* All the Satyr that any one employs, were it even againſt himſelf, is pleaſing to him: A noble Temper, which has been kept up in its Purity for theſe Eighty Years!

I return at the End of my Letter, to the Compliments I made you at the beginning of it. I intreat you to believe, that I ſhall be ſenſible of your Friendſhip all my Life, and grateful for the kind Offices you have done me.

A BILLET
TO THE
Dutcheſs of Mazarin.

YOU commanded me to write to the Marquis *de Saiſſac*, which I have accordingly done: You commanded me to write like a *Normand*; and I have acquitted my ſelf ſo well in this, that I defy Monſieur *de Saiſſac* to know whether you

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* *Erard.*

you have prais'd him for his Diligence, or co
plain'd that he has contented himſelf with uſi
fruitleſs Endeavours to ſerve you, where y
might have expected real Effects of his Promiſ
A Thouſand Compliments, if you pleaſe, to t
Duke of St. *Albans*. My little CONSORT
finiſhed; if he thinks it worthy of his Cloſet,
ſhall get it copied for him, I mean at his Expenc
I am the firſt Author in Proſe, Verſe, and Muſic
who ruins himſelf in Copiſts. My Works mu
needs be very little worth.

A N

AN

ANSWER

TO THE

PLEADING

OF

Mr. ERARD,

On behalf of the Duke of MAZARIN *againſt the Dutcheſs his Wife.*

The *PREFACE*†.

IT is not decent to pry into the Secrets of Families; much leſs to expoſe to the Publick, ſuch things as paſs between a Husband and a Wife: But ſince the Duke of Mazarin *has thought fit to open 'em to the Great Council,*

† *This* Preface *was not written by Mr. de St.* Evremond; *he having reviſed it, and beſides it containing ſeveral Cu-rticulars, we thought it proper to inſert it here. See en ſaid of it in Mr. de St.* Evremond's L I F E.

Council, and Monſieur Erard, *his Advocate, to put them into Print; it was not fair that the World ſhou'd hear but one ſide; And the* Anſwer to the Pleading *falling into my Hands, I thought my ſelf bound to publiſh it, that the World might paſs their Judgment upon the whole. I hope, that after a thorough Examination of the matter, Madam* Mazarin *will by common Conſent be found worthy of a better Fate, and another ſort of Husband.*

If the Duke had proceeded no farther, than Coldneſs, Reſervedneſs, or Rigour; the Dutcheſs had quietly lamented her Misfortune in ſecret, in hopes at length by the conſtancy of her Sufferings, and the Sweetneſs of her Compliance, to reclaim him: But when he came to that degree of exceſs, which took away all her Repoſe; and to ſuch a rate of Profuſion, as muſt abſolutly ruine her Family; ſhe had recourſe to thoſe Methods, that might preſerve her Eſtate, and Liberty.

The Relations treated, the Directors uſed their Endeavours, the King interpos'd his Authority; but nothing could either perſuade or prevail upon Monſieur Mazarin. *Muſt a Wife be eternally enſlav'd to the Caprices, Enthuſiaſms, and falſe Revelations of her Husband?*

This is what Monſieur Erard *has maintain'd with as many Invectives, as Calumnies. Theſe few Paſſages taken out of his Pleading, may ſerve to ſhew the violent Temper of the Advocate.*

Matters are come to that [illegible] *England*, th[e]
'tis no longer lawful for a [illegible], a *Fren*
Man, nor for an Honeſt M[an] [illegible] *Londo*[n]

If Madam *Maza*[rin] [illegible]
for King James a[nd]
for their Bountie[s]

Honour and Religion, which she ought to have earn'd by being near their Persons; coud she see, without horrour, the Usurper of their Kingdoms, and the Enemy of our Faith, establish his Tyranny upon the Wrack of their lawful Throne, and the Ruine of the true Religion?

In another Place: unless some Splendid Fit of Zeal made Madam *Mazarin* coveteous of a glorious Palm; and gave her a Holy Ambition of being Sacrificed by that barbarous Nation.

But after all, how can the Names of the King and Queen of *England*, be made use of to excuse the Elopement, and Absence of Madam *Mazarin*..... now that she offers the same Incense to the Prince of *Orange*, she offer'd to them; but with as much baseness and unworthiness, as it was Honour to her, to pay that Respect which she ow'd to them.

And at the End of his PLEADING: What Excuse can Madam *Mazarin* now have? Is the Prince of *Orange* her Kinsman? Are all these Gamesters Libertines, Presbyterians, Episcopalians, Quakers; in a Word, are all this Rabble of all Religions, except the true one, which resort to her House, her Relations?

To cite all the Injurious things, that he says of Ma- [illegible] Mazarin, *and the* English *Nation would require* [illegible] *transcribing the Whole Pleading:*

[illegible]*eur* Mazarin *can't deny, but that he has given* [illegible] *Separation. But he boasts that* [illegible] *that might procure a Re-union; and* [illegible] *Articles to that purpose. The* [illegible] *most all the rest depends,*

Nothing

Nothing by condition, but all by w
Friendſhip.

In thoſe Difficulties, that will undoul
ariſe, a clear ſtating of Matters muſt immed
follow.

To imitate the beſt Oeconomy in the Kin
and by that Model to form ours.

Never to give the Publick an account o
Domeſtick Affairs; much leſs to let the C
into our greateſt Secrets: but to tell 'em ir
Words, that our Reconciliation was happi
fected.

Monſieur Mazarin *not being contented to hav
down Rules for the Conduct of Husband and
would needs make Regulations thro' his whole
without Regard to the Juriſdiction of the Biſho
the Authority of Governours. He begins with
aſtical Affairs, which in Reaſon ought to go bef
Civil. Theſe Articles being Printed, I ſhall m
'em only in general.*

He enjoyns Good Order in Fraternities; w
as he ſays, abundance of Abuſes are crept in.

He preſcribes to the Curates their Duty in
Parochial Maſſes, eſpecially in the Public
of Holidays, and the Banns of Matrimony:
pers and Complines *are not forgotten*: *He t
lightly upon the* Sermon.

*From thence proceeding to ſome Rules for La
He Orders* an Apothe
a Clyſter, to be dec
ent ready to Receiv
poſſible Modeſty.

He forbids Women t
Wheel; becauſe of a
gers, and a Motion
them looſ

He requ
keep She
Goats.

For the Herdſmen, as well thoſe who keep Bulls, as thoſe who bring their Cows to them, they muſt turn their Eyes another way at the time of leaping; and afterwards come to payment according to a rate at which he had tax'd it.

Having a vaſt Extent of Land in divers Provinces, he takes his Progreſſes to ſee his Orders put in Execution; which being univerſally ill receiv'd, he purchaſes Obedience to them very dear. The Train of his Fraternities, the Equipage of his Saints errant, half Eccleſiaſtick, half Secular, wou'd make a pretty large Caravan in Aſia; *and this is not the leaſt magnificent way that he has taken to ruin Himſelf. This would be ſufficient to juſtifie the Separation of Madam* Mazarin: *However, let us hear her Advocate.*

AN *ANSWER* TO THE PLEADING OF *Monſieur* ERARD *&c.**

'TIS a certain Truth, GENTLEMEN, that Impudence is not acquired at once. 'Tis by degrees that Men arrive at the aſſurance of telling, and maintaining great Lies. Truth has no occaſion for Inſtructions, or Exerciſe. It may be ſaid to be Born with us; and we muſt do Violence to Nature to ſhake of our Veracity. Judge then, GENTLEMEN, how much Art, Study, and Practice, muſt have concurr'd to give Monſieur *Erard* the perfection of his Talent. What Perverſions of Truth, what Suppoſitions, what Forgeries of Fact were neceſſary to form the Capacity of ſo great a Man!

To ſay the Duke of *Nevers* accompanied his Siſter to the end of the firſt Stage; which is falſe: That

* *Concerning this* Anſwer, *ſee the* Life *of Mr. de St.* Evremond *Page.* cxx.

That Madam *Mazarin* carried rich Moveables, and abundance of Plate; who never had abroad, either Goods, Plate or Jewels, except one Necklace, which ſhe uſually wore in *France*: That ſhe reſided in the Territories of the King of *Spain*, thro' which ſhe only travell'd in the time of a profound Peace, as her Road led her: That ſhe ſcandaliz'd all the Convents, where ſhe has been; tho' we are Witneſſes how much ſhe was belov'd and honour'd by the Abbeſſes of *Chelles* and the *Lys*, and of all the Superiours of the Religious Houſes where ſhe Lived: That her Penſion in *England* was given her in conſequence of a Debt due to the Cardinal; a Debt which the two Kings always laughed at as Chimerical, and Ridiculous: To invent a hundred things of this Nature, to diſguiſe, feign and ſuppoſe, have been as it were, the ſteps, by which Monſieur *Erard* has mounted to the Aſſurance of his Encomium upon the Duke, and the Impudence of his Calumnies againſt the Dutcheſs of *Mazarin*.

If all theſe Praiſes, all theſe Reproaches, be not the Creatures of your own Brain, tell us Monſieur *Erard*, who cou'd inform you of the Virtues of Monſieur *Mazarin*? Had you theſe fine Notions of him, from the Court, from the Provinces, or from the Villages? Who has informed you of the ill Qualities of Madam *Mazarin*? Did your Information come from *Paris*, from *Rome*, from *Venice*, or from *London*? I can give you a more faithful and exact Account of them both; and to hinder you from falling any more into Error, in Charity I will tell you, that Monſieur *Mazarin* makes himſelf contemptible every where, as well where he is not, as where he is; and that Madam *Mazarin* is as generally eſteemed, wherever ſhe is, or has been.

But in what Country did you live? Or in what obſcure Hole do you ſpend your Days, that you are ignorant how this Match with Monſieur *Mazarin* was brought about? Cardinal Mazarin, at the beginning of his Illneſs was inquiſitive into the Merit of our Courtiers, in order to find one worthy of his lovely Niece, and capable to Maintain the Honour of his Name. As he had yet ſome remains of Vigour, he found no difficulty in reſiſting Virtue without Wealth; but his Diſtemper encreaſing daily, and his Judgment impairing with his Strength, he cou'd not withſtand the falſe report of the Riches of Monſieur *Mazarin*.

This, Monſieur *Erard*, this was that Noble and Glorious Choice of the Cardinal; a Choice, to ſpeak ſeriouſly, that almoſt ruin'd his Reputation, notwithſtanding all the Merit of his paſt Life. By it he loſt the Reſpect of the Courtiers; the moſt cautious cou'd not forbear their Railleries; and ſome Foreign Miniſters wrote to their Maſters, that they ought no longer to make any account of his Eminency, after the ridiculous Match he had made.

What Averſion ſoever you may have for Truth, for once do your ſelf the Violence to hear that, which I have to ſay of Monſieur *Mazarin*. You cannot have a greater Averſion againſt Truth, than I have againſt Lies. Yet I have been forc'd to hear all thoſe you have ſaid of Madam *Mazarin*; with as much Villany as Impudence.

Upon the Death of the Cardinal, the Courtiers, who did not yet underſtand the Niceneſs of the King's Taſte, were afraid, that Monſieur *Mazarin* ſhou'd inherit well the Favour, as the Eſtate and Name of Monſieur *de Turenne* was heard to ſhou'd ſee
" ſuch an Indignity, with
" the ſame done,
when

" when he went into the Service of the Prince." The Mareſchal *de Villeroy*, who, having been his Majeſty's Governour, ought to have been better acquainted with his Diſcernment, was not without his Apprehenſions. The Mareſchal *de Clerembaut*, who had ſignaliz'd himſelf in ridiculing this Match, was allarm'd; but Monſieur *Mazarin*, who was more in their Intereſts, than his own, ſtaid only long enough at Court to decry himſelf, and to give the King that judicious Contempt of his Perſon, which his Majeſty has retain'd ever ſince.

Nevertheleſs, they were not yet abſolutely rid of their Fears. They were afraid that the Mareſchal *de la Meilleraye*, who, in his Time, had always held the firſt Poſt in War, ſhou'd by his Example rouſe the Ambition of his Son, to make himſelf the moſt conſiderable Perſon. Monſieur *Mazarin* was too good a Man to ſuffer the World to continue in that Miſtake. He bid farewell to War, as he had done to Court; and you will grant me, GENTLEMEN, that 'twas none of the unwiſeſt Actions of his Life.

He had yet but too much left to make himſelf conſiderable. His Places, Governments, and Riches, in which he out-did all the Subjects of *Europe*, procur'd him Reſpect enough; but like a Philoſopher, he ſhook off all theſe Things, as Superfluities; or, like a Chriſtian, as Vanities that might endanger his Salvation. However it were, he left himſelf nothing of thoſe great Honours and Incomes which are ſo precious in the Opinion of Men. Of a Thouſand Rarities which had been heap'd up by Wealth, and Curioſity; of an infinite number of Pictures, Statutes, and Tapeſteries, there was nothing but was either Sold, or disfigur'd: e did not keep one; of all his t only that of *Alſace*, where be ſuffer'd to Command.

In ſhort, GENTLEMEN, I am aſham'd to name the poor Remains of Twenty Millions *, that Madam *Mazarin* brought him; and the only reaſon he gave, was that he could not in Conſcience keep ill gotten Wealth. It was not *ill gotten*, GENTLEMEN, in Truth it was not; the Defence of the Crown againſt ſo many Forces within, and ſo great a Power without, was the Purchaſe of it, which the Juſtice and Liberality of the King confirm'd; but theſe Advantages have been as ill bequeath'd as they have been kept. The Memory of the Cardinal is anſwerable for the bad choice he made of Monſieur *Mazarin*; and Monſieur *Mazarin* for the ill Uſe he made of that vaſt Wealth.

Let us ſpare Madam *Mazarin* the Pain of hearing a farther Detail of this ſquandring away of her Fortune: Let us ſpare Monſieur *Mazarin* the ſhameful Remembrance of the Manner of his ſquandring it. A hard Fate for Madam *Mazarin* to have her Wealth ſquandred; a harder to bear continually the ſight of the Squanderer! Thus did Madam *Mazarin* ſpend her unhappy Days. She expected the Reſt of the Night, which is allow'd to the moſt unfortunate to ſuſpend the Senſe of their Sufferings; but this Relief was denied her: No ſooner were her fair Eyes clos'd, but Monſieur *Mazarin*, (who had the Devil always preſent in his black Imagination) this amiable Husband wakes his beſt beloved, to make her Partaker.——You will never be able to gueſs of what, GENTLEMEN; to make her Partaker of his Nocturnal Viſions. Flambeau's are lighted, and ſearch is made every where; but no Spectre does Madam *Mazarin* find, except that which lay by her in the Bed. His Majeſty was treated more obliging-

* *Twenty Millions of Livres.*

obligingly, he was made the Confident of his Revelations, thoſe Divine Lights, which Monſieur *Mazarin*'s uſual Commerce with Heaven afforded him. The World has been fully inform'd of his Revelations; and ſince the Advocate has ſet ſuch a value upon that Devotion, which has merited him that Grace; I beg your Patience, GENTLEMEN, to hear ſome of the Effects of it; they are ſingular, and worth your Attention.

During the time that Monſieur *Mazarin* courted Mademoiſelle *Hortenſia*, he gave a Note for 50000 Crowns to the Biſhop of *Frejus**, upon Condition, that he ſhou'd promote the Match, which with Reaſon he ſollicited ſo hotly. The Match was made, and the Biſhop had a great hand in it. But it being neither eaſie nor honourable for a Prelate to exact the Payment of ſuch a Note, he return'd it to Monſieur *Mazarin*, truſting rather to his Word, than his Note. Some Time after this piece of Generoſity, the Biſhop had occaſion for Money to ſettle his Nephews, and demanded it of Monſieur *Mazarin*; who, doing violence to his good Nature, refus'd to pay it; being inform'd by his Director, that 'twas a more criminal Simony in him to purchaſe the Sacrament of Marriage, than in a Biſhop to purchaſe his Biſhoprick.

See, GENTLEMEN, the nice tender Conſcience of Monſieur *Mazarin*: The Biſhop, notwithſtanding his holy Character, wou'd have taken the Money, and never bogled at the Simony; Monſieur *Mazarin*, a meer Layman, makes a ſcruple of paying it, and religiouſly pays it not.

This is another Inſtance, that will confirm the Opinion People have of his Piety. Monſieur had a Law-Suit of great Importance;

* of Frejus, *Cardinal* Mazarin.

tance; an Agreement very much to his Advantage was offer'd him: He anſwer'd thoſe that propos'd it to him, That *our Saviour came not to bring Peace into the World; that Controverſies, Diſputes, and Law-Suits were of Divine Right, but Compoſitions of Humane Invention: That God had appointed Judges, but never thought of Arbitrators; and that therefore he was reſolved to go to Law all his Life, and never come to an Arbitration.* A Promiſe that he has piouſly kept, and will keep to his laſt Breath.

Modeſty forbids me, GENTLEMEN, to open to you the Occaſion of his Journey into *Dauphiné*, to conſult the Biſhop of *Grenoble*: I will only tell you, that a Caſe of Conſcience ſo extraordinary, a ſcruple ſo nice, ſo delicate, was never heard before.

But the Maſter-piece of Monſieur *Mazarin's* Devotion, was this: He caus'd one of Madam *de Richelieu's* Children to be brought up, with expreſs Prohibition to the Nurſe from ſuckling it on *Frydays* and *Saturdays*; that inſtead of Milk, it might ſuck in the holy Uſe of Faſting and Mortification.

This, GENTLEMEN, is the Devotion of Monſieur *Mazarin*, which his Advocate has not been aſham'd to extoll; a Devotion, that ſerves to confirm our Refugees in their Belief; but the Catholicks, as well as they, laugh at ſo ridiculous a Piety; and you, GENTLEMEN, whoſe Piety is ſolid, diſapprove it no leſs than the Proteſtants themſelves.

The firſt Misfortune, that can befall a Man, is to be depriv'd of ſo much Senſe, as is neceſſary to Humane Society; the next, to be obliged to live with thoſe who [illegible] Senſe. Theſe two Calamities appear [illegible] in that unhappy Marriage of Mo[illegible] Madam [illegible], Nature has ſet Mon[illegible]

ſtance from Reaſon, that 'tis almoſt impoſſible he ſhould ever be reaſonable: The only Excuſe that his Friends, if he has any, can make for his Conduct. Madam *Mazarin* has, by her ill Fortune, been compell'd to live with Monſieur *Mazarin*. Joyning the Living to the Dead, was not a greater cruelty, than linking Prudence to its Reverſe; yet this Torment was Madam *Mazarin* for Five Years forced to endure: Beſieg'd all Day, alarm'd all Night, fatigu'd with Journey upon Journey, Journeys contrived without any Occaſion; ſubject to extravagant and tyrannical Orders; ſeeing none but Spies, or Enemies; and, which is the worſt of all miſerable Circumſtances, unhappy without Conſolation. Any other Woman would have defended her ſelf from Oppreſſion, by an open Reſiſtance; Madam *Mazarin* ſought only to eſcape from her Misfortunes, and to find in the Place of her Birth, among her Relations, that Security, and Repoſe, which ſhe had loſt.

While ſhe was at *Rome*, ſhe was honoured by all that were Illuſtrious, and Great there. Upon her return to *France*, ſhe obtain'd of the King a Penſion for her Subſiſtance, and an Officer of the Guards to conduct her ſafely out of the Kingdom, where ſhe neither could, nor would ſtay. After ſo many Troubles and Diſquiets, ſhe fixed her Retreat at *Chambery*, where ſhe paſſed Three Years with tranquillity, in Study and Reflexion; at the end of which ſhe came by the Permiſſion of his Majeſty into *England*. All the World knows the regard that King *Charles*, and King *James* had for her: All the World knows the Fa[redacted] that ſhe received from them; Favours be[redacted]y on her Perſon, without any reſpect [redacted]'s Debt. 'Twas therefore to the [redacted] their Majeſties, that ſhe owed For, her Husband, as juſt, and chari-

charitable, as devout, had procur'd the Penſion to be taken away, which the King of *France* gave her.

How little do you act like a Chriſtian, Monſieur *Mazarin*, you who talk of nothing but the Goſpel. True Chriſtians render Good for Evil; you leave a Wife to ſtarve, who brought you a greater Fortune, than all the Queens of *Europe* together, brought to their Husbands. True Chriſtians pardon the Injuries that are done them; you don't forgive the Offences which you your ſelf give. One Perſecution draws on another: By your Humour, which is ſharpened, and your Temper, which is irritated by doing of Evil; you heighten Perſecution in proportion as you perſecute. Was it not enough to deprive Madam *Mazarin* of all manner of Subſiſtance, during your Life? muſt you ſeek out means to prevent her Misfortunes coming to an end, when you ſhall no longer be in a Capacity to enjoy them?

Don't think it is ſufficient, that your Advocate's Mouth is perpetually full of *the Auguſt and Venerable Name of Husband, the Sacred Bonds of Marriage, the Tie of Civil Society*: We have for us Monſieur *Mazarin* againſt the Husband: We have his vile Qualities againſt theſe fine, magnificent Expreſſions. Our firſt Engagements are to Reaſon, Juſtice, and Humanity; and the Quality of a Husband cannot diſpenſe with ſo Natural an Obligation. When a Husband becomes extravagant, unjuſt, or inhumane, from being a *Husband*, he turns *Tyrant*, and breaks the Society which he contracted with his Wife. In that Caſe, a Separation is of Right warranted: The Judges do not make it; they only publiſh its Validity by a ſolemn Declaration. Now that Monſieur *Mazarin* is plentifully provided of all thoſe Qualities, that make ſuch a Divorce, no one can doubt. His Humour, his Proceedings, his Conduct, all his Actions

prove it. The Difficulty wou'd be to find one that did not; and Monſieur *Erard* may ſee for it as much as he pleaſes, GENTLEMEN, he will never be able to find it. He'll tell us, that Monſieur *Mazarin* is devout: I own it; but his Devotion is ſuch as ſcandalizes all good Men. He'll ſay, that he faſts, and mortifies himſelf: 'tis true; but the Torment, that he puts others to, affords him more Pleaſure, than his Auſterity give him Pain. To refrain from Miſchief, to abſtain from doing Evil, were an Abſtinence agreeable to God, and uſeful to Men. But the Mortification would be too great for Monſieur *Mazarin*, and without an extraordinary Grace from Heaven, he will never put it in Practice.

From his Religion Monſieur *Erard* will perhaps deſcend to his Morals, and tell us of his Liberality; to which we ſhall oppoſe his Avarice in all honeſt Things, and his Prodigality in Things that are not allowable. To ſpeak Properly, he gives nothing, but he throws away all: He takes from his Wife and Children, what he laviſhes upon Strangers. Virtues would change their Nature in his Hands, and become more criminal than Vices. Would to God, GENTLEMEN, we had as much occaſion for falſe Vices, as Monſieur *Erard* has for ſham Virtues! To our Misfortune, we have but too many real ill Qualities to alledge. Vexatious Suits with his Neighbours; irreconcilable Hatreds with his Friends; tyrannical Treatment of his Children; and perpetual Perſecution of his Wife, are the ſad and inconteſtable Proofs of our Allegations.

As for Monſieur *Erard*, after having rejected all Truth, as low, groſs, and unbecoming the Delicacy of his Wit; after having exhauſted his copious Imagination, in inventing, feigning, and giving falſe Colours of Virtues to Vices, and the

ap-

appearance of Vices to Virtues; in fine, diſcouraged by the ill Succeſs of his Artifices, he has recourſe to Laws extinct, whoſe Authority he would revive. He flies to the old ridiculous Novel of *Juſtinian*; a pretty Refuge for ſo famous an Advocate.

Let us ſee this terrible Law, GENTLEMEN, ſo formidable to Humane Society; this Novel, that takes from the politeſt People the ſweeteſt Conſolation of Life, by puniſhing a Commerce which is altogether reaſonable and innocent:

If a Woman eats with Men, without the Permiſſion of her Husband, ſhe forfeits her Rights; ſhe can claim no benefit of her Marriage Articles.

By good Fortune, this Novel is not in force in the Countries wherein we now live. If this good Law had held its Credit, every Wife in the *Low-Countries*, *France*, and *England*, had forfeited her Jointure. I wonder that Monſieur *Erard*, to ſhew a greater Knowledge of Antiquity, did not lead you from the Time of *Juſtinian*, to that of *Romulus*, when Husbands, and Fathers uſed always upon their firſt coming Home, to kiſs their Wives and Daughters, in order to diſcover by their Breath, whether they had drank Wine, or not; and if they had, they puniſhed them for thoſe Faults, which Wine might occaſion, although the Faults were not really committed.

I confeſs, that the Laws give a very great Power to Husbands, but then [illegible] were no *Mazarins*, when they were mad[illegible]re had, the whole Authority had been lo[illegible]e Women Reaſon taught the Antients to [illegible] Laws, ſuch at leaſt as were neceſſ[illegible] Govern ment of their Time: But you[illegible] loſes none of its Rights by the [illegible] tiquity; and it lies [illegible] you, t[illegible] and by your own [illegible]ding[illegible]

Husbands would be too happy, if Monſieur *Erard*'s Enthuſiaſm might prevail: Wives too unhappy, if it had any Influence over your Judgments. To be a Husband, would be ſufficient to excuſe all Faults, juſtifie all Crimes, and commend all Defects. To be a Wife, enough to ſuffer innocently, to be deſpiſed with Merit, and decried with Honour. Let Monſieur *Mazarin* ſpoil, waſte, and ruine all, he is Maſter; he's the Husband: Let Madam *Mazarin* be left to Neceſſity, abandon'd to Miſery, and the Tyranny of her Creditors: What Right has ſhe to complain of Monſieur *Mazarin*, ſays his Advocate? ſhe's his Wife. A Cuſtom of the *Greeks*, a Law of the *Romans*, or ſome Novel of *Juſtinian*, are immediately brought in to ſupport his Declamation. Madam *Mazarin* eats with Men without leave from Monſieur *Mazarin*; ſhe loſes her Dower, and Matrimonial Rights: She loſes all that ſhe can pretend to. Moderate your ſelf Monſieur *Erard*, cool a little. Otherwiſe I ſhall beſtow that Character upon you that *Saluſt* does on *Cataline*; *Eloquentiæ ſatis*; *Sapientiæ parum*: *Much Eloquence and little Senſe.*

Let us come to the wonderful Revolution, which we can't think on without Aſtoniſhment. Then it was, ſays Monſieur *Erard*, that Madam *Mazarin* ought to have left *England*; and thereupon he aggravates the Shame of her ſtaying after the Queen, to whom ſhe had the Honour to belong, was gone out of the Kingdom.

No doubt but Madam *de Bouillon*, and Madam *Mazarin* would have waited on the Queen with Pleaſure; but the Secret of leaving her Kingdom was of ſuch Importance, that it was not imparted to any one; ſo that the Ladies were left of Neceſſity in a Storm, which nothing but the Preſence of the new Prince could allay. Since that

that Time, it has been impoſſible for Madam *Mazarin* to leave a Country, where ſhe has been in a manner block'd up by her Creditors; where really Monſieur *Mazarin* forces her to ſtay, having obliged her to contract unavoidable Debts, which he will not pay. He demands with the Authority of a Husband, ſo dear to his Advocate, that ſhe return to *Paris*; while he neceſſitates her Abſence, and keeps up the Separation of which he complains. He pretends to deſire her Perſon, but in Reality he covets only the Eſtate, that he may entirely ruin it.

I own, the Parliament of *England* would have ſent away Madam *Mazarin*; but ſhe had no occaſion to beg the Protection of the preſent King; his Juſtice anticipated the Favour which ſhe would have been obliged to ask.

But tell me, Maſter Advocate, who ſet you on to declaim ſo furiouſly againſt this King? You call him the Deſtroyer of our Faith very unjuſtly. But for his Humanity, Goodneſs, and Protection, not a Catholick had been left in *England*. You thought to make your Court by it to the King of *France*, and are miſtaken. A Prince, that has ſo true a Taſte of Glory; a Prince ſo clear-ſighted, diſtinguiſhes great Merit, wherever it is to be met with. His Judgment, and his Affections don't act always in concert; his Generoſity to his unfortunate Friend does not hinder him from being juſt to the Virtues of his Enemy.

To return to Madam *Mazarin*, it remains only that I juſtifie her againſt three Charges, which will give me very little T[illegible]le. The firſt is, That ſhe keeps a Bank[illegible]econd, That ſhe ſees EPISCOPALIANS[illegible]SBYTERIA[illegible] the third, That ſhe conve[illegible]ORDS. H[illegible] GENTLEMEN, hear you[illegible]Thunder. [illegible]ver did *Demoſthenes* of *Gr*[illegible] Wild-fire [illegible]gainſt *Philip*, at the rate th[illegible] *France* d[illegible]

his againſt Madam *Mazarin*. Madam *Mazarin* keeps a Bank, what a Diſorder is this! a Baſſet-Table in her Houſe, what a Shame! She ſees *Church of England-Men*, and *Presbyterians*; what Impiety is this in a Catholick! the Wife of Monſieur *Mazarin* devoted inceſſantly to Congregations, and Fraternities. She ſpeaks to *Lords*; What Depravation of Manners! *O Tempora, O Mores!*

Cool this heat of Eloquence, Maſter Orator, and bring your ſelf into Temper. Great Genius's are apt to fly out; Give a little Attention, afford your ſelf leiſure to conſider Things a little. Do you think, that three Great Queens, Devout and Virtuous, as any ever were; Queen *Katherine*, Queen *Mary* now in *France*, the preſent Queen of *England*, and the Princeſs her Siſter, who is ſo regular; Do you think they would have had publick Baſſet-Tables at Court, if Baſſet was not an honeſt Diverſion, an innocent Game.

The Accuſation of ſeeing *Church of England-Men*, and *Presbyterians*, is ridiculous. To reproach Madam *Mazarin* for ſeeing Proteſtants at *London*, is altogether as juſt as to upbraid Proteſtants when they are at *Rome*, for ſeeing Catholicks. But if it be a Crime to ſee Proteſtants in *England*, ſure 'tis much more ſo to marry them. Yet a Daughter of *France*, and an Infanta of *Portugal* made no difficulty of it. Their Chamberlains, their Ladies of Honour were Proteſtants. The Principal Officers to Queen *Mary*, were of that Religion; then how could Madam *Mazarin* go to Court without ſeeing them? The Queen's Eyes could bear the ſight of them; why ſhould it offend Madam *Mazarin*'s? But if ever any Perſon ſignaliz'd their Zeal for the Catholick Religion, 'twas King *James*, and Queen *Mary*; yet thoſe truly zealous Princes made no ſcruple of being crown'd at *Weſtminſter*; of praying with the Biſhops,

shops, and Receiving the Crown from the Hands of the Archbishop of *Canturbury*. Society has indispensable Laws, Laws equally Enemies to Impiety, and scruplous Niceties.

We are come now to the LORDS, which Monsieur *Erard* is as great a Stranger to, as to the *Bassa's*, and the *Mandarins*. I'll inform him then, that these LORDS are Peers of the Realm of *England*, the most considerable Subjects of the Nation. Madam *Mazarin* will confess, that she knows a great many of them, who are as much esteemed for their Merit, as they are regarded for their Rank and Quality; she will own, that she has received great Services from them in her hard Circumstances, and great Helps in her Wants. After this Confession, methinks I hear Monsieur *Erard* exclaim, O! Depravation of Manners! *O Tempora, O Mores!* But he must give me leave to answer with more Reason: *O Stultitiam inauditam!* O unheard of Impertinence! O extream Folly! What! GENTLEMEN, shall Monsieur *Mazarin* have leave to dishonour the Name he bears, thro' all the Villages; shall he be allow'd to settle the great point of keeping Sheep decently; to tax the leaps of Bulls; to give Rules to Apothecaries Boys for the decent Administration of Clysters: to prohibite Women from Milking Cows, and Spinning at the Wheel: And shall not Master Orator suffer Madam *Mazarin* to support the Dignity of her Name in all Courts and Nations where she comes?

You are Eloquent, Monsieur *Erard*, you talk well: But unreasonable Things set forth eloquently, make no Impression upon a sound Judgment. All your fine Words will never perswade People of good Sence, that Madam *Mazarin* ought to return to her F[illegible] to the Society of She[illegible] thecaries, Milk Wom[illegible] Wheel; or that she oug[illegible]

zarin to be tied down to new Rules, as ridicu-
ıs as thoſe which he has cauſed to be printed. If
ı harangued to ignorant People, you might
zzle or move them; but to your Misfortune,
ı have to do with clear-ſighted Judges, Wiſe
:n, who are prepared againſt all falſe Reaſon-
;s, and all vain Exaggerations.

I wiſh, GENTLEMEN, that Monſieur and
ıdam *Mazarin* could appear before you together
a Hearing; you would read their Separation
their Faces. Every Feature and Lineament in
onſieur *Mazarin*'s Face, would confirm what I
ve been a ſaying. One Look of Madam *Ma-*
·in would confound all Monſieur *Erard*'s Calum-
:s. Heaven has already made the Separation
the contrariety of their Humours, the oppoſi-
n of their Tempers; by the Greatneſs of one's
ul, and the Meanneſs of t'others: Nature has
ıarated them as well as Heaven, by a Beauty
:t Charms our Eyes, and by an Aſpect that
th not ſo much engage our Sight. Some un-
:ky Star knit this unhappy Knot, which Rea-
ı has inſtructed Madam *Mazarin* to untie. Thus,
:NTLEMEN, is ſubmitted to your Deciſion, the
uſe of Heaven, of Nature, and of Reaſon:
t your Wiſdom give the finiſhing Stroke to this
:at Work; let it confirm this Separation for
:r; and, taking out of Monſieur *Mazarin*'s
nds the Adminiſtration of his Eſtate, let it ſe-
e to his Children the poor Remainders of that
ɔdigious Wealth, which he has confounded.

A

BILLET

To the Dutcheſs of MAZARIN.

THree Words of your Letter, are worth three Volumes: *I never was in Better Health; I never was Handſomer in all my Life.* What you ſay as to your Health raviſhes me; but I am not ſurpriſed with what you ſay, as to your Beauty; 'tis what we knew before. 'Tis true the Air with which you ſpeak it, has an agreeableneſs above what I can expreſs. I was ſo Affected with it, that I could not forbear telling it to my Lord *Sunderland*, and my Lord *Mulgrave* *, who was with him. *Never*, ſaid they, *was Confidence ſo Noble, ſo Juſt, and ſo well founded.* My Lord *Sunderland* added, that all the Sayings of the Antients, and the Moderns, could not come up to it.

Whatever Benefit I reap from your Abſence, *viz.* *Bath*-Mutton, Rabbits, and charming Letters; whatever Trouble, and Vexation, I have to undergo, about my Reſtleſſneſs, my Dogs, and Birds, at your Return, yet I paſſionately wiſh for it. My Lord *Mountague* expects to hear of the bleſſed Day of your paſſing by his Country-Seat.

TO

* *The preſent* Duke of Buckingham and Normanby.

To the ſame

I Should never be eaſy, Madam, after the Hurry and Diſorder of your Viſit, if I did not think that the Duke of *Richmond*'s Houſe would drive the ſcurvy Idea of mine out of your Head. How is it poſſible, that a Man, infected with the naſtineſs of his Dogs, and that of himſelf, can be endured, by two Perſons who are cleanly, even to a Diſeaſe? I am yet more afraid of Mr. *Villiers*, than of you: However, Madam, I was extreamly glad to ſee him; being aſſured that Mr. *Milon* *, did not follow you with that diſmal Exhortation, with which he has long threatned me. I am preparing one for him to live well, which will be at leaſt as good, as that which he is to make me, to die well. I admire the diſcretion of my Dogs: They that uſed to devour every Body, approach'd you, only to pay you their Reſpects It was I who thought them this, and it was rather mine, than theirs; that they paid you.

* *Madam* Mazarin's *Chaplain.*

To the ſame.

OLD Men don't ſleep much: when they ſee you go away at ten at Night, they don't ſleep at all. The Night paſſes with extraordinary uneaſineſs, leſt ſome Inconvenience may have befal'n you *: Not being able, and yet leſs willing, to give me good Nights, I beg the Favour of you, not to give me bad ones; that is, that you woud be pleaſed to go away always with Sun-ſhine, without expoſing your ſelf to Robbers, Drunken or Rude People. In *Italy*, *Muſtapha* would ſhare your Dangers; in *England*, you muſt run the Riſque all alone. The Reſtoration of *the Knight with the diſmal Countenance*, gives me perfectly new Ideas: When I ſee DULCINEA at the Bottom of your Letters, the Caſe will be quite another.

A

* *Madam* Mazarin *liv'd then at* Chelſea, *whether ſhe choſe to walk from Town, tho' late at Night.*

A

LETTER

TO

Madam de L'Enclos.

I Have been enquiring after you above this Twelve Months of all the World, and no Body can tell me any thing of you. Mr. *de la Baſtide* told me you were very well; but he adds that if you have not now ſo many Lovers as formerly, you are content to have a great many Friends. The falſity of this laſt News, makes me doubt the Truth of the firſt. You were born to Love all the Days of your Life. There is ſome reſemblance betwixt Lovers and Gameſters; *whoever has lov'd, will always love.* If I had been told you were become Godly, I could have believ'd it. This is paſſing from a human Paſſion, to the love of God, and furniſhing Employment for the Soul; but not to love, is a kind of Annihilation, which can never ſute with your Hearts deſire.

I deſire you would inform me about your Health, your Occupations, and your Temper; and this in a very long Letter, which muſt contain but little Morality, and a great deal of Affection, for your old Friend. They talk here as if the Count de *Grammont* was dead, which touches me with a very ſenſible Grief. If you are acquainted with *Barbin*, pray ask him why he Prints ſo many things under my Name, which are not mine. I have fooliſh things enough of my own, without taking upon me thoſe of others. They attribute to me a Piece againſt Father *Bouhours*, which I never ſo much as thought of. There is no Writer whom I eſteem more than him: Our Language owes more to him, than to any Author whatſoever, not excepting *Vaugelas*. I pray God the News of the Count de *Grammont*'s Death, may prove falſe, and that of your Health, may be true. The Holland *Gazette* ſays, *That the Count de* Lauzun *is to be married*; if that had been true, we ſhould have had an Account of it from *Paris*; beſides Monſieur de *Lauzun* is a Duke, and the Name of *Count* do's not agree to him. If you will be ſo kind as to write me ſome Account of this, you will oblige me, as well as by offering my Reſpects to Monſieur de *Gourville*, in caſe you ſtill ſee him. As for News, Relating to Peace and War, I ask you none: I neither write any of that Nature my ſelf, nor do I receive any. *Adieu*; the trueſt and moſt faithful of your Servants would gain very much by your having no Lovers; for he would then be the firſt of your Friends, in ſpite of an Abſence which we may call eternal.

A N

AN

ANSWER

TO THE

JUDGMENT

OF

The Abbe Renaudot, *upon Mr.* Bayle's *Hiſtorical and Critical* Dictionary.

He makes Mr. *BAYLE Speak:*

AFTER having employed my Criticiſm, upon all ſorts of People, I expected as much Freedom would be taken in ſpeaking of me, as I uſed in ſpeaking of others. But I am agree-

* *As ſoon as Mr.* BAYLE's DICTIONARY *appeared in* France, *the Book-ſellers of* Paris, *who had a mind to reprint it, addreſſed themſelves to the Chancellor* Boucherat, *in order to obtain a Privilege; and he ordered the Abbé* Renaudot *to examine it, in order to ſee if there was nothing in it againſt the State, or the Catholick Religion. Hereupon the Abbé compoſed a ſhort Diſcourſe which was ſoon Printed, and which Mr.* Bayle *found ſo full of* Blunders, Falſhoods, and Impertinences, *that he declared,* that if ever he refuted it, it ſhould not be till ſuch time as he underſtood that the Author own'd it to be his, ſuch as it was Publiſhed. *Monſieur de St.* Evremond, *who always had a particular Eſteem for* Mr. Bayle, *and who then* (1697) *read his* DICTIONARY *with a great deal of Pleaſure; was willing to take the Pains to defend him againſt* Mr. Renaudot.

ably ſurpriz'd to find that the Abbé *Renaudot*, who durſt not praiſe a Proteſtant in *France*, takes the ingenious Method of an apparent Cenſure, to favour all my Opinions. In effect, he purpoſely finds Fault with me, in a manner that is proper to make all the World praiſe me. But it is not enough, to have the Will to oblige me; one muſt have the Wit and Ingenuity of the *Abbé*, to give ſo great a Reputation to my DICTIONARY.

He ſays that I have a mind to eſtabliſh *Pyrrhoniſm*; and can one treat a Man who is accuſed of deſtroying every thing, more obligingly, than by making him eſtabliſh ſomething? This is ſlily ruining his own Accuſation himſelf; this is juſtifying me with abundance of Art, from the Crime he pretends to charge me with.

You ſlightly paſs, Sir, from *Pyrrhoniſm* to *Obſcenities*, with which, I don't believe you are ſcandalized; you love the *Belles Lettres* too well, not to read with Pleaſure, *Catullus*, *Petronius*, and *Martial*; and yet their Writings are full of Smut and Obſcenity: Whereas in mine, you will meet with nothing but meer Pleaſantry, and little Liberties which are very Innocent.

I have no leſs Veneration than you have, for the great Zeal of the Fathers; and I believe you have as mean an Opinion of their Learning as I have. *The Fathers were good Men, ſaid* Scaliger, *but they were not Learned.* Saint AUGUSTIN was an Innovator in the Article of Grace, in the Opinion of Father *Simon*: *Voſſius* did not admire him; *Hobbes* did not at all Eſteem him *, and

* *The Earl of* Arlington *told Mr* Hobbes *one Day, that he had bought Saint* AUGUSTIN's *Works, very Cheap*: That cannot be, *ſaid* Mr. Hobbes, *for how low ſoever they coſt you, yet you have given more for them than they are worth.*

and you will allow the *French*, who have ſuffered Perſecution, not toapprove an *African*, who adviſes it.

I come now to the *Change of Religion* *, with which I am reproached, and which I confeſs without any Difficulty. I carried away with me from the Catholick Religion, all that is good in it, when I left it; I learnt in the *Reformed* Religion, that which is beſt in it, when I embrac'd it again; and thereby I find my ſelf in a Condition at preſent to judge of both. In effect, whatever Eſteem I have for Mr. *Jurieu*, I am commonly of the Opinion of Monſieur de *Meaux* againſt his; and though I have a great Value for Mr. *Arnaud*, yet I am often Inclined to be of Mr. *Claude*'s ſide againſt him. I will not make an end, Sir, without returning you thanks for your Favours. I beg the continuance of them in your JUDGMENTS upon my Works.

A BILLET
To the Dutcheſs of Mazarin.

IF I can be of any Service to you; if my old Age is any way agreeable to a Philoſopical Dutcheſs, who prefers *Priams* and *Neſtors* to impertinent *Adonis's*; I will take a Coach to come and ſee you. If my Uſeleſſneſs for your Intereſt, and

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* *See the* LIFE *of Mr.* BAYLE, *added to the* Engliſh *Tranſlation of his* MISCELLANEOUS Reflexions occaſioned by the Comet which appear'd in December *Page* 9 *&* ſeqq.

and my Diſagreeableneſs for Converſe, will diſpenſe with my not performing my ordinary Duty. I ſhall ſit ſtill at my own Fire till Two a Clock, when I ſhall have the Honour of ſeeing you.

To the ſame.

THE Pleaſure of ſeeing you, is the greateſt that one can deſire; that of waiting for you is not ſmall, and this laſt I taſted for eight Hours together at St. *James's*. I go away, in order to execute the Commiſſions which you do me the Honour to give me. I ſhall not fail to be with you at the Hour appointed; it is too much my Concern not to fail.

To the ſame.

AS all the World gives you Fruit, I would not be the only Perſon that gives you none. Receive Peaches from a Man who has no Garden, with as good a Heart as he gives you them. I ought not to have made uſe of the Word *Heart*: That Word ought no more to come out of the Mouth of a Man at my Age, than that of Health. But without Heart, and without Health I am *haſta la muerte*.

To the ſame.

THere is an Expreſs arriv'd, that ſays, Mareſchal *Boufflers* and my Lord *Portland* had a ſort of an Interview between the two Camps. This occaſions much Diſcourſe in the Park. As for me, who have tied my ſelf down to Events, I leave to the *Holland*-Slip the general Reflexions; the Conjectures to the Sagacious, and the Priviledge of Viſions to the Speculative.

A LETTER
FROM
Madam de L'Enclos
TO
Monſieur de St. Evremond.

I Learn with Pleaſure, that my Soul is more dear to you than my Body; and that your good Senſe leads you always to what is beſt. In Truth, the Body deſerves no further Regard, and the Soul has yet ſome glimmering Light that ſupports it, and touches it ſenſibly at the Remembrance of a Friend, whoſe lineaments Abſence has not effac'd. I often tell old Stories, in which Mon-

ſieur

ſieur *d'Elbene*, Monſieur *de Charleval*, and t
Chevalier de *Riviere* do rejoyce the Moder
You have a ſhare in the beſt Parts; but as y
are a Modern alſo, I take care not to praiſe y
before the Members of the *French Academy*, w
have declared for the Antients. I heard of
PROLOGUE ſet to Muſick, which I wou
fain ſee upon the Theatre of *Paris*. The Beau
who is the Subject of it, would raiſe Envy
all thoſe who ſhould hear it. All our *Hel*
have not a Right to be celebrated by a *Homer*, a
to be always the Goddeſſes of Beauty. I a
now got very high: How ſhall I deſcend agai
My dear Friend, ought we not to make the Hea
ſpeak its own Language? I aſſure you, that
ſtill love you more tenderly than Philoſoph
alows. The Dutcheſs of *Bouillon* looks as if ſh
was but Eighteen: The Spring of Charms ru
in the Blood of the *Mazarins*. Now our Kin
are Friends, would not you do well to take
Trip hither? This to me would be the greate
Bleſſing of the Peace.

A

LETTER

TO

Madam de L'ENCLOS.

I Have a ſenſible Pleaſure, in beholding young, handſom, and blooming Perſons, who are capable of Pleaſing, and are proper to touch ſincerely ſuch an old Heart as mine. As there has always been a great Reſemblance, between your Taſte, your Humour, your Sentiments, and mine, I believe you will not be diſpleaſed to ſee a young Cavalier, who has the Art of pleaſing all our Ladies. This is the Duke of *St. Albans*, whom I deſired to viſit you, as much for his own Intereſt, as for yours. If there comes over with Mr. *Tallard*, any of your Friends, of the Merit of our Time, to whom I can do any Service; command me. Pray let me know how our old Friend Monſieur de *Gourville* does. I ſuppoſe his Affairs go well; if he is ill in Health, I am ſorry for it.

Doctor *Morelli*, my particular Friend, accompanies the Counteſs of *Sandwich*, who is going to *France* for her Health. The late Earl of *Rocheſter*, who was my Lady *Sandwich*'s Father, had more Wit than any Man in *England*, ; my Lady *Sandwich* has more Wit than her Father had: ſhe is as

Generous

Generous as Witty; as Lovely as Witty and Generous. Here you have one part of her Qualities. But I ſhall dwell longer on the Phyſician than on the Patient.

Seven Cities you know contended for the Birth of HOMER: Seven great Nations contended for that of MORELLI; *India*, *Egypt*, *Arabia*, *Perſia*, *Turkey*, *Italy*, and *Spain*. The cold Countries, nay even the Temperate; *France*, *England*, *Germany*, have no manner of pretenſion to it. He underſtands all the Languages, and ſpeaks moſt of them. His elevated, majeſtick, and figurative Stile, makes me think he was born in the *Eaſt*, and that he has learn't all the beſt things that are among the *Europeans*. He loves Muſick paſſionately, and Poetry to Diſtraction: In Painting, he is Curious, at leaſt; but whether he underſtands it perfectly, I know not: As to Architecture, he has Friends who underſtand it: He is ſeriouſly Famous in his Profeſſion, and capable of Exerciſing that of others. I beg of you to facilitate his Acquaintance, with all your celebrated Men: If he has yours, I eſteem him happy enough; you cannot make him acquainted with any Perſon, who has ſo ſingular a Merit, as you have. I think *Epicurus* made one part of his Chief-Good, to conſiſt in the Remembrance of things Paſt. There is no Chief-Good for a Man of an hundred Years old, like me; but there are ſtill Conſolations left. That of my remembring you, and all that I have heard you ſay, is one of the greateſt.

I write you a great many things, which you will not much care for; I do not conſider that they will be tedious to you. 'Tis enough that they pleaſe my ſelf: I have no reaſon to think that at this Age they will pleaſe others. My merit is to content my ſelf; and I am too happy in being able to do it.

it by writing to you. Pray uſe your Intereſt to get ſome Wine for me, from Monſieur de *Gourville*. I lodge with Monſieur de *L'Hermitage*, one of his Relations; a very Honeſt Man, who fled to England for his Religion. I am ſorry that the Conſciences of the *French Catholicks*, could not ſuffer him to live at *Paris*, or that the Scrupulouſneſs of his made him leave it. He certainly deſerves the Approbation of his Couſin.

Madam de L'Enclos's

ANSWER

TO

Monſieur de St. EVREMOND.

HOW could you imagine that the Sight of a young Man, would be pleaſing to me? your Senſes deceive you, as to thoſe of others: I have forgot every thing except my Friends. If the Name of *Doctor* had not given me Courage, I ſhould have made you an Anſwer by the Abbé de *Hautefeuille*, and your Engliſh Folks ſhould never have heard a Word of me. My Porter told them I was not at home, and took your Letter, which gave me as much Joy, as any I ever received from you. How deſirous you are of having good Wine! and how Unhappy am I, who cannot ſucceed in Anſwering your Expectation!

Monſieur

A LETTER

FROM

Madam de L'Enclos

TO

Monſieur de St. Evremond.

I Have ſent an Anſwer to your laſt Letter, Sir, to the Abbé *Du-Bois*'s Correſpondent; but he being at *Verſailles*, I am afraid it was not de-liver'd to him. I ſhould have been very much in Pain about your Health, if I had not had a Viſit from Madam *de Bouillon*'s good little Library-Keep-er, who overwhelm'd me with Joy, by ſhowing me a Letter from a Perſon, who thinks of me upon your Account. Whatever Reaſon I had in my Sickneſs, to be thankful to the World and my Friends, yet I have met with nothing that Affected me with a more lively Senſe, than the Mark of Kindneſs. Do in this Matter all that you are obliged to do, ſince 'tis owing to you that I have received this Favour. Pray let me hear from your ſelf, whether you have recover'd that Happineſs, which People enjoy ſo little a certain Seaſons. The Spring can never be drie up, ſo long as you have the Friendſhip of that amiable Perſon, who ſuſtains your Life. How do I envy thoſe who go into *England*! and how ſhould I be delighted to dine with you one mor

more! is there not ſomething that is Groſs and Mean in wiſhing for a Dinner? The Mind has great Advantages above the Body: However this ſame Body often furniſhes little reliſhes which are repeated, and which relieve the Soul from its melancholy Reflections. You have often laugh'd at thoſe which I made; I have now baniſh'd them all. There is no time for them any longer, when one is arriv'd at the laſt Period of Life: We ought to content our ſelves with the Day in which we live. Near Hopes, whatever you may ſay of them, are full as much to be prized as thoſe which are carried further; for they are more ſure. Here is fine Morality for you: I wiſh you good Health: This is the Point to which every thing ought to tend.

A

BILLET

TO THE

Dutcheſs of *Mazarin.*

MY Lord Duke of *Devonſhire* told *Brunet* that he would fain have the Honour of taking leave of you, before he went to his Country-Seat; that he was very ſure ſome People had

endeavoured to give you bad Impreſſions of hi which he did not deſerve. My Maxim is, t to be pleas'd with abundance of things, and ſhow nothing of it. Threatning one's Enem is delivering one's ſelf up to him; or maki thoſe our Enemies who would not otherwiſe be ſo, when we ſhow them we are diſplea with them. God rejects the Luke-warm, b the World muſt bear them. My Lord *Devonſh* would not have ſuffered a Fox to have eat l Belly, as the young *Lacedemonian* did, witho ſaying any thing. He has ſhewn no Steddinef but there had been no great Harm in ſpeakin He would have been forgiven; and I fancy y will forgive my Lord *Devonſhire*. I approve yo Reſolution of living without Debt, and Comfo tably. Money and Merit, are not incompatib Things: And even tho' they ſhould not w agree together, it would be worthy of you, t make them good Friends. You have the latt in Perfection, and I wiſh Fortune may give yo the other. You would make better uſe of it tha any one alive.

I ſend you a new Book of THE AMOUR OF HENRY THE GREAT, which is ver well Writ, and very Entertaining. If the A thor had not inſerted the whole CONFESSIO OF MONSIEUR *DE SANCY*, und the Title of THE KING'S MANIFEST UPON HIS DIVORCE, I ſhould eſteem very much,

To the ſame.

MY Lord *Godolphin*, having Buſineſs which he muſt neceſſarily attend, and not being e to go a Fiſhing according to Appointment, t Diverſion is put off to another time. My d *Ranelaugh* has undertaken to acquaint you t; but however, for the more Security, I write 1 word of it my ſelf. The firſt of theſe Lords, ſent me ſix Rabbits, in order to deliver them you: One would imagine I was ſpeaking of a ter. The Pacquet being large, I have kept Rabbit to pay the Carriage, or rather the y of Intelligence. I wiſh all Givers of Inigence, were as Modeſt in their Fees, as I am nine: One in ſix is little enough in all Conſcie. My Lord *Arran* either would not, or could explain to me the Engliſh which is in r Letter: He ſays he is unhappy in Love, unceſsful in Courtſhip, and goes backward in ticks; and that King *James* is not more unpy in loſing his three Kingdoms, than he is, aving no farther Admiſſion into your Houſe. I am not very lucky in ending my Letters, all ſay bluntly *Huſta*.

To the ſame.

'TIS too long, to be two Days wit hearing from you. I have enquir'd afte twice a Day at St. *James*'s, without ring any thing of you: You will be ſo ki to let me hear from you, by the little Sen If you are well, I cannot be ill. Hitherto Health, has been the Cauſe of mine: I that *Influence* may laſt very long. If your Fi which are more Fertile and not ſo much ched by the Sun, as that of *Montiel*, yield any ſmall Beans, you would pleaſe an App which, for its *Irregularity*, may be called a cy. You underſtand well enough, wh meant by *Montiel's* Field, ſo that I need no plain it to you. I leave *Don-Quixot* there, only borrow from him *Haſta la Muerte*, which I commonly end my Letters.

A LETTER

FROM

Madam de L'Enclos

To Monſieur de St. Evremond.

THE Abbé *du Bois* deliver'd me your Letter, and ſpoke as well of your Stomach, as of your Underſtanding. There are certain Occaſions wherein we value the Stomach more than the Underſtanding; and I confeſs, to my Shame, that I reckon you are more happy in enjoying the one than the other. I always believed that your Judgment would be as long-liv'd as your ſelf; but we cannot be ſo certain of the Health of the Body, without which there is nothing left but ſad Reflexions. I find my ſelf inſenſibly ready to be ingag'd in them: but I turn to another Subject. It relates to a pretty Youth, whom the Deſire of ſeeing Perſons of the beſt Note in all Countries has obliged to leave an oppulent Family without a Farewell. Perhaps you will blame his Curioſity; but the thing is done. He underſtands a great many Things; and is ignorant of others, which one of his Age ought not to know. I thought him worthy of paying his Reſpects to you, in order to make him beg n to be ſenſible that he has not loſt his Time by g ing to *England*. Uſe him well for my Sake. I have ſpoke to his elder Brother, who is my particular Friend, to

deſire him to go and wait on the Dutcheſs of *Mazarin* and my Lady *Harvey*, ſince they have been pleaſed to remember me.

Monſieur de St. Evremond's ANSWER *To Madam* de L'ENCLOS

I Never ſaw any Letter that contained ſo much good Senſe as yours does. You praiſe the Stomach to ſo much Advantage, that from hence forth it will be a ſhame to have a good Underſtanding, without having a good Stomach at the ſame Time. I am obliged to the Abbé *du Bos* for having gained me your Eſteem by this Advantageous Character. At Eighty Eight Years of Age, I eat Oyſters every Morning: I Dine heartily, and Sup tolerably. Heroes are celebrated for leſs Merit than mine.

When I was young, I admir'd nothing but the Pleaſures of the Mind, being more indifferent about the Concerns of the Body, than I ought have been. Now, I make amends, as much as is poſſible, for the Wrong I was guilty of, either by the Uſe I make of the Body, or the Eſteem and Friendſhip I have for it. You followed a quite other Method: You had ſome Regard for the Body in your Youth; at preſent you are employ'd only about what concerns the Mind. I know not whether you have reaſon to value it ſo much as you do. I can ſcarce read any thing that

wor

worth retaining; I hardly hear any thing ſaid worth liſtening to: How miſerable ſoever the Senſes are at my Age, yet the Impreſſions that agreeable Objects make upon them, do affect me much more ſenſibly; and we are much in the wrong to go about to mortify them. 'Tis perhaps a Jealouſy of Mind, that looks upon their Lot to be better than its own.

Monſieur *Bernier*, who was the prettieſt Philoſopher I ever knew (*pretty Philoſopher* is not a common Expreſſion; but his Make, his Stature, his Manner, and his Converſation, gave him a juſt Title to that *Epithet.*) Monſieur *Bernier*, I ſay, ſpeaking of the Mortification of the Senſes, ſaid to me one Day, 'I will entruſt you with a Secret 'with which I would not entruſt Madam *de la* '*Sabliere*, nor even Mademoiſelle *de L'Enclos*, which 'I derive from a ſuperior Order; I'll tell it you as 'a Secret, *That Abſtinence from Pleaſure appears to* '*me a great Sin*'. I was ſurpriz'd with the Novelty of the Syſtem; it left however ſome Impreſſion upon me. If he had continued his Diſcourſe, perhaps he had made me reliſh his Doctrine. Continue to me your Friendſhip, which has never been impair'd: A rare thing in ſo long a Commerce as ours has been!

A BILLET TO THE *Dutcheſs of* Mazarin.

THE dreadful Retirement that you ment on to me, cannot be more ſo to yo than it is to me. When you are content, I a ſatisfied; when you have occaſion to lament you Condition, that is a Reaſon for me to lamen mine. I expect from your Conſtancy and Reſolu tion, that you will yet bear with Patience the ba State of your Affairs for ſome Time; and fron your good Senſe, that the Illuſion of deceitfu and imaginary Goods will gain no Power ove your Mind. Don't loſe your Hopes, Madam for your Troubles and Difficulties will have a End. Leave off Beer; drink your Wine; and le *Muſtapha* drink, that his uſual Inſpirations ma come upon him. This will do you more Servic againſt bad Fortune, than *SENECA*'s CONSOLATION TO *MARCIA*.

A LET-

A LETTER
FROM
Madam De L'Enclos
To Monſieur de St. Evremond.

THE Count *de Clerembaut* gave me a ſenſible Pleaſure, when he told me that you thought of me; which I really deſerve, becauſe of my conſtant Affection to you. We ſhall deſerve the Praiſes of Poſterity for the Duration of our Life, and that of our Friendſhip. I fancy I ſhall live as long as you. I am ſometimes weary with doing always the ſame Thing, and I commend the *Swiſs* who drown'd himſelf for that Reaſon. My Friends often check me on this Score, and aſſure me, that Life is deſirable ſo long as we enjoy Tranquility and a ſound Mind. Strength of Body gives us other Thoughts; one would prefer that to the Strength of the Mind: But every thing is uſeleſs when we cannot make any Change; 'tis as good to avoid Reflexions, as to make any that are of no Uſe. My Lady *Sandwich* has given me a Thouſand Satisfactions, by the Happineſs I had of pleaſing her. I did not believe that upon my Decline I could be a fit Companion for a Woman of her Age, She has more Wit than all the Women in *France*, and more true Merit. She is going to leave us, which makes every one grieve that knows her, and me particularly. If you had been

been here, we ſhould have made Entertainments worthy of the paſt Time. Madam *de Coulange* has undertaken to make your Compliments to the Count *de Grammont*, by the Counteſs *de Grammont*. He is ſo Young, that I think him as light as when he hated ſick People, and lov'd them after they had recovered their Health. Every Body that comes from *England*, ſpeaks of the Dutcheſs of *Mazarin's* Beauty, as they talk here of that of Mademoiſelle *de Bellefond*, which is now in the Bud. You have wedded me to the Dutcheſs of *Mazarin*, and I cannot hear of her Welfare without Pleaſure. *Adieu*, Sir; but why is it not rather *Good-Morrow*? For we ſhould not die without firſt ſeeing one another.

A LETTER TO *Dr.* SILVESTRE.

THE Dutcheſs of *Mazarin* is ſo much indiſpos'd, that ſhe cannot write to you with her own Hand; and therefore ſhe borrows mine, and commands me to tell you, that you have obliged her extreamly by ſending her News of your Self, and of your little Caravan. She was touched with your hard Lot at *Antwerp*, in having nothing to drink but *Burgundy*; no Beer, no *Moſelle* Wine, no *Bourdeaux*: She lamented your Misfortune. My Lord *Montague* had the Sentiments of a true Father who ſends his Son to Travel.

Travel. As for me, who am accuſed of Indifference, and ſometimes of Hard-heartedneſs; I was very glad to hear that my Lord *Montbermer* accuſtom'd himſelf to Fatigue betimes. The Dutcheſs of *Mazarin* can hardly conceive how a Caravan can return without bringing home with them Monkeys and Parrots. You found at *Amſterdam* a young Monkey, ſo little, and ſo tender, that it could never have paſs'd the Sea: You ſaw at *Breda* a wonderful Ape, which the Owners would not part with. No Town but had its Rarity, of which you give as good an Account, as the moſt exact *German* Traveller could have done. Let thoſe who want Monkeys and Gammons of Bacon, apply to Merchants: You Travel as a Man of Curioſity; and I doubt not but your Journal will be well fill'd.

After I had wrote my Letter, the Dutcheſs of *Mazarin* has been informed that Monſieur *Pujolas* has met with a very troubleſome Accident; which affected her very much, as well as me. You don't ſeem as if you deſign'd to return very ſpeedily: From an Inſpector of Gardens and Buildings, you will become for ſome time longer an Inſpector of Life and Manners. If you return, bring Monkeys and Parrots; if you go to *Rome*, bring Pardons and Beads.

A LET-

A LETTER

FROM

Madamoiſelle De L'Enclos

TO

Monſieur De St. Evremond.

HOW great a Loſs have you ſuſtain'd, Sir! If you were not to be loſt your ſelf, it is impoſſible you ſhould ever be comforted. I heartily condole with you: You have loſt an amiable Commerce, that ſupported you in a foreign Country. What can be done to retrieve ſuch a Misfortune? They who live long, are liable to ſee their Friends die. After this, your Parts, your Philoſophy will ſerve to ſupport you. I am as much touched with this Death, as if I had had the Honour of the Dutcheſs of *Mazarin*'s Acquaintance. She thought of me in my Sufferings: I was touched with that Goodneſs; and her being ſo dear to you, made me love and eſteem her. There is no Remedy for this Misfortune; nor is there any againſt that which happens to our poor Bodies. Take care of yours. Your Friends are pleaſed to ſee you ſo Healthy and ſo Wiſe; for I reckon thoſe wiſe who know how to make themſelves happy. I return you a Thouſand Thanks for the Tea you were pleaſed to ſend me. The Humour and Gaiety of your Letter pleaſed me as much as your Preſent. You will ſoon have my Lady *Sandwich* with you again, whom we behold with ſo bundan-

bundance of Grief juſt on her Departure. I wiſh her Manner of Life may afford you ſome Conſolation. I don't know the *Engliſh* Way; but this Lady has been very much *French* here. *Adieu*, Sir. a Thouſand Times. If one could think like Madam *de Chevreuſe*, who fancied when ſhe was dying, that ſhe was going to chat with all her Friends in the other World; one might receive great Comfort from ſuch a Thought.

A LETTER

FROM

Madam de L'ENCLOS

TO

Monſieur de St. Evremond.

YOUR Letter has fill'd me with unprofitable Deſires, which I did not think my ſelf any longer capable of. *The Days paſs away*, as good DES YVETEAUX ſaid, *in Ignorance and Lazineſs; and thoſe Days deſtroy, and deprive us of theſe things which we are fond of.* You experience this in a cruel Manner. You formerly ſaid, *That I ſhould die of nothing but Reflexion:* I endeavour not to make any more, and to forget To-morrow the time which I live to Day. Every Body tells me, that I have leſs Reaſon to complain of time, than another. But however this if any one had propos'd ſuch a Life to me, I

ſhould

ſhould have Hanged my ſelf. And yet no withſtanding, we cling to an ugly Body, much as to an agreeable one: We love to ſe Eaſe and Reſt. I have ſtill a pretty good Stomac I wiſh to God I had an Opportunity of tryi my Stomach with yours, and of talking of all t Originals that we have known; the Remembran of whom rejoyces me more, than the Preſen of abundance of People which I ſee; altho' the be ſomething good in all this, but in reality, i Reſemblance. Monſieur *de Clerembaut* often as me, whether he Reſembles his Father, as to l Parts? I tell him *no*: But I hope from his Pr ſumption, that he believes this *No* is to his A vantage, and perhaps ſome People may think ſ What Compariſon is there betwixt the preſe Age, and that which we have ſeen! You w quickly ſee my Lady *Sandwich*; but I am afra ſhe goes into the Country. She knows all that yc think of her. My Lady *Sandwich* will tell yc more News of this Country than I. She has ex min'd and ſounded every Thing to the botto She perfectly knows all my Haunts, and has fou the way not to be a Stranger here.

Monſieur de St. Evremond's ANSWER *To Madam* de L'Enclos.

THE laſt Letter I receive from Madam *de L'Enclos*, ſeems to me to be always the beſt; and this is not becauſe the Senſe of the preſent Pleaſure prevails above the Remembrance of the paſt; but the true Reaſon is, becauſe your Mind receives new Improvement and Vigour every Day. If it be with your Body as it is with your Mind, I ſhall but ill maintain the ſtruggle you mention for the beſt Stomach. I was willing to make a Tryal of mine againſt that of my Lady *Sandwich*, at a great Entertainment at my Lord *Jerſey's*; and I was not worſted. All the World knows my Lady *Sandwich's* Wit; and I am convinced of her good Taſte, by the extraordinary Eſteem ſhe has for you. She did not get the better of me in the Praiſes which ſhe gave you, any more than in Appetite. You are of all Countries; as much eſteemed at *London* as at *Paris*. You are of all Times; and when I alledge you for the Honour of mine, the young People immediately name you to give the Advantage to theirs. Thus you are Miſtreſs both of the preſent and the paſt; I wiſh with all my Soul you had a conſiderable Power over the Future! It is not Reputation that I have now in view; this is ſecur'd to you in all Times: I am thinking of a Thing that is more [illegible] and that is, Life, of which Eight Days

are more worth, than Eight Centuries of Glor after Death. *If any one had formerly propos'd to you live as you now do, you would have hang'd your ſel* (the Expreſſion charms me) and yet you conte your ſelf with *Eaſe* and *Quiet*, after having taſte the moſt lively Pleaſures.

There is not one who has a greater Value f Youth than I have: as I have nothing of it b the Remembrance, I follow your Example; a make the moſt of the Preſent that I can. Wou to God the Dutcheſs of *Mazarin* had been of o Mind! for then ſhe ſhould have been alive ſtill but ſhe would needs die the greateſt Beauty i the World. My Lady *Sandwich* goes into the Cou try: ſhe goes from hence as much admired *London*, as ſhe was at *Paris*. Live; for Life good, when it is without Pain. Pray ſend th enclos'd Billet to the Abbé *de Hautefeuille* at t Dutcheſs of *Bouillon*'s. I ſometimes ſee the Abb *du Bois*'s Friends, who complain he has forg them: Pray aſſure him of my moſt humble R ſpects.

A LET

A LETTER

FROM

Monſieur de St. Evremond

TO THE

Marquis de Canaples.

I know not, Sir, whether you have received the Letter which I did my ſelf the Honour to write to you *, to return you my moſt humble Thanks for the moſt obliging Offers that could be made. I wiſh I was in a Condition to accept of them. Nature, to which I have had ſo much reaſon to be grateful, is juſt upon the point of withdrawing her Favours, and of treating me as ſhe did the Dutcheſs of *Mazarin*. This was unmerciful to Madam *Mazarin*, who was as handſome as ever, and the ſame ſhe was when you ſaw her: She was very little concern'd for the Injuſtice that ſhe did her; for never Perſon died with ſo much Reſignation and Reſolution. I mourn for the Loſs of her every Day. She often repeated a Verſe of *La Fontaine*, which, I doubt not, ſhe had made uſe of with regard to me, but which I cannot with regard to her:

* *You will find that* Letter *in the* LIFE *of Monſieur* St. Evremond, *page* cxxxv.

Upon the Wings of Time, Grief flies away.

I wiſh I could do what ſhe would have don and what I ſhall never be able to do. The Co ſideration of what ſhe owed me, has no part my Complaints. When I reflect that the Nie and Heireſs of Cardinal *Mazarin* had need of m on certain Occaſions for her Subſiſtance, I mal Chriſtian Reflexions, which will be for the goo of my Soul, if they are of no effect towards m Payment.

A LETTER

FROM

Madam de L'Enclos

To Monſieur de St. Evremond

WIT is very dangerous in Friendſhip! You Letter would have undone any one but m ſelf. I know your lively and ſurpriſing Imagina tion; and I was even forc'd to call to mind tha *Lucian* has writ in praiſe of a Fly, in order t make your Stile familiar to me. I wiſh to Go you could think of me, what you ſay of me I could diſpenſe with all Nations. An indeed 'tis to you that the Glory of al this is to be aſcrib'd. Youſr laſt Letter is a Maſter Piece: it has been the Subject of all the Conver ſations that have been had in my Chamber th Month. You return to Youth: you do very we to love it. Philoſophy ſuits well with Sprightline

of Wit. 'Tis not enough to be Wiſe, we muſt likewiſe pleaſe at the ſame Time; and I am well aſſured, you will always pleaſe, ſo long as you think as you do. Few People are able to reſiſt Old Age: I fancy I am not yet ſunk under the Weight of it. I could wiſh with you, that the Dutcheſs of *Mazarin* had regarded Life in it ſelf, without thinking of her Face, which would have been lovely to the laſt, tho' good Senſe had come in the room of ſome fewer Charms. My Lady *Sandwich* will always keep up the Force of her Wit, when ſhe loſes Youth; at leaſt I am of that Mind. *Adieu*, Sir: When you ſee the Counteſs of *Sandwich*, make her remember me; for I ſhould be much troubled to be forgotten by her.

A LETTER

TO

My Lord MONTAIGUE.

NO Perſon can be more ſenſible than I am of the Honour of being remembred by you. There is not one Word in your Letter that does not pleaſe me, except where you tell me, that you eat Truffles every Day. I could not forbear crying, when I thought of my eating them with the Dutcheſs of *Mazarin*; I repreſented her to my ſelf, with all her Charms; I thought I was at *Boughton*: The *Nile* and the *Crocodiles* appear'd to me. I cannot continue this Diſcourſe without Sorrow; and therefore I muſt give it over. My Lady *Sandwich* has been at *Windſor* theſe Nine

or Ten Days. I ſent her your Letter: If ſhe re
turns to *London*, as 'tis probable ſhe will, I ſhall
not fail, My Lord, to tell her of the Muſick an
the Truſles that wait for her. I doubt not bu
Dr. *Silveſtre* has cauſed theſe Pieces of *Corelli*
which he brought with him, to be play'd over
which will make us deſpiſe the *CHACOON*
of *Galatea*, and the *LOGISTILL* of *R*
land. We expected Dr. *Silveſtre* would be all upo
his Architecture and Painting: but he has deceiv
us; for *Corelli* has taken the Place of *Michael A*
gelo, and of *Raphael*. I wiſh the Doctor would b
ſo kind as to Tranſlate for me ſome Chapter
the Author. who has taught us the Way not
die *. I have no Hopes but in him. All t
Doctors, Apothecaries, and Surgeons, are angry
Diſtraction at him, for diſpoſing of Death
their Prejudice. I wiſh, My Lord, I could pr
fit any thing by his Inſtructions, and live t
MILLE ANOS of the *Spaniards*, that I mig
continue ſo long your moſt Humble and moſt
bedient Servant.

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* *Mr.* Asgill.

A BILLET TO Mr. *DES MAIZEAUX.*

I Return you the Book, Sir, which has been printed at *Paris*, under my Name *. There is nothing of mine in all that Volume, but the beginning of the PARALLEL BETWEEN THE PRINCE OF CONDE AND THE MARESCHAL DE TURENNE; and that is quite changed. THE LETTER on the Death of the Dutcheſs of *Mazarin*, is the Thing in the World that I ſhould have been the fartheſt from writing: I never ſo much as thought on ſuch a Thing.

You may confidently anſwer your Friends in *Holland*, that THE MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE OF THE COUNT D***. and the SAINT-EVREMONIANA, are none of mine: There is not one Line in this laſt that ſuites me. As to the other Books which are attributed to me, I have marked on your Copy, the Pieces

* RECUEIL d'Ouvrages de Monſieur de Saint Evremont qui n'ont pas encore eté publiez, *printed in the Year* 1701.

that are not mine; and you know that the Genuine ones are ſtuffed with ſo many Faults, that I ſcarce know my ſelf any longer in them. You have engag'd me in the Correction of them; and I have been labouring at it theſe three Months, without being able to mend all the Faults. However, I ſhall continue to reviſe them, ſince that obliges you.

A

BILLET

TO

Dr. SILVESTRE.

BE ſatisfied, Sir, with your Merit of Inſpector, and don't encroach upon mine. I leave you your Architecture and Painting; but pray don't diſturb me upon the *Geography of Good-Eating*. However I muſt confeſs, that your Heath-Cocks, your Oyſters, your Salmon, your Fruits, and the reſt of that delicious Abundance which you mention to me, give you ſome Right to inſult me, and leave me no Relief, but in attributing all your Advantages to the Direction and Magnificence of My Lord. *Let but a Thing pleaſe My Lord* Montaigue, *and don't trouble your Head any further: whatever Expence is to be made;*

whatever

whatever Care, whatever Induſtry is to be Employed to have it, you will be ſure not to go without it. Theſe are the very Words of the late Dutcheſs of *Mazarin*, which are as good as Oracles, and which were never more juſt than on this Occaſion. I never deſired any thing ſo earneſtly as to go to *Boughton*, to ſee my Lord, the good Company and Learning in its full Luſtre, when Mr. *le Vaſſor* is there: I do not look upon my ſelf as any thing, becauſe I don't underſtand *Greek*.

To the ſame.

IF my new Infirmities, or rather my old ones which are very much grown upon me, had not hindred me from going to *Boughton*, I ſhould have been as happy as a Man almoſt a Hundred Years of Age can be. I loſe a Thouſand Pleaſures which are all to my Taſte. That of ſeeing the fine Houſe, the fine Water-Works, the fine Ducks, would have pleaſed me extreamly, altho' I be but an indifferent Inſpector. But you will eaſily gueſs the greateſt of all, and that is being with My Lord *Montaigue*, to enjoy his Converſation twice a day, before and after the beſt Cheer in the World. No Perſon ever merited to be more Magnificently receiv'd, and more Handſomly entertain'd, than My Lady *Sandwich*; no Man was ever more proper to receive and entertain her well, than My Lord *Montaigue*. I hope the Caſcade, the Octogon, the Water-Sheafs, and the Water-Spouts, ſhall have made My Lady *Sandwich*

forget *France*. And as My Lord is very Happ in inſpiring his Taſte, and his Deſigns, as to Bui dings and Gardens, I don't queſtion but ſhe wi ſoon undertake ſome new Work at *Inchinbrook* which will not be behind thoſe of *Boughton*, i any Reſpect. It is impoſible for any one to l more Senſible than I am of the Honour of her R membrance. There was nothing wanting to pe fect my Grief, for not having ſeen *Boughton* a the Maſter of the Place; but my not having ſe *Inchinbrooke*, and its Miſtreſs, who is the greate Ornament of all the Places where ſhe is.

If the poor Dutcheſs of *Mazarin*, had be yet alive, ſhe would have had Peaches, of whi ſhe would not have fail'd to give me a ſhare; ſh would have had Truffles, which I ſhould have e with her; not to mention the Carps of *Newha* I muſt make up the Loſs of ſo many Advantage by the Sundays and Wedneſdays of *Montaigue-Hou*

A

A LETTER TO Prince *Maurice d'Auvergne**.

I Had always heard that Friendſhip never aſcended; an Opinion founded on ſome Obſervations, That Fathers love their Children, better than they are beloved by them. As to Fathers, I have nothing to ſay againſt it; but I find the Proverb to be falſe by my own Experience, with Regard to Grandfathers. The Friendſhip of my *Grand-child*, does not ſtop at the firſt Degree; it aſcends with all its force, till it arrives at the *Grand-Papa* †. What do's one do in order to pleaſe him? one gives excellent Wine at *London*; one ſends the beſt Tea from *Holland*; one writes firſt. I could puſh this ONE very far; but

* *The Count* d'Auvergne's *Elder Son. He died at the* Hague, *a few days after Mr.* de St. Evremond *ſent him this Letter.*

† *Prince* Maurice, *uſed to call Mr.* de St. Evremond, *his* Grand-Papa.

but I chuſe to quit that manner of writing in the third Perſon, which was introduced at Court by Monſieur *de Turenne*, and has been kept up after his Death by thoſe that belong to his Family; I chuſe to quit it on purpoſe to upbraid you directly, thereby to ſhew you the Tenderneſs of a *Grand-Papa*. How could you leave *England*, to go into *Holland*, and get a Fever? If you had ſtaid at *London*, our Doctor had certainly prevented your Diſtemper, by the ordinary Diet which he preſcribes, and obſerves himſelf. He would have order'd for you in your own Chamber a Health-Soop, with a good Capon, a Knuckle of Veal, Sellery and Succhory. He would have order'd Two Patridges, to be roaſted for you, or Three if I had been there, well Larded and of a high Reliſh. He would have added an *Hetudeau*, and a Dove-Coat Pigeon for each of us. The Wine of *Villiers*, taken moderately would have made part of an honeſt Simplicity, and neceſſary for preſerving health. But the dear Doctor is juſt entring my Chamber; and ſince he cannot at preſent hinder the Diſtemper, he is going to tell you the Remedies you muſt make uſe of for your Recovery, &c.

A LETTER TO *Mr.* DES MAIZEAUX.

I Am ſorry, Sir, I did not ſend you your Book of Mr. *Bayle*† ſooner, that I might have ſpared you the Trouble of ſending for it. I have read it with abundance of Pleaſure. All that you do me the Favour to ſend me, is ſo well choſen, that there's no leſs Satisfaction than Inſtruction to be gain'd, from reading it; eſpecially when they are any of Mr. *Bayle*'s Works. He gives ſuch an agreeable Turn to his profound Learning, that one is never weary of him. 'Tis true, his Chronological Diſcuſſions tire me a little: but they are neceſſary to Hiſtorians; and I ſoon find wherewithal to make amends in what comes after. How charming wou'd Reading be, if all Authors had ſo much Delicacy and Judgment as he

† *The* Hiſtorical and Critical DICTIONARY, *of the ſecond Edition.*

he has! But inſtead of thoſe rare Qualities, we find in moſt of them only a confuſed Knowledge, a falſe Taſte, a ridiculous Conceitedneſs.

How great a Folly 'tis to pore
On what befel in Days of Yore!
But 'tis a greater Folly far,
To think Poſterity will care
T' eſpouſe our Cauſe and right thoſe Ills,
Which from the preſent Age one feels.

This Man delights in what is paſt,
And that in what won't come in haſte:
A wiſer Head than mine muſt ſhew,
Which is the biggeſt Fool o'th 'two.

There goes a walking Library,
Whoſe Reading's boundleſs as the Sea,
Whoſe Erudition is immenſe,
Without one Spark of Wit or Senſe;
Why, let the Vulgar gape and ſtare;
I have no Notion on't, I Swear.
But BAYLE is wondrous in his Way,
Who, equally Profound and Gay,
Refers it to my Appetite
To chuſe Inſtruction or Delight.

Your Fine Gentlemen, as they are call'd, have certain Faults, which are pretty near a-kin to the falſe Taſte and ridiculous Vanity of Book-learned Men.

Birth I eſteem; but if it makes Men vain,
Merit is loſt, tho' Quality remain. (Eye
When theſe two meet, how charming to the
But Fate too oft this Junction does deny.

On

One, without choice, is laviſh in Expence,
Too much of Luxury has ſpoil'd his Senſe;
While in another's Grandeur we may find
A Taſte moſt exquiſite, with Neatneſs joyn'd.
The leaſt Reſemblance of the firſt beware,
And imitate the laſt with utmoſt Care.

But can we thus Felicity attain,
Or the true Good by this our Conduct gain?
'Tis what we've no Experience of: Mankind
This true Felicity cou'd never find;
In vain we ſearch of Earth and Sea the Hoards;
Nor Earth nor Sea this precious Gem affords.

Indeed, nothing but a perfect Reſignation to the Will of Providence, can make us truly Happy.

Let's calmly live without a Moan;
For as *Malherbe* confeſt,
To will what GOD *will's, is alone*
The Science that gives Reſt †.

But is it not contrary to the Will of that Providence, to perſecute one another in the moſt barbarous Manner, becauſe we are not of the ſame Opinion in Religion? as if Perſuaſion ought to ſtretch farther than Conviction; and it were in our Power, to believe what we pleaſe. Yet theſe Evils will never have an End, till the ancient Rights Religion had once over our Heart, are reſtored to her again. In-

† Malherbe *in his* Conſolation to Mr. du Perier, *upon the Death of his* Daughter.

Inſtead of reviling and calling to naught
Our Neighbour about his Belief,
Let us look what his Life is, and not what
(Thoug
And unite in good Deeds; that's the Chie

In the laſt Converſation we had togeth
you told me ſome Particulars, concerning t
ROMANCE OF THE ROSE; I ſhould
glad to ſee them more at length.

A

LETTER

FROM

Mr. *DES MAIZEAUX*,

TO

Mr. de St. EVREMOND,

Concerning the

Romance of the ROSE.

I Here ſend you, Sir, the Particulars you deſired of me, concerning THE ROMANCE OF THE ROSE. They did not coſt me much Pains. Three or four of our French Authors furniſh'd me with moſt of them; and I had little more to do, but to collect them.

THE ROMANCE OF THE ROSE, i properly speaking, a Course of Love-Philosoph that is, a System of Love, or, to speak as our o Authors do, *The Commandments of Love, in O der to come at Enjoyment.* This work was beg by William *de Lorris* (1), and finished by *Jo Clopinel*, firnamed *de Meun*, because he was bo at *Meun*, upon the *Loire* (2). Some pretend th he got the Name of *Clopinel*, by being Lam *William de Lorris* (3) undertook that Work please a Lady, with whom he was in Love but he died in the Year 1260, without havin been able to finish it. *John de Meun* continued forty Years after the Death of *Lorris*, as he tel us himself in the prophetical Complaint of Lov *John de Meun*, was a Man of great Learnin He was of the Order of the *Dominica Friars*, a Doctor of Divinity, and withal a gre Orator, Philosopher and Mathematician. H wrote many Books, and made several Translatio (4); and among others, that of *Boetius de Consol tione Philosophiæ*, which he Dedicated to *Philip t Fair.* I here set down the beginning of h Dedication, where he speaks of the Works whic he had already composed (5): *To your Royal Ma jesty, most Noble Prince, by the Grace of God King* FRANC

(1) *He was a Native of the City of* Lorris *in the* Gâtinoi *and 'tis likely he took his Name from thence.*

(2) *See* Fauchet's Recueil des anciens Poetes Francois a la Croix du Maine, *in his* Bibliotheque des Auteurs Francois

(3) Fauchet *and* la Croix du Maine, *say he was Lawyer.*

(4) *You may see the Title of them in* la Croix du Mai

(5) Fauchet ubi supra.

FRANCE, Philip *the Fourth, I* John de Meung *(who formerly upon Jealouſies putting* Belaccoil *in Priſon, taught how to take the Caſtle, and gather the Roſe; and tranſlated from Latin into French,* Vegetius de re militari, *and the Wonders of* Ireland, *and the Letters of* Peter Abeillard *and* Helois *his Wife, and* Aelred's *Book concerning Spiritual Friendſhip) do now ſend you* Boetius de Conſolatione, *which 'I have tranſlated into French altho' you underſtand Latin very well, &c.*

Thoſe two Authors are generally eſteemed by all our Writers. *Paſquier* prefers them to all the Poets of *Italy*. 'In the Reign of Saint *Lewis*, 'ſays he (1), we had *William de Lorry*, and in 'that of *Philip* the Fair we had *John de Meburi*, 'whom ſome of our Authors (2) have compared 'to *Dante* the Italian Poet: And for my part I 'ſhould be very willing to ſet them up againſt 'all the Poets of *Italy*, whether on account of 'their marrowy Sentences, or their elegant 'Expreſſions, altho' the general Oeconomy, does 'not reſemble that which we practiſe at this 'Day. Do you ſeek Natural or Moral Philoſo-'phy? you will find in them as much as they 'have Occaſion for. Would you have ſome 'wiſe Strokes, or would you have Strokes of 'Folly? you will find them there in abundance; 'but Strokes of Folly for which you may be the 'wiſer. When even they have Occaſion to 'mention any thing of Divinity, you will find 'they are no Apprentices at it. And ſome 'ſince their time, have been in great Vogue, 'who enriched themſelves with their Feathers

(1) Recherches de France, *Book* VII. *Chap.* 3. *p.* 603.

(2) *See* Fauchet.

'without taking notice of it. Wherefore th
'have preſerved both their Works and th
'Fame to this Day, among an infinite Numb
'of others, who have been buried in Years, wi
'in the Coffin of Darkneſs. *Clement Ma*
'would needs make them ſpeak the Language
'our time, in order to engage your effeminate a
'trifling Sparks, to read this *Romance:* which
'nothing elſe but a Dream, whereof, the ch
'Subject is Love; in which you cann
'ſufficiently praiſe the Invention. For
'reality, the Effects of Love are between t
'nothing elſe but true Dreams. This is t
'Reaſon why *William de Lorry* preſuppo
'that it was in the Spring, which is the Seaſ
'expreſly dedicated to that Exerciſe. This A
'thor had not Leiſure to advance his Book ve
'far: but in that little which he has left us (1
'he is, if I may venture to ſay ſo, inimitable i
'his Deſcriptions. Read that of the Spring, a
'then that of Time; I defy all the Ancients, a
'thoſe who ſhall come after us, to make any th
'excel them. *John de Meun* had more Learni
'than *Lorry*, and had likewiſe more Leiſure a
'Matter than his Predeceſſor.

Father *Bouhours*, ſpeaks no leſs to their Advanta
than *Paſquier*: *The Authors*, ſays he (2), *who fl*
riſhed in the Reigns of St. Lewis, *and* Philip *the Fa*
began to poliſh a little our Language: *You may e*
gueſs theſe firſt Embelliſhments were very Simple, in
Age wherein reigned Simplicity. But in fine, as ſm
as they were, they were nevertheleſs real Embelliſhme
The moſt famous of thoſe Authors, and he to whom
Langu

(1) *He wrote but about a Fifth Part of it.*

(2) E tiens d' Ariſte & d' Eugene; II. *Entret.* p. 106.

Language owes its firſt Beauties, was John de Meun, *ſirnamed the Father and Inventor of French Eloquence. The* Romance of the Roſe, *which he continued after the Death of* William de Lorris, *is the firſt French Book that had any Reputation. It was not only eſteemed for Elegancy of Stile, but alſo for a great ſtock of Learning; for ſome have ſought Myſteries in him which are beyond Gallantry, and which the Author probably had never in his thoughts: But there are never wanting Seekers of Allegories, any more than Seekers of the Philoſopher's Stone.*

However 'tis certain the Chymiſts pretended they had found the Philoſophers Stone in this Romance; nor ought this to ſurprize us, ſince they ſee it clearly in the SONG OF SOLOMON. Others have diverted themſelves with diſcovering in it a kind of Moral Divinity (1): But the famous *Gerſon*, Chancellor of the Univerſity of *Paris*, very far from that Opinion, look upon it as a very dangerous Book; and wrote a Diſſertation on purpoſe to decry it (2). In fine, there were People who took it to be a Satyr againſt the fair Sex, and refuted it with all their might; as *Martin Franc*, who publiſhed a Book after *Meun's* Death, entituled THE LADIES CHAMPION (3). He was not altogether in the wrong: *John de Meun* had kept Meaſures ſo little with the Women in that Work, that they reſolved to

(1) *See the Diſcourſe which is at the beginning of the Edition of the* Romance of the Roſe, *printed at* Paris *by* Galliot du Pré, *in the Year* 1529, *Octavo.*

(2) La Croix du Maine.

(3) Martin Franc, *a Native of the County of* Aumale in Normandy, *was Provoſt and Canon of* Lauzanne. *See* Fauchet *and* la Croix du Maine.

be revenged on him. The Preſident *Fauchet*, who has preſerved us this Story, tells it in ſo ſimple and natural a manner, that I ſhall make uſe of his own Words.

'*John de Meun*, ſays he, was like to be paid 'in the ſame Coin that his Maſter *Ovid* was: 'for ſome of the Ladies at Court who lay under 'a bad Fame, Monks, Hypocrites, and other 'debauched People, whom he had laſh'd in his 'Book, raiſed up a great many Enemies againſt 'him. The Ladies being vexed at theſe two bi-'ting Lines,

'*All of you are, will be, or have been,*
'*Whores in Deed, or in Will*;

'reſolved one Day to chaſtiſe him for them. 'From which Deſign he cleverly deliverd himſelf 'in this Manner. *John de Meun*, being come to 'Court on ſome Buſineſs, was ſtopt by the La-'dies in one of the Chambers of the King's Pa-'lace; being ſurrounded by ſeveral Lords; who 'in order to be in their good Graces, had pro-'miſed to point him out, and not to hinder their 'puniſhing him after what manner they pleaſed. 'But *John de Meun* ſeeing them holding Rods in 'their Hands, and preſſing the Gentlemen to 'make him ſtrip, begg'd they would grant him 'but one Requeſt; ſwearing that on that Con-'dition he would not ask any Abatement of the 'Puniſhment they were ready to inflict on him '(which he had not deſerved) but on the con-'trary the Heightning of it; which was granted 'with great Difficulty, and at the earneſt Re-'queſt of the Lords. Then *John* begun to talk 'to them in this Manner: My Ladies, ſince I 'muſt receive Chaſtiſement, I ought 'it from thoſe whom I have offended

'have ſpoken only of Ill Women, and not of 'you here, who are all of you handſome, diſ-'creet and virtuous: Wherefore ſhe among 'you that finds herſelf offended the moſt, let 'her begin to ſtrike, as the mightieſt. Whore of 'all thoſe whom I have blamed. There was 'not one of them all who would take the Ho-'nour of beginning firſt, being afraid of bear-'ing that infamous Title. And *John* eſcaped, 'leaving the Ladies cover'd with Shame and 'Confuſion, and giving the Lords there preſent, 'a ſufficient Cauſe for Laughter: For there were 'ſome of them who thought ſuch or ſuch a 'Lady ought to begin; but thoſe who were 'better adviſed, diverted this Judgment, to avoid 'the Strife that muſt have followed upon it.

You ſee by this, Sir, that *John de Meun*, join'd to a fine and delicate Satyr a great Preſence of Mind: Which two Talents don't always go together. The Trick he play'd to the Dominicans, will give you a fuller Idea of the Man. He had order'd by his laſt Will and Teſtament (1), that they ſhould bury him in their Church, and left them a Trunk with all that was in it, on condition nevertheleſs, that it ſhould not come into their Hands, till after he ſhould be buried. Scarce was the Ceremony over, but the *Dominicans* went to enquire about this Trunk; and they found nothing in it but Slates, which 'tis likely he had made uſe of to draw Mathematical Figures upon. This enraged them to ſuch a Degree, that they dug up his Corps; but the Court of Parliament having notice of it, order'd that it ſhould be honourably interr'd in the Cloyſter of the Convent, notwithſtanding all the Oppoſition of thoſe good Friars.

(1) *See* Fauchet.

THE ROMANCE OF THE ROSE was made Proſe by *John Moulinet* (1), who enrich'd it with ſeveral Allegories of his own Invention.

I had forgot to tell you, Sir, that the Language of all the printed Copies of the ROMANCE OF THE ROSE, is different from what it was at firſt. It was changed into a more modern French (2), and this is alſo the Reaſon why the printed Copies differ ſo much from one another; every Bookſeller having cauſed new Alterations to be made in his. We have already ſeen that *Paſquier* in his *Recherches*, blames *Marot* for having reviſed it: He expreſſes himſelf yet more vehemently in his *Letters* (3): *There is not*, ſays he, *a learned Man among us, who do's not read the learned Writings of Mr.* Alian Chartier, ... *and who do's not hate the* ROMANCE OF THE ROSE, *which I heartily wiſh* Clement Marot, *by a ridiculous Mixture of old and new Language, had not taken upon him to cloath after the modern French Faſhion.* And yet it is certain, others had been employ'd in this before him. I have even obſerved, that the Manuſcripts have been changed, as well as the Printed Copies; and it is hard to meet with any of them that have eſcaped the indiſcreet Diligence of thoſe Reviſers. They thought to make the Work better, and they only ſpoiled it. We can-

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(1) *A Canon of* Valenciennes. *He flouriſhed about the Year* 1480. *See* la Croix du Maine.

(2) La Croix du Maine, *ubi ſupra.*

(3) *Book* II. *in the Letter to* Mr. Cujas *p. m.* 104 & 105.

not now judge by thoſe reviſed Copies of the ſtate of our Language, in the thirteenth Century. That Simplicity and Agreeableneſs which it then had, notwithſtanding all its Imperfection, has been taken from it. 'Tis almoſt the ſame thing as if one at this Day, ſhould ſet about reviſing our Authors of the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Centuries, in order to bring them nearer to our modern Language. *Chaucer* that moſt ancient and celebrated *Engliſh* Poet (1), hath tranſlated a good part of the ROMANCE OF THE ROSE. I ſhall ſet down here ſome Verſes of the Beginning:

Many menne ſaine that in ſweuenings
Ther nis but fables and leſings
But menne may ſome ſweuen ſene
Which hardy that falſe ne bene
But afterward ben apparaunt
This may I draw to warraunt.
An Authour that hight Macrobes
That halt not dremes falſe ne lees
But undoth us the auiſioun
That whilom met King Cipioun.
And who ſo faith, or weneth it be
A iape or els nicete
To wene that dremes after fall
Let who ſo liſt a fole me call
For this trow I, and ſay for me
That dremes ſignifiaunce be
Of good and harm to many wights

That

(1) *He died the* 25th *of October* 1400, *in the* 72d *Year of his Age.*

A LETTER TO *Dr.* SILVESTRE

YOU cannot imagine the Joy I was in when I ſaw the Pye was come. Beſides that a Patridge-Pye is conſiderable in itſelf, it recall'd to my Mind the Idea of my Lord *Montague*, of you, and of all the good Company at *Boughton*; and made me imagine in a lively Manner all the Beauties there, which I have not ſeen, and of which I am informed by all thoſe who have been there. My Lord *Gallway* who is a good Judge of every thing, told me that the Caſcade of *Boughton* is the moſt perfect and finiſh'd one he ever ſaw; that there are greater Collections of Water at *Verſailles* and *Chantilly*; but that if he was to give a Model of thoſe kinds of Works he would give that of the Caſcade of *Boughton* in preference to all others. Mr. *le Coq* has made a deſcription of it in a very long Letter: And the Marquis of *Montandre* talks of it almoſt after the ſame manner that they do.

If my Lord ſent me the Pye of his own proper Motion, he makes me one of the moſt preſumptuous Men in the World: even tho' you had put him in mind of it, yet I ſhould ſtill have a very great Obligation to his Lordſhip, and ſhould not be diſpleaſed to lye under many more of that kind to him. I am afraid there may be a ſort of Ingratitude in making ſuch nice Diſtinctions. Whatever Vanity there may be in it, I am willing to believe, that my Lord thought of me firſt himſelf, and that you put him in mind from time to time of his Deſign.

After I had written my Letter, Monſieur *la Pierre* arriv'd, who gave me eleven Peaches, *which are worth eleven Cities*, to ſpeak like the *Spaniards*, when they would highly commend the Preſents they receive. The Pains which I feel this Minute, bring my Diſtemper to my Mind. I wiſh you had cur'd me with the Diet of *Boughton*, the Patridges, Truffles, *&c.* If you were here, your Looks alone would do. There is no Diſtemper that can hold it againſt the *Corpuſcula, Effluvia, Emanationes, Simulacra Sanitatis*, which flow from your Eyes. I wiſh with great Impatience to receive the Effects of them.

ture will allow. As for you, Doctor, wh ought to take care of my old Maſs, and enliv it again by your ſalutary Looks; how com it that you have been ſo long without ſeein me. If you give over your Aſſiduity, I wi take back thoſe *Corpuſcles*, thoſe Atoms of Healt which I gave you.

A

BILLET

TO

Madam * * *.

MONSIEUR *Rouviere* has obtained your good Graces for two Jonquils: one of my Age ought to make a more conſiderable Preſent; wherefore I ſend you five. I ſhould not be in Pain about Favours, if I knew how to make a good uſe of them. Pray ſend me word what you are to do after Dinner. I ſigned all my Letters to the Dutcheſs of *Mazarin* when ſhe and I were good Friends, as *Don* did his *Dulcinea*. THE KNIGHT W[illegible] DO[illegible] Co[illegible] TENANCE: and ſhe [illegible] to *Don Quixot*.

A

LETTER

TO

Count *MAGALOTTI*,

Counſellor of State to his Royal Highneſs the Great Duke of TUSCANY.

HOW happy are you, Sir! I have had the Honour to know you above theſe thirty Years: your Years have acquired you a great ſtock of Knowledge; have gain'd you a great deal of Experience, a great deal of Eſteem, without leſſening the Vigour either of your Mind or Body: Mine, which are indeed more numerous, have not been ſo favourable to me. They have left me none of the Vivacity which I had, nor the beſt conſtitution in the World which I was bleſt with. For the reſt, Sir, I am extreamly obliged to you for writing to me in *Italian*. If you had been pleaſed to write to me in *French*, you would have put me to the Bluſh, to ſee a Stranger

 underſtand

underſtand the Beauty and Delicacy of our La guage, a great deal better than I. 'Tis true, the Nations in *Europe* would have had the ſan Reaſon to bluſh; for there is none of them who Language you do not ſpeak more elegant than their greateſt Wits can do

I muſt have done you much Injury in the Op nion which the Marquis *Rinuccini* *, had of yo Diſcernment: the Reputation which you we pleaſed to give me with him, has certainly ſpoil yours. This Court is extreamly ſatisfied wit him, his Perſon, his Behaviour, and his Conve ſation. I have found all the Accompliſhmen in him that can be deſired. The Cavalier *Girala* who is in great Favour with every Body her makes him acquainted with all his Friends, whic he will ſtand in no need of, when he pleaſes t appear himſelf: his Preſence makes it unneceſſa ry for any one to do him good Offices.

Before I make an end, I beſeech you, Sir, t acquaint his Royal Highneſs with my Humbl Acknowledgments, which I ſhall retain to th laſt Moment of my Life, for all the Favo he has conferred upon me. I owe to the Libera lities of his good *Florence* Wine, my latter Year which I have ſpent with tolerable Eaſineſs. Af ter you have acquitted me of this firſt Duty which is to me the moſt precious in the World you will have the Goodneſs to aſſure the Com mander *Del Bene* of the Eſteem which I ſha have for his Merit all my Life. I will give yo no new Aſſurances of the Sentiments whic you inſpired in[illegible] from the very Mome I had the Hon[illegible]

* *Envoy Extraord[illegible]*
the Queen on her A[illegible]

I ſhall end with giving you an Account of the State I have been in this long time: Theſe ſix Verſes which I wrote ſome time ago, will explain it to you:

Far from France *my Life I lead,*
Far from Plenty, far from Need;
With my vulgar Fate content,
And the little Heaven hath lent.

Vertue, if not ſowr, I chuſe;
Pleaſure, if not wild and looſe;
Life I love, but do not fly
At Death's approach, nor fear to die.

As ill as I am this Day, yet I ought to wiſh rather than fear it: but if I paſs an Hour without Pain. I reckon my ſelf happy. You know that a Suſpenſion of Pain, is the Felicity of thoſe who ſuffer. I find that mine is ſuſpended when I am ſo Happy as to entertain you.

The End of the ſecond Volume.

A

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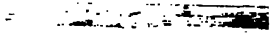
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